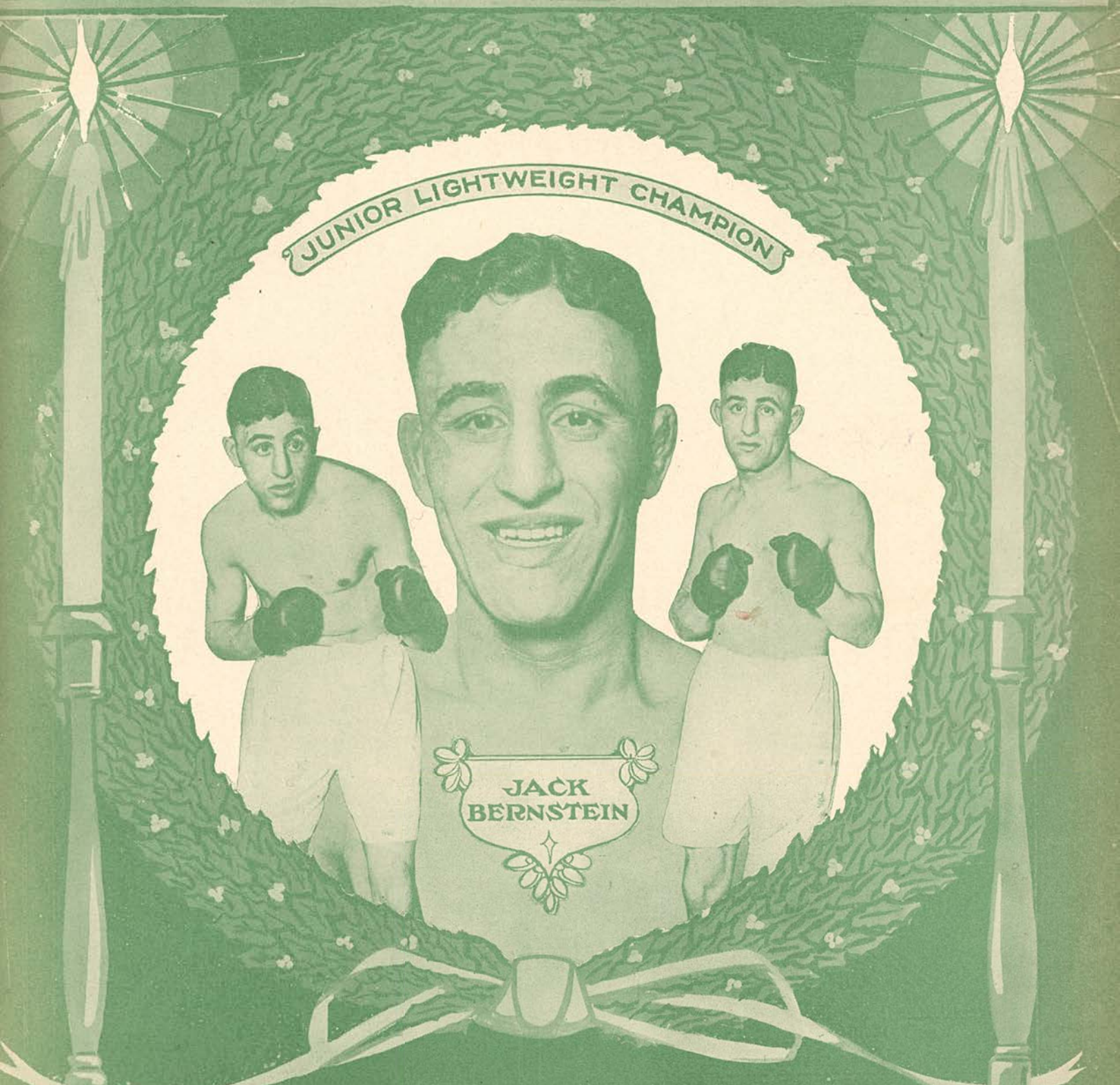
The RING



CHRISTMAS NUMBER

January, 1924

25 Cents Per Copy: $1.50 Per Year

MATOAKA

CIGARETTES

ARE BECOMING MORE AND MORE POPULAR EVERY DAY AMONG SPORTING MEN

20 for 20c. *Sold Everywhere*

PATTERSON BROS. TOBACCO CORP.

A. G. SPALDING & BROS. TRADE SPALDING MARK EST. A. D. 1876 REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Holiday Gifts

You will make no mistake when you give "something from Spalding's," and the Boy (or Girl) will appreciate your judgment.

Skates and Shoes	Sweaters
Hockey Sticks	Jerseys
Foot Balls	Basket Balls
Baseball Outfits	Tennis Rackets
Boxing Gloves	Roller Skates

Let the Spalding catalogue aid you in your selection. Mailed free on request.

A. G. Spalding & Bros

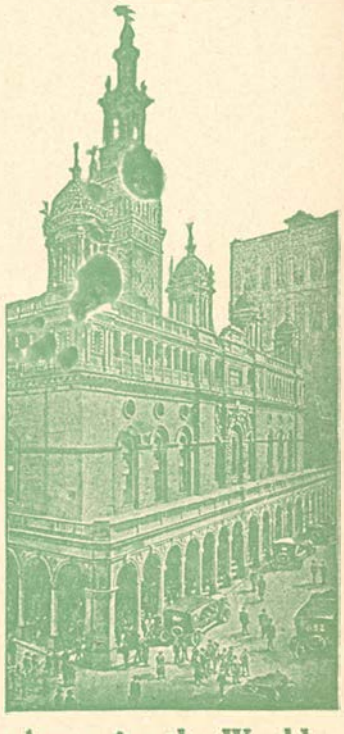
126 Nassau St. NEW YORK 523 Fifth Ave.
589 Broad Street, Newark

Madison Square Garden

Under personal direction of Tex Rickard

Where Champions Are Crowned

Largest Indoor SWIMMING POOL in the World



Home of RINGLING BROS. Three-Ring Circus

Amateur and Professional Boxing September to May.

Largest Amusement Arena in the World

Table of Contents

		Page
The Old Fighter Muses (Verse)	Jack Kofoed	4
Modern Boxers Benefit by Old Timers' Plight	John L. (Ike) Dorgan	6
George Godfrey	Adrian Listina	7
Birth of Pugilistic Press Agent	George W. Hussey	7
The Hon. Montmorency Waffle-Waffle	James K. McGuinness	8
A Shawanaga Christmas	George B. Underwood	10
Looking Back Over 1923 (Cartoon)	Paul Darrell Robinson	12
Record Breaking Year for Pugilism	Frederick G. Lieb	14
Character Sketches	Rud Petersson	15
Song and Dance Act	Duke Barry	15
As We See It—Editorial Comment	Nat Fleischer	16
Fall of the Turkish Demon	Mont Hurst, Jr.	18
Eve's View on Boxing	Jane Dixon	20
On Rendering Decisions	Charles Mathison	22
Dempsey Biggest Money Maker in Ring History		23
World's Foremost Boxers Reviewed		23
Champions Will Fight—If— (Verse)	Sandy McLeod	26
Lake and Todd England's Best Champions	Eugene Corri	32
Indian Princess Enters Managerial Field	Joe R. Carter	36
Gallant Jack Dempsey, the Nonpareil	Jack Skelly	38
The Ghetto and Its Gift to Pugilism	Jack Bernstein	41
Championship Battles of 1923		42
Dempsey's Punching Power	Lieut. Heinie Miller	54
History of Boxing (Chapter 23)	Nat Fleischer	60
How to Make a Million Dollars	Vernon Van Ness	64
Jim Jeffries	Patsey Haley	70
Two Fighters (Verse)	Damon Runyon	71
The Story of a Nose	Edward R. Jamieson	72
Can He Take It? (Verse)	H. Frick	72
The Winner (Verse)	Grantland Rice	72
Sport and Its Catch Phrases	A. D. Phillips	73
Results of Boxing Bouts		74
Minute Rests Between Rounds	Eddie Borden	77
Managers' Directory		86

[Cover Design and Illustrations Drawn by PAUL DARRELL ROBINSON]

Vol. 2 SPECIAL CHRISTMAS AND JANUARY ISSUE, 1924 No. 12

THE RING *"The World's Foremost Boxing Magazine"*

THE RING, Inc.

General Offices: Evening Telegram Building, New York, N. Y.

15 cents per copy Published Monthly *$1.50 per year*

Business and Editorial Offices:
New York Evening Telegram Building, 16th Street and 7th Avenue, New York, N. Y.
NAT. S. FLEISCHER, President and Editor J. L. DORGAN, Secretary and Treasurer

The entire contents and photos of this magazine are copyrighted and must not be used without permission.

All mail should be addressed to Evening Telegram Building.

Sole U. S. and Canadian Distributors Outside of Greater New York: Hotaling News Agency, 308 West 40th Street, New York City, N. Y.

Entered as second class matter March 3, 1922, at the post office at New York, New York, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

The Old Fighter Muses

By Jack Koford

Christmas Day! the day that Christ, from His meek manger 'neath
the stars,
Called for this earth of warring men to crush with love the hate that mars
The tinsel, holly, candle light each is a symbol of His grace.
And I, a battered fighting man, bow to the glory of His face.

* * * *

I fought, raw hands, on London turf in days now long since dead,
When knuckled fists brought spurting blood, and we slashed each
other red.
We battled then for love of strife and not that we were foes,
There dripped no malice in our hearts nor hatred in our blows.

* * * *

Time, and the funeral of Time, alas!—and the old year's passing bell,
Whistles sound from the foggy docks—God and time make all hurts well.
A young voice in the lonely street, calling through the drifted snow.
The voice of youth—my vanished youth—the youth and strength that
always go.

* * * *

I'm broken now—a shattered hulk—a bit of driftwood on life's tide.
This Christmas Day I dream alone of glory and my ancient pride.
For fighting is Youth's heritage, and dreams the solace of old age,
And honest strife needs no regret to scrawl upon the stainless page.

* * * *

Eons ago in Trebizond the nomad lances rattled loud,
Painted stirrups—Tekke drums—and rigid bodies in a shroud,
Down through time the fighting lust has blazed afresh in every man,
In Viking, Roman, Frenchman, too—at Marathon and at Sedan.

* * * *

No matter if our weapon be a gun, a padded fist or sling,
No matter where the fight is waged—on ocean, field or in the ring,
If hearts are high and motives clean the gentle Christ Child will forgive
The whip-themed men of sterner breed who fight the world that
they may live.

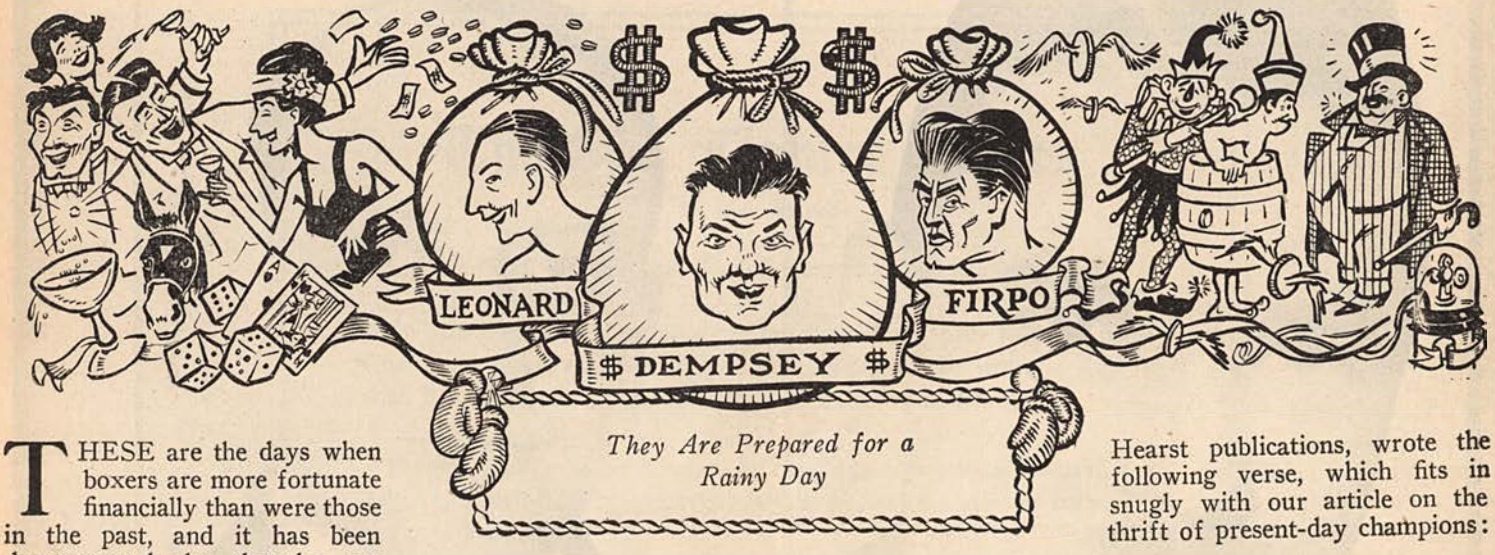
A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

From The Ring Editorial and Contributing Staff

1—JAMES K. McGUINNESS
2—FREDERICK G. LIEB
3—NATHANIEL S. FLEISCHER
Editor and Publisher
4—A. D. PHILLIPS
5—JOHN L. (IKE) DORGAN
6—JACK SKELLY
7—VERNON VAN NESS

Modern Boxers Benefit by Old Timers' Plight

By JOHN L. (IKE) DORGAN



They Are Prepared for a Rainy Day

THESE are the days when boxers are more fortunate financially than were those in the past, and it has been demonstrated, also, that they are wiser. Many a young boxer today, who has never had a championship fight or even a near title bout, has a nice bank roll. The lessons of the past have been driven home to most of the present generation of boxers.

We do not hear of the gay parties that used to characterize the reign of a champion. Champions almost to a man today are of the saving type. Take Dempsey, Leonard, Dundee, Villa, Walker, and probably every other title holder, and you will find they have bank accounts, investments, anchors to the windward for rainy days, as it were.

But all champions were not so thoughtful, or wise. In the old days frugality among the fistic profession was a thing unknown. There were many cases in point, but one of the saddest because it was so ironical, was that of Billy Murphy, who won a title by the defeat of the clever Ike Weir. Murphy was an Australian. He came to this country in the late '80's and knocked out Weir on Jan. 13, 1890, at the old California Club in San Francisco.

But on his way to this country from Australia, hailed as the champion of the Antipodes, he stopped off at Honolulu. At that time the island country was a kingdom. Murphy was wined and dined by the King and Queen and was all but made a prince of the royal line. On ship board he was the man of the hour, was lionized to the limit.

After a victory or two in this country, among them that over Weir, success and glory and money went to Murphy's head. He squandered not only his finances but his health and ability, and suddenly fate caught up with him. Murphy was beaten regularly, and finally was forced to retire from the game.

Friends came to his rescue and gathered a fund for his return to his native Australia. On the return trip to his homeland Murphy stopped off at Honolulu, believing that he again would be welcomed by his royal friends and by the scores of lesser lights he came to know in the island sunshine.

But lo, and behold! They did not recognize him, or did so reluctantly. He was forgotten! His fame had died with his power, and his ebbing finances had left him reduced to a sad state. It was an ironical finish but one that many a champion came to before and afterwards. But nowadays our champions seem to have acquired some common sense, some business ability, and a propensity to stick to the straight and narrow path.

Honest John Kelly, one of the world's most famous sporting characters, in speaking of some of the panhandling fistic celebrities of a few years ago who approach passersby for alms, once said:

"I've seen a thousand champions of one kind and another—fighters, ball players, jockeys and all the rest scattering their money along Broadway, and I've seen 'em again, later, when their day was done, panhandling for the price of a meal. They were kings for a minute and bums for years!"

And commenting on Honest John Kelly's statement, Damon Runyon, America's greatest sports writer, a writer whose interesting articles appear exclusively in Hearst publications, wrote the following verse, which fits in snugly with our article on the thrift of present-day champions:

Now there passes a sad parade,
Men forgotten by men you see.
Ho, they danced and the fiddler paid—
Never a man that got in free.
Champs they were in the yesterday,
Then their presence invoked the cheers.
Then they lived for a moment's play—
"Kings for a minute—and bums for years!"

Once they lived at the top of the game,
Sat there pretty and ruled the roost.
Now forgotten—for such is fame,
Now there's none to give 'em a boost.
Once in the money, and the money soft,
Ho, the future it had no fears.
How they spent as they rode aloft—
"Kings for a minute—and bums for years!"

Now the crown is a battered hat,
Now the sceptre an outstretched hand.
(Hand once mighty with glove or bat—
Raised to applause with manner grand).
Broadway back to the days of Tyre
Champs have lived to invoke the cheers.
Briefly they set the world afire—
"Kings for a minute—and bums for years!"

Will Buy Any Old Books on Boxing, Fight Scenes, Etchings, Drawings

R. C. Fletcher, The Ring, Inc.
16th Street and Seventh Avenue
New York City

George Godfrey, "Old Chocolate" of Boston—Will Fistic History Repeat Itself?

By ADRIAN LISTINA

THE name of Jack Dempsey's sparring partner, George Godfrey, the Philadelphia negro giant, recalls to mind another George Godfrey, also a negro heavyweight, who, born on Prince Edwards Island in 1853, came to the United States, settled in Boston, and figured somewhat prominently in the American ring for more than a decade, from 1883-1895. He won his last fight in Baltimore from Billy Woods on a foul in the ninth round, and retired from the ring at forty-two years of age.

Godfrey, a bright mulatto, hence his soubriquet, was a quiet, inoffensive negro outside the ring. He became a professional boxer rather late in life, athletically speaking. Godfrey gained a victory over Joe Lannon, a one-time sparring partner of John L. Sullivan, but Jake Kilrain was the "bete noir" of his career, as was Peter Maher in the case of Steve O'Donnell. Three times Kilrain met Godfrey and as often defeated him.

George tried conclusions with Peter Jackson, too, on August 24, 1888, but Jackson's superior height, weight and reach stopped him, victory perching on Peter's standard in the twenty-fourth round.

It was in April, 1891, that Kilrain and Godfrey had their final fistic argument. On this occasion they met in Frisco, and Kilrain himself, in an interview never before published, told me how they came

I'll lick you, nigger

to be matched for their final meeting. Godfrey, he said, met Denver Ed Smith, whom he (Kilrain) and William Muldoon seconded. "Smith quit like a cur when he wasn't hurt," said Kilrain, in describing the fight, and, after it was over, Godfrey said sarcastically:

"Well, Mister Muldoon, have you any more white men who can fight?" I waited for Muldoon's reply, but he said nothing, and then I snapped my fingers contemptuously at Godfrey, saying:

"'I'll lick you, nigger.'

"We were matched, and when we met I fought a careful fight. I thought six rounds would suffice to finish him, but it took me forty-four."

In the final round Godfrey fell through the ropes with his head in a spittoon.

"Old Chocolate's" next important engagement was with Joe Choynski, then known as the "Occidental Thunderbolt." Joe knocked him out in October, 1892, at Coney Island, after fifteen rounds of fighting. Choynski was then twenty-four and Godfrey thirty-nine years of age. This was the negro's last contest of note.

After retiring from the ring Godfrey continued to live in Boston in a house which he owned and which he had in part built with his own hands. He died in his adopted city in 1901, at forty-eight years of age.

Time alone will tell whether or not the present-day Godfrey, who kocked out Bill Tate in Madison Square Garden recently, will develop into a chump or a champ.

The Birth of the Pugilistic Press Agent

By GEORGE W. HUSSEY

THE birth of the pugilistic press agent, an energetic person these days, is dated back to the days when Joe Gans was just starting to box, and the art was the brain-child of Al Herford, who brought out Gans and managed him for many years. Before Herford, managers were just managers, who secured fights, watched their men in training, posted forfeits, kept a weather eye open for "rough weather" and sharp shooters, and cut a certain amount off the purse.

Of course there were men like William A. Brady and Parson Davies, who were of the high class type, real promoters as well as managers, men with visions and business skill, but even they did not have the genius, then, for getting newspaper publicity that characterized Herford.

Herford started the system of writing newsy letters to sporting editors, giving the chit chat of the boxing world, the inside politics of it, and from these, Herford knew, the writers would be only too glad to glean live news and print it. Gans figured in a lot of this publicity, and soon was on his way to fame and a fortune that was later lost.

One of Herford's characteristics—and he was a characteristic fellow if ever there was one—was making bets on bouts. He always backed his men, and on Gans he thought nothing of making wagers that ran into the thousands of dollars. He cleaned up a fortune on bets he made on Gans and profited more in this way than he did from his share of the colored wonder's winnings.

Before Herford, Parson Davies managed John L. Sullivan and a host of other notable ring men. Davies acquired a reputation for fair dealing and honesty that seldom has been matched in the boxing game. Davies has passed on into Valhalla, but his reputation for honesty lingers along with the rememberance of those who knew him are glad to revive often. Davies, it was said, never posted a forfeit for any venture of his in pugilism, his word being considered by every one in the game as sufficient. His code was a strict one. Once he gave his word it was kept at all hazards. And once he accepted another's word he demanded its fulfilment. A broken word with Davies was a major sin, never to be forgiven nor forgotten.

The Hon. Montmorency Waffle-Waffle

And the Boxing Chappies

By JAMES K. McGUINNESS

(*Being an account of the adventures of the Honorable Montmorency Montgomery Waffle-Waffle as he forwards them to his friend, Mr. Archibald Peterkin Burns-Badly.*)

IT'S all very quaint, and all that sort of rot, my being connected with those boxer chappies; eh, wot? Funny, isn't it, old dear? Bally strange, to say the least, that I, the Hon. Montmorency Montgomery Waffle-Waffle, fifth cousin of the Earl of Yorkshiresauce, should be responsible for the doings of one of those prizefighting johnnies. I mean to say, y'know, a chappie would just as soon expect to see Her Majesty, the Queen, serving behind the bar in one of the pubs back in dear ole Lunnon. Remarkable, y'know. Extraordinary.

But then I was always a remarkable child. Even my mother admitted as much when I was a tottler, ole thing. Rare promise for the future, and all that sort of rot. Might go far in the Ministry; Prime Minister some day. Isn't it funny how many chappies are elected to Parliament by their families, eh, wot?

I'll never forget the time the Bishop of Whiffletree, a rare old thing, was visiting our family at our country seat; Scrubb Acres, y'know. The mater was all fussed about it and she togged me out tophole for the occasion.

"Well, my brave little man, what are you going to do when you grow up?" the Bishop asked. Those old chappies are always asking you silly things like that and patting you on the head and jolly well making ripping asses of themselves generally.

"I'm going to be a butler, your lordship," I said.

The silly old bird nearly exploded.

"Here. Here," he protested. "Wot! Wot! A butler! One of the Waffle-Waffles a butler. Preposterous, young man. Unheard of! Shocking rot. Whatever put that idea into your head? A butler!"

"Well, if I jolly well can't be a butler. I'd just as soon be a bishop," was my next remark. Neat and tactful, wot? I was always famous for that sort of thing.

"A butler. A bishop. I must admit I cawn't quite see the connection," said His Lordship. "Why do you choose those two—ahem—eminent careers, young man?"

"Oh," I replied carelessly, "they're the only people who can jolly well take all the whiskey and soda they want without having some silly old ass gabbing about them all the time."

The mater was horrified, but the pater took it in good part. Pretty much tophole, the pater.

"The boy has moments of perception," was his only remark; and then he rang for the butler.

"Perkins," he said, "whiskey and soda, I imagine His Lordship could stand a peg after his long drive."

It was after that that the family decided that maybe I had better be sent on for the Army after all.

The Hon. Montmorency Waffle-Waffle

"India is the best we may hope for," the mater informed the council of relatives. "At least he will never be able to insult everyone in that country. Some of the natives, I feel quite sure, do not speak the English language, and he will never have energy enough to learn theirs."

"I have no objection to a man's being insulting, *per se*," the pater interjected. "If he will confine himself to insulting his superiors and ignoring his inferiors, he may go a long way."

"Eventually, he should probably have to," comments the mater, and that ended the discussion. I was jolly well pegged for the Army.

Of course you remember how that silly old board of examiners refused to recommend me for a commission, old dear. You must. It kept a lot of tea tables jolly well supplied with gossip between divorces and all that sort of rot. Bally asses, the whole lot. Couldn't take a joke. Not a jot of humor in their whole make-up.

That fearful old General Sir Redburn Beery was the worst of a bad lot. Frightful old pirate; order a man shot between pegs of Scotch at the club and think nothing about it—the shooting, I mean, not the pegs.

"By what plan did the British forces defeat the Boers in South Africa," he asked me.

"By jolly well sticking up more targets than the Boers could pot," I answered; and the bally old toper just about—as the Americans so quaintly put it—fired a fit.

His Majesty, whose pater did not fight in the Boer war, whereas mine did, and told me all about the jolly old mess, accepted the report of the committee of elderly pirates, and I was not offered a commission. Of course I wouldn't say a word against His Majesty for the world and all, old dear, but if frightful old England ever gets into another war and loses, he'll have jolly good reason to regret that he did not listen to both sides of the case. For all he knows I might be another Marlborough or Wellington.

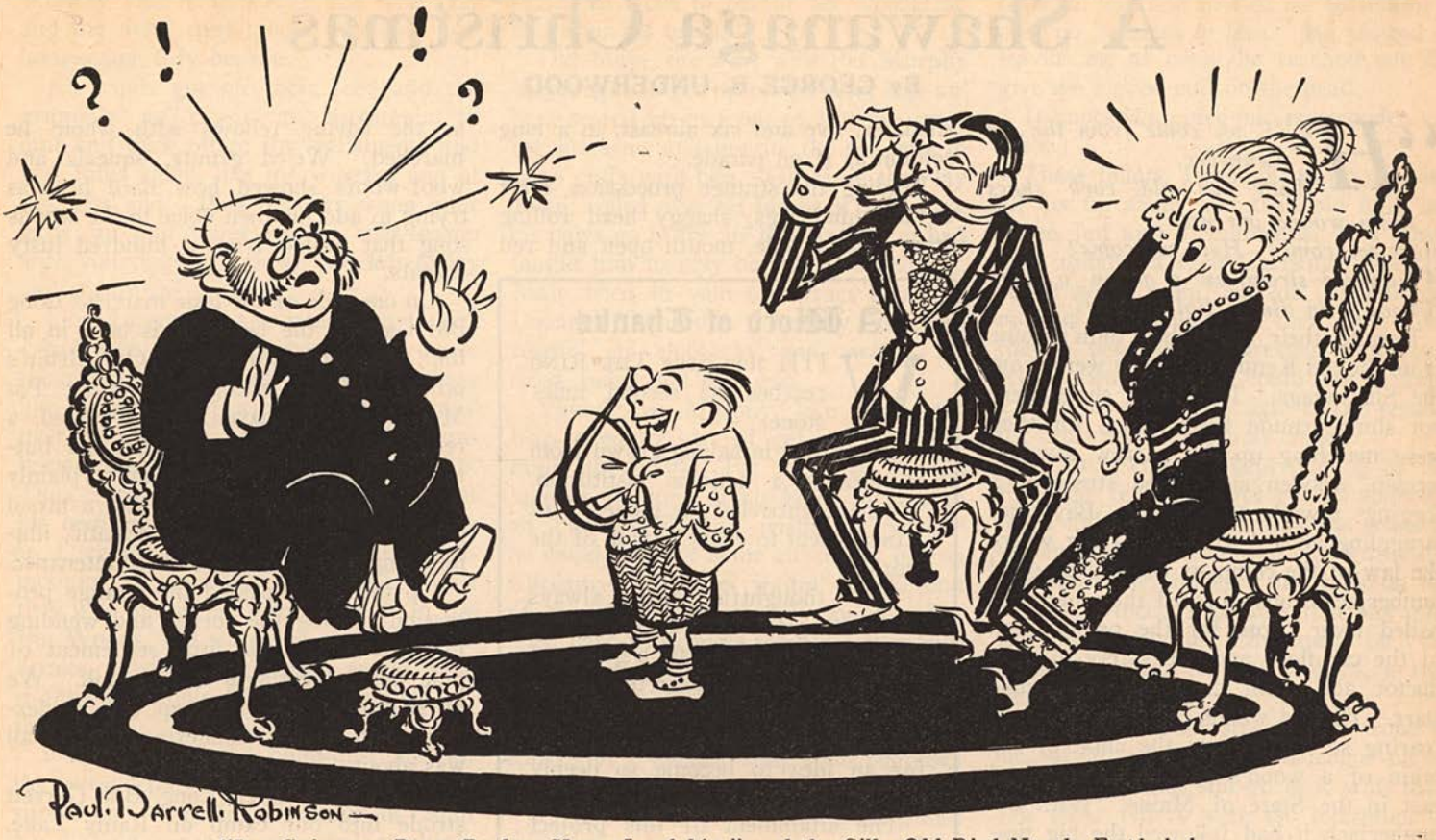
You may ask yourself what all this ancient history has to do with my being associated in a way of business with a lot of prizefighting johnnies; and it does seem a bit off, I admit. But patience is the word, old thing. I'm coming to that in time, but first jolly well have to explain a few things.

Of course the mater called another family conference after the terrible blow to the armed forces of the Empire. She jolly well takes a week to decide whether the pater's cricket flannels should be washed or sent to town for cleaning. No one has a chance to do in the mater when she sees a chance for a jolly good bit of conversation.

"The only thing to do," she announced solemnly, with a lot of silly old aunts nodding their silly old heads, "is send the boy to the States. He may become something out there. He could start as a cow striker on one of the wild ranches around New York, or something."

The pater wasn't keen for the jolly old cow striking idea, but he was forced to give in.

"I'll give him a quarterly allowance until he can hit it off for himself," he promised. "And he can take young Higgins along for his man. He hasn't had much experience, but I have no doubt



"Im Going to Be a Butler, Your Lordship," and the Silly Old Bird Nearly Exploded

he'll do well enough for the rough life of a cow striker. Clean the mud off his boots and wash his lassoes, and that sort of thing."

And that's how I came to be jolly well packed off to the frightful old States, with my first quarter's allowance in my pocket and little Higgins to look after my truck.

"Higgins," said I when we were aboard the bally liner, "we're bound for the States to strike cows."

"Strike me pink," Higgins commented, "cows; cattle; beeves. Beggin' yer pardon, master, but why do they 'ave to be struck?"

"Higgins," said I, firmly. The first thing with servants is to be firm, old dear. "Higgins, we'll have no spoofing on the subject. Cows in the States need striking, it seems; and we're going to strike them."

"Hi hassure you, Hi 'ave no desire to spoof, master," said Higgins. "Hi'm just a bit hof a stujent, Hi ham, hand Hi would loike to know whether we stroike these beeves with th' bare 'ands, hor do we wear boxing gloves?"

"That, Higgins," I informed him, "is something we shall jolly well have to wait to find out."

"Hi proiy fervently they'll hallow hus to huse gloves," Higgins told me. "Th' hother woiy would be 'ard hon th' 'ands."

A thought struck me, old dear. You know how I am, occasionally. Suddenly waking to find that I have clutched a bally idea. Extraordinary that I should be so bright; but there you have it. One of Nature's whims, I presume; like Napoleon and a few others.

"What do you know about boxing gloves, Higgins," I demanded suddenly.

"Well, sir," he stammered, "hits this woiy. Hi've done a bit of boxing with them. In fact, sir, Hi moight make bold to soiy that Hi'm th' present loightweight champion hof Yorkshoire."

"Wot? Wot," said I, in my keen fashion.

"Yes, sir, indeed," Higgins continued, "hand Hi was 'oping that you wouldn't hobject to my doing han occasional bit of boxing hin th' States, sir. One makes quite a bit of a good thing hout hof hit, Hi hunderstand. Th' purses are quite 'eavy, sir."

"Are they now," I interjected.

"Hit's nothin' for ha champion to get five thousand quid for a match there, Hi hunderstand," Higgins went on.

Another idea struck me. I was jolly well overflowing with them, old dear.

"How do you arrange these fearful old matches, Higgins," I asked.

"Ho, that's done by your manager, sir," he answered. "'e fixes hit for you hand 'e collects yer money, hand then 'e gives wot's left hafter 'e toikes 'is hown hout hof hit."

Still another idea came into my jolly old bean.

"What does the manager take," I inquired.

"'e husually takes 'alf, sir."

"And who is your manager?"

"Hi was thinkin', sir," Higgins spluttered. "That is to say . . . hif Hi make so bold . . . hif you have no objections, sir . . . you knowin' so much more about th' world than Hi do, sir . . . and you can't always be strikin' cattle."

"In other words, Higgins," I interrupted, "you want me to look after your jolly old matches. Is that it?"

"Hit his, sir," said he.

I thought a moment.

"Done!" I ejaculated.

That's how, old dear, I became mixed up in the business of those boxing chappies. I expect in a week or two to have our first five thousand pounds, but I shan't return until Higgins and I have made our fortunes. As for the jolly old beeves, someone else will have to strike them.

ATTENTION, READERS OF THE RING!

Have you any old photographs you would like to have other boxing enthusiasts see? Let us publish these for you. Send them to the Editor of THE RING. He will copy them and return the original in same condition as received. For each photo used THE RING will pay $1.00. Scenes of actual ring battles or training camp scenes are requested.

Help a good cause. Make others happy and receive $1.00 and your photo back.

A Shawanaga Christmas

By GEORGE B. UNDERWOOD

"HERE we come from the old Kennebec,
With our old cork shoes slung around our neck,
Here we come! Here we come!
A hundred strong an' a gallon 'o rum!
Whoop! Fa dingo, Fol de rol!"

Despite their song they didn't come from the old Kennebec. They were from the Shawanaga. Their cork shoes were not slung around their necks, for they were marching up the narrow sawdust strewn, wooden sidewalked street of a logging town on Thunder Bay, not straggling aboard a logging train where the law of the company decreed all good lumberjacks must discard their big hobnailed river boots for the preservation of the car floor and the safety of conductor and train crew should trouble start. The old woods chantey they were roaring so lustily, was the child of the brain of a wood's poet far south and east in the State of Maine. With the lumberjack it had followed the big timber ever north and west into fresh cutting grounds.

There were a hundred and a half of them, the full river crew of McDonald and Company from all of the camps on the Shawanaga, fresh from the drive. All wore mackinaw pants thrust into the thick woolen socks protruding from the big hobnailed river boots. Above the waist their apparel was allowed to reflect the individual. Many colored Hudson Bay coats predominated, but gray woolen shirts, sweaters of gray or blue and here and there the buckskin shirt of an Indian was seen. Somber black hats, the usual headgear of the river man, prevailed, perched more or less jauntily on matted thatches, but there and there the individual again asserted itself in a battered old derby, fur cap or gaudy toque.

The winter was over. The drive was in. The logs were in the boom. Eight months' long battle with the cruel North, the winds that cut like a knife, the cold that seared and cracked, the swirling, driving snow, the isolation and sameness that tantalized, the long separation from sweetheart, wife, child, kith and kin, all those had ended with the long, racing, ever changing ride on logs over a hundred miles of white water to the booms of the lumberyards.

The winter penance was over. The free vent in the wild woods songs they chained feelings and spirits were given free vent in the wild woods songs they roared so lustily as they marched up the street of Shanty Town, arm in arm or big rough hands on partner's stalwart shoulder, five and six abreast, in a long column as if on parade.

Leading the strange procession, erect on his hind legs, shaggy head rolling from side to side, mouth open and red tongue lolling out, little brown eyes plainly flashing the excitement and pleasure of the occasion, marched a big brown bear.

Around his neck was a big leather and brass collar. No chain, however, fettered him. He figuratively was as free as the roving fellows with whom he marched. Weird grunts, squeals and woof-woofs showed how hard he was trying to add his own voice to the woods song that pealed from a hundred lusty throats.

On one side of the bear marched Long Bill Garrett, the best woods boss in all the Northern Country. On Bruin's other flank we recognized young Pat Murphy, clean shaven, hair trimmed, a red tie flaring brazenly from the buttoned collar of his blue shirt, plainly dolled up for the occasion, and a broad grin, both shamefaced and ecstatic, illuminating his smiling Celtic countenance.

Up the street passed the strange procession turning the corner and wending its way toward the little settlement of pine flanked cottages on the hill. We hurried riverward to keep our rendezvous with Henri, wondering what it all was about.

Four weeks later Long Bill Garrett strode into our camp on Rainy Lake. With business on Thunder Bay finished he was heading back into the Big Woods, timber cruising, planning next season's cuts, mapping out camp sites and laying tote roads.

"Bill," we asked over the trout and bacon that evening, "what was the big doings down on Thunder Bay at the end of the drive? And where did you get the bear? He acted as if he was a member of the gang."

"He was," answered Long Bill, "a regular member. You don't mean to tell me you never heard of Old Maje? Why, Old Maje is the boss-bully and best rough-and-tumble scrapper in the North Country. He's the champion of the Shawanaga."

"Tell us about him," we begged, scenting a story.

Bill did.

Cramming full his old briar and lighting up with a glowing coal from the fire Long Bill Garrett told this story to us of Christmas Eve on the Shawanaga:

* * *

It was lonesome up in Camp No 1 on the Shawanaga, last Christmas, lonesome as hell. Two weeks before and more it began. Ole Nelson started it in the bunkhouse one night telling of the Christmases they had down Minnesota way. 'Poleon Barbeche swore, by G'ar, they did Christmas up better than anywhere down in old Montreal. Soon they were all off, every mother's son of 'em, Scot, Mick, Yank, Canuck, Swede and Pole, each going better on Christmas back home. They kept it up on

A Word of Thanks

WITH this issue THE RING reaches its second milestone.

It is proud in having grown from an idea to a national institution. We have encircled the globe. THE RING is sent to every section of the world.

The thoughtful man always pauses to give credit to those who have aided him to attain a goal, and so THE RING gives heartfelt thanks to its readers and its valiant supporters who have made it possible for an idea to become so deeply entrenched.

The attainment of this project would not, however, be of such importance if the art for which it stood had not been immeasurably beautified.

Boxing, cleansed and rejuvenated, has taken a firm hold upon the American public just as THE RING has taken a firm hold upon the nation's boxing fans.

Whatever is right in boxing, THE RING symbolizes, and it hopes that it may continue to act as the first and last disciple of Pugilism.

We now come upon another Holiday period when that spirit of peace on earth, good will to all men, pervades the earth. To our ardent supporters we wish a most generous harvest of happiness, health and good fortune. We deeply appreciate their most generous support, and trust we will be able to serve them even better in 1924 than we did in 1923.

No greater reward is desired by THE RING than the opportunity to continue in the role of a servant of pugilism, striving always to keep boxing clean, and to do so we kindly ask our readers to continue as faithful subscribers.

skidway and travois road the next day and the more they talked the bluer and homesicker they become.

All hands got off their feed and the grumblin' an' cussin' an' threatenin' to quit and pack off to thr settlements and real folks again, had me worried and at my wits end. It is disaster when your gang up and quits you in mid-season with your logs half down and left to lay and rot on the ground.

I tried everything to make 'em forget. I had been drivin' 'em hard but I drove them harder than ever. There's nothing like work to keep a man from broodin' over his troubles. Work acts on a lumberjack like fleas on a Reservation Injun. They keep an Injun from worryin' on his bein' an Injun. But drive my crew as I could I couldn't keep 'em from moonin' an' moanin' on the Christmas they wuz missin' by bein' up there in the Big Woods, and all of the good eats and drinks, mostly drinks, they would have if they were only back home in the settlements.

I told 'em of the plum-duff and all the extras the bull cook was going to spread out for us for Christmas in Camp No. 1. Told 'em to hang up their stockin's in the bunk house and that the Comp'ny wasn't goin' to forget them. I even hinted that the iron clad rule of not a drop of booze being allowed in the camp would be waived and that I had cached a hull barr'l of red liquor for the occasion.

Nothing I could say or do would work. The boys had made up their minds to be blue and nothing would budge 'em.

The bluer they got, the madder I got. In between thinkin' of the own Christmas I was missin' at home and rantin' an' ravin' at the men for letting themselves think of the same thing, I grew about as sociable as a she-grizzly with cubs. I had my back up an' was spittin' and cussin' like a cornered bobcat all the time.

But an old newspaper and Old Maje, the b'ar, came to my rescue.

Poor old Looney Sellers had carried the faded, yellow paper with him twenty years and more. Way down in the corner of it was a little piece about his good woman's dyin', an' the funeral. Regular, every Sunday night, the old man would pull his turkey from under his bunk, open it up, pull out the paper and read that same little piece over an' over again. He couldn't a helped knowin' it by heart, but the readin' of it was to him like a sort of a ceremony an' ritual.

The Sunday night, a week before Christmas, Looney digs the old paper out of his pack, puts the old iron-ribbed, cracked-glass spectacles on his nose, hitches up closer to the light cast by the birch logs from the open door of the stove, an' goes to readin' an' slobbering and cryin' as usual.

Old Maje, the b'ar, who Pat Murphy had taught to get up on his hind legs an' box, reared up in front of Looney, waving his arms and invitin' the old man to swap cuffs with him. Ol' Maje then lay down, rolled over on his back and stuck his paws up in the air like young Pat had taught him to play he was knocked out. Maje tried in vain to attract poor old Looney's 'tenshum. Looney kept on readin' an' slobberin' and awipin' his tired, faded, old blue eyes.

Young Pat Murphy, like Maje, the b'ar, tried to sort of get old Looney's mind off things. Pat was blue enough himself, thinking of his Mary back home on Thunder Bay an' wishin an' wishin' he could go back home an' marry her on Christmas instead o' waitin' till the end of the Spring drive and pay-off. Pat tried hard to inveigle the old fellow into talk but gave it up and started to scannin' the paper over the old man's shoulder hisself. Papers, even old papers, are scarcer in a lumber camp than pugnoses in Jeerusalem.

I had come in to the men's camp and was sitting on the deacon's seat talkin' with Henry Le Sage, but was listenin' to all the groanin' an' grumblin' and takin' in everything.

As I watched young Pat looking over old Looney's shoulder at the paper, I saw Pat suddenly perk up, lean closer and start mouthin' the words as if he himself was reading hard. The best cant hook man in the North country, knew logging from the ground up, but he hadn't got much of a chance for book larnin'. He mouthed away excitedly for a few seconds and then, reaching over, took the old paper from Looney. Wavin' it in the air Pat shouted across the room, to old Stacpole, who was a school teacher before he took to booze an' booze drove him to the woods:

"Hey Perfessor come here! Look at this! 'Jeffries beats Fitzsimmons.' Come over here and read it to me. Jeffries beats Fitzsimmons! All about the big fight, Perfessor, an' how ol' Fitz got licked."

"Jeffries Beats Fitzsimmons!"

The effects of the shouted headlines was magical.

Shoulders straightened and ears cocked up all over the bunk house. Everyone wanted to hear how Jeff done it. As the Perfessor started readin' they crowded up from all over the room. Henry LeSage got up an' left me walking over to better hear it.

As I sat there alone tryin' to get a word now an' then from the Perfessor's readin' of the big fight, Old Maje, the b'ar, sidled up in front o' me, raised on his hind legs and invited me to scrap. I paid no 'tenshun to him. But instead o' leavin' me as usual he reached out an' give me a good cuff on the head.

It knocked an idee into my wooden top piece.

These fellers, I thought to myself, are all het up about that thah old fight between Jeff and Fitzsimmons. It's takin' their minds off their Christmas gloomin' but it won't keep 'em off. Tomorrow mornin' they'll be bluer than ever. But they're powerfully intrested in fightin'. All he-men are. If I could only arrange a fight, a reg'lar ring fight in the woods, for Chirs'mas? If I only could!

As the Perfessor kept reading of old Fitz and Jeff, the boys got to hollerin', yellin' an' cheerin' as if they was down to Coney Island watchin' the big fight itself. The more they hollered and took on the more convinced I became that the only way to celebrate Christmas on the Shawanaga was to have a fight, a real ring fight.

Old Maje again stud up in front o' me, wavin' his paws an' challengin' me to put up my dukes and go to it with him. The other fellers were too interested in Jeff and Fitz to fool with Maje. The b'ar seemed to be eggin' me on.

I got up, pushed Maje aside, shouldered my way through the men around Stackpole and Murphy and said to the young Mick:

"Pat, will you fight?"

"Shure an' I nev-r-r refused," answered young Pat, surprised but defiant. "What'll it be, Boss? Knockdown an' drag out, no holts barred, true woods fashion?"

"No, not me, Pat." I answered smiling, for he was a lad after my own heart. "Not me. And no rough an' tumble, bitin' kickin' an' gougin,' either. But a real ring fight with the gloves. A real ring fight, a hundred dollars stake and for the champeenship of the Shawanaga!"

"Wow!" roared the whole bunkhouse. "Hooray! Hooray! A reg' lar fight, just like Fitzsimmons and Jeffries! Sure you'll fight, Pat? Sure you'll fight 'for the champeenship o' the Shawanaga?' "

"An' who is this I'll be fightin' for the champeenship o' the Shawanaga," inquired young Pat. "Begorrah I've licked every man-jack in this camp, rough an' tumble an' I know I can do it wit' the gloves. 'Though, bad cess to them, I never had no use for nothin' but me naked fists. Sorra the boxin' glove I've ever seen. But who's the man? An' where will we fight? An' when will we fight? Bring him on!"

"Poleon Barbeche will make a mighty good set o boxin' gloves out o caribou skin, horse hair an' shavins, Pat," I

(Continued on page 68)

LOOKING BACK—

FIRPO'S KO BY DEMPSEY IN TWO ROUNDS — TWO TOUGH NEIGHBOR KIDS, LITTLE LOUIE ANGEL FIRPO AND TOMMY GIBBONS CAME OVER TO VISIT MOTHER DEMPSEY — SHE HAD HER HANDS FULL AT BED TIME — LITTLE LOUIE WOULD DOZE OFF — THEN WAKE UP — IT WAS QUITE AWHILE BEFORE HE FINALLY WENT TO SLEEP

I NO WANNA GO SLEEP!

TOMMY GIBBONS STAYS THE LIMIT WITH DEMPSEY — WHEN JACK AND TOMMY HELD THEIR STAYING-AWAKE MARATHON OUT IN SHELBY EVERY ONE THOUGHT GIBBONS WOULD RETIRE EARLY — BUT NOT SO! JACK SANG EVERY LULABY HE KNEW BUT TOMMY NEVER EVEN YAWNED — BUT HE HAD NOTHING ON THE SHELBY BANKERS — JACK KEPT THEM AWAKE NIGHTS.

CARPENTIER UPSETS JOE BECKETT IN SEVENTEEN SECONDS — POOR JOE HAS THE SLEEPING SICKNESS — HERE HE IS TRAINING FOR HIS NEXT FIGHT WITH GEORGES

BATTLING SIKI BECOMES FAMOUS BY HIS UNEXPECTED KO OF "GORGEOUS GEORGES" CARPENTIER

— CARTOON SKETCH SHOWING THE NEAR TOTAL ECLIPSE OF FRENCH STAR BY THE DARK PLANET SIKI —

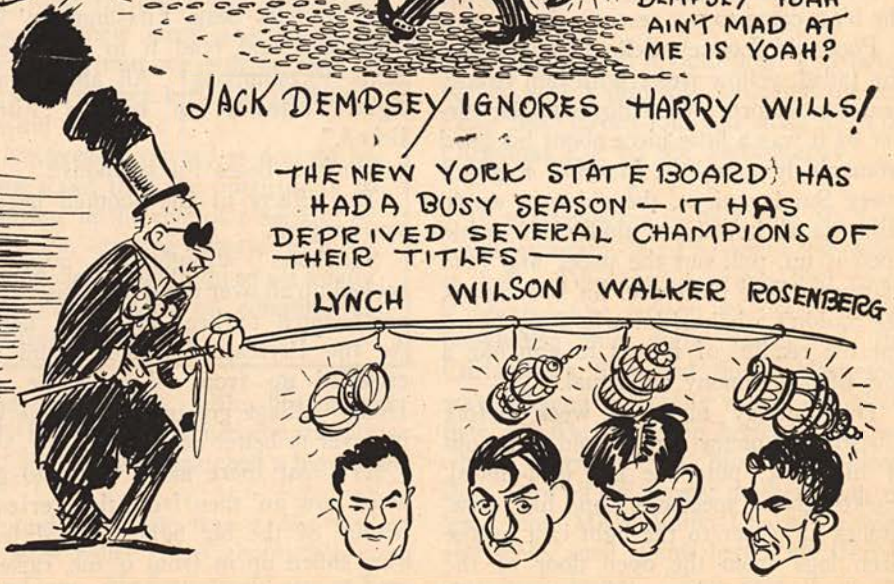
VISIBLE TO THE NAKED EYE IN FRANCE

MORNING MISTER DEMPSEY YOAH AIN'T MAD AT ME IS YOAH?

JACK DEMPSEY IGNORES HARRY WILLS!

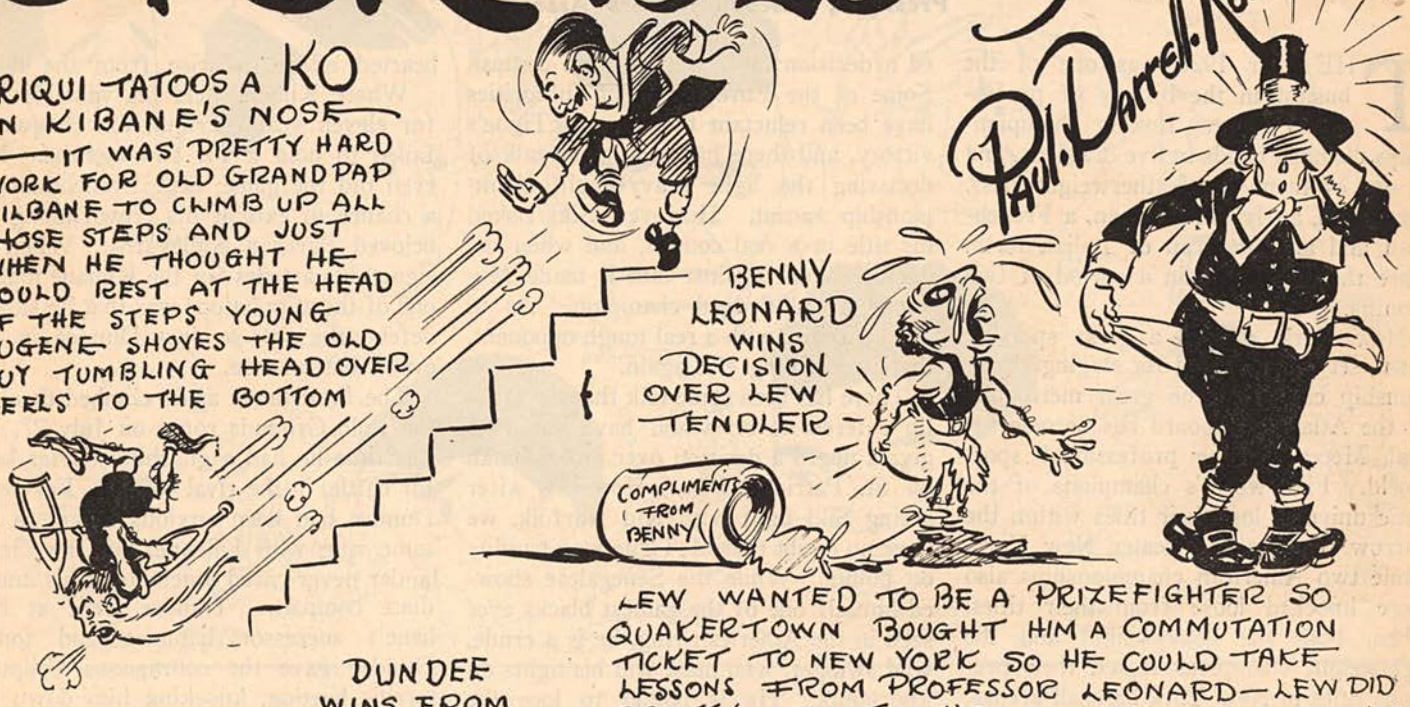
THE NEW YORK STATE BOARD HAS HAD A BUSY SEASON — IT HAS DEPRIVED SEVERAL CHAMPIONS OF THEIR TITLES —

LYNCH WILSON WALKER ROSENBERG



OVER 1923

by Paul Darrell Robinson



Record Breaking Year for Pugilism

By FREDERICK G. LIEB
President, Baseball Writers' Association

THE year 1923 was one of the busiest in the history of professional sport. Boxing championships changed hands in five divisions, and in one of them, the featherweight class, three men, an Irish-American, a Frenchman and an American of Italian birth, wore the crown within a period of two months.

New York, always a great sporting town, set a new record for staging championship clashes. The great metropolis of the Atlantic seaboard has become the real Mecca of the professional sport world. Five world's champions of the fistic universe lost their titles within the narrow confines of Greater New York, while two American championships also were knocked loose from their titles. Then, both the heavyweight and the lightweight champions risked their precious titles in New York baseball arenas, and never did Mr. Dempsey come so near to losing his crown as when he went hurtling through the Polo Grounds ropes into the press tables late last summer.

The record year for title changes began on Washington's Birthday, when Gene Tunney, with his rushing body attack, regained the American light heavyweight championship by outpointing Harry Greb, the Pittsburgh windmill, in fifteen rounds in Madison Square Garden. The decision was unfavorably received by many, as Greb apparently landed by far the greater number of blows, but the decision of the officials was that those of Tunney did the most harm. Greb had won the American light heavyweight title from Tunney the previous year, when he easily outpointed the former A. E. F. man, in another Garden bout.

A week later, on March 1, another American championship changed hands at Madison Square Garden, when the officials ruled that Frankie Genaro, the little Brooklyn Italian, outpointed the fighting Filipino, Pancho Villa, in fifteen rounds. That made Frankie the American flyweight champion. This decision also was received with poor grace in certain circles. However, since Villa has won the world's flyweight crown, he has shown no disposition to mix it up again with the midget Brooklynite.

The first world's title to change hands in 1923 was the light heavyweight championship, which was lifted from the kinky thatch of Battling Siki by Mike McTigue as a sort of St. Patrick's Day frolic in Dublin, Ireland. McTigue was awarded a decision in a twenty-round contest. Some of the European fight authorities have been reluctant to admit McTigue's victory, and there has been some talk of declaring the light heavyweight championship vacant. However, Siki risked his title in a real contest, and when the decision went against him it made McTigue a full-fledged champion. As to Mike's ability with a real tough opponent, that's something else again.

There has been some talk that the Dublin referee never would have dared to give a negro a decision over an Irishman on St. Patrick's Day. However, after seeing Siki fight with Kid Norfolk, we have no doubt that McTigue won handily on points. While the Senegalese showed himself one of the gamest blacks ever seen in the American ring, he is a crude, wild swinger, who must win his fights on knockouts. He is bound to lose the referee's decision in any fight in which he opposes a skillful boxer and where the contest goes the limit.

Another title was lost on the decision of the officials on May 30, when Jack Bernstein, the Yonkers Hebrew, was named the victor over Johnny Dundee, the East Side Italian, in a fifteen-round bout in the Velodrome, Rickard's fight arena in the Bronx. On this occasion, the junior lightweight belt was clasped around Mr. Bernstein's waist. The junior light weight class, invented by Tex Rickard of men of 130 pounds, never has taken the popular fancy, and so far has not been taken up by the European boxing bodies.

On June 2, the first championship bout of the year to be decided on a knockout was staged on the Polo Grounds. That was the short quarrel between the gray-haired Johnny Kilbane, former featherweight champion, and Eugene Criqui, the gallant Frenchman and a wounded veteran of the war. Kilbane, who had held the title since his twenty-round decision over Attell in 1912, had only been tempted to come to the Polo Grounds with a $100,000 bait. For years, his system of holding the championship had been a course of inactivity, with an occasional bout with a fourth rater.

Kilbane's last fight was most disappointing to his followers, and showed that the old fighting engine is pretty well burned out. After satisfying himself with four rounds of defensive fighting, in which he struck scarcely any blows, he sank to the canvas from a body blow in the fifth round, and made only a half-hearted effort to arise from the floor.

Where Kilbane held his valuable title for eleven years, Criqui, his conquerer, failed to hold it for two months. Not even did the game, little Frenchman get a chance to exhibit his crown along his beloved Parisian boulevards. When he signed his articles for the Kilbane match, one of the stipulations was that he should defend the title against Dundee in the event that he won.

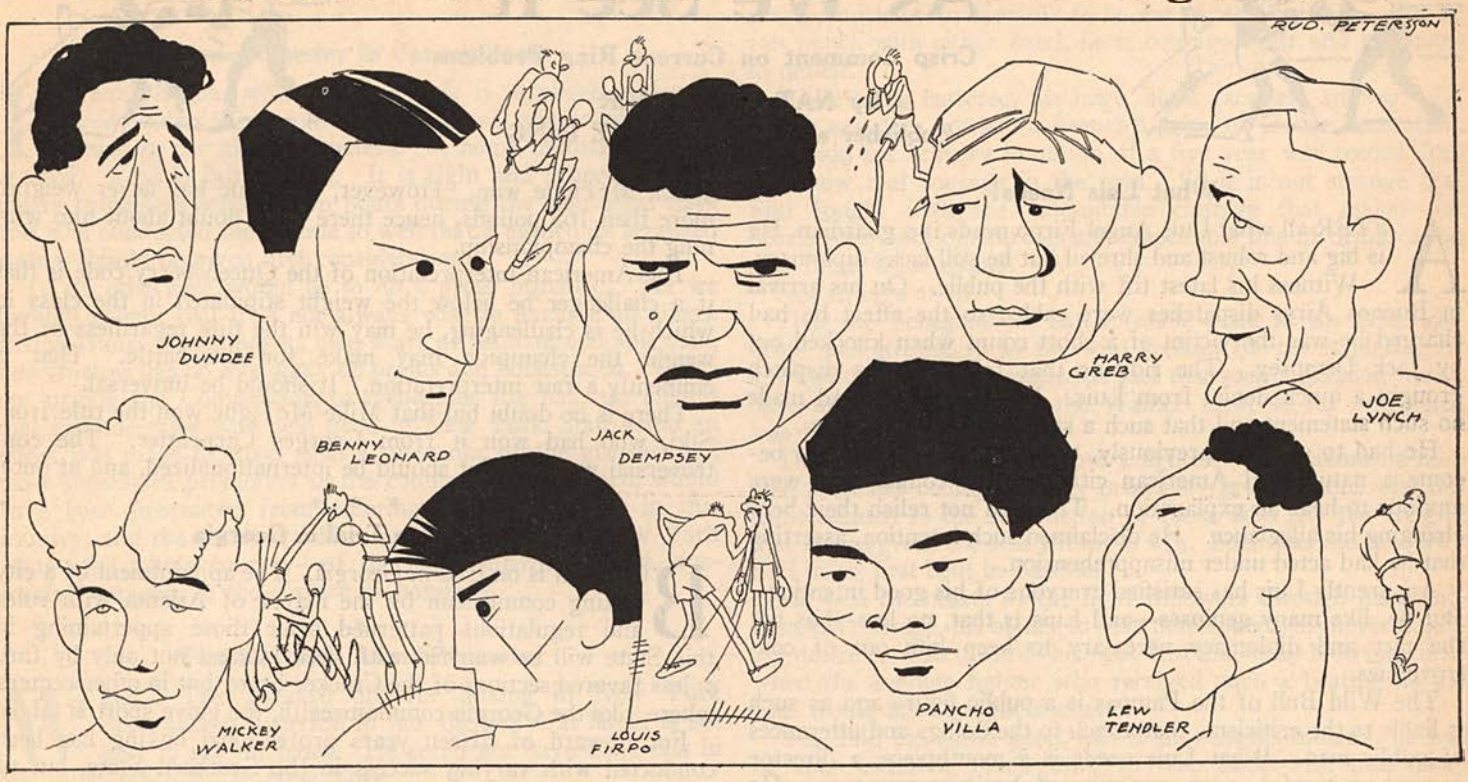
The Frenchman again climbed through the Polo Grounds ropes on July 27, but this time he had a gnashing terrier keen for battle, in the rival corner. For years Dundee had been anxious to get in the same ring with Kilbane, but the Clevelander never cared much about his immediate company. Dundee went at Kilbane's successor hammer and tongs. Dundee gave the courageous Criqui a terrific beating, knocking him down repeatedly in the early rounds, but the former Poilu held on to the end of the fifteenth round, hoping against hope that a knockout might save him his recently won title. Criqui, his artificial teeth knocked into his cheeks, tottered feebly through the fifteenth round, and though Dundee did all that he could to finish him, the gallant Eugene was on his feet when the final gong sounded. But there was no doubt as to who had earned the decision, and Dundee, after years of waiting, became the world's featherweight champion.

Prior to the Dundee-Criqui scrap, the great, little Britisher, Jimmy Wilde, surrendered his flyweight title to the swarthy son of the Orient, Pancho Villa, at the historic Polo Grounds. On June 18, the peewee Englishman succumbed to the flying fists of the Filipino in seven rounds. Jimmy, too, had gone to the well once too often, and was but a shell of his former self when he went into action. However, he had the old fighting spirit left, and though he was knocked out on his feet as early as the fourth round, his fighting instinct kept him plugging away, and he lasted to the seventh.

The last championship title to change hands in 1923 also shifted from one corner to the other on the Polo Grounds. That was the middleweight championship, which Harry Greb won from Johnny Wilson after fifteen rounds of rather dull, uninteresting fighting. This class, which once boasted of such men as Stanley Ketchell, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien and others of their ilk, has de-

(*Continued on page 30*)

Character Sketches of World Famous Fighters



Song and Dance Act Turned Into a Real Fight

By DUKE BARRY

THE history of boxing, from the bare knuckle days until the present, is replete with sensational, surprising and entirely unexpected incidents, but one that occurred in Eldorado, Arkansas, several years ago is utterly without parallel.

Red Herring, a well known southern boxer, and at that time a promoter of boxing was responsible for it.

Herring not only acted as principal in several contests, but promoted the shows, and when not engaged in combat, took his place as the third man in the ring. It is of one of these instances that this story is written.

Red obtained two well known lightweights to box a feature bout. I am not going to tell their names, as both are now among the topnotchers and this story might hurt their drawing power.

These boxers arrived in Eldorado on the same train, and for some reason Red had a hunch that all was not right. He seemed to sense that the two had outlined a plan of battle not in keeping with their contracts. When the time came for the two star millers to enter the ring, Herring took his place as the referee and when he called them to the center for instructions, he reminded them that they were in there to do their best, otherwise he would throw them out and forfeit their purse.

The arena was packed to suffocation. The preliminaries were up to standard, but in the main bout it was apparent that the stars were taking things easy. In fact both were cautious and took great pains to see that neither was hurt. Herring kept urging the boys to mix it and the crowd became restless.

After repeatedly stopping the contest and warning the principals, without avail, Red called time in the sixth round and ordered both boys to their corners. Calling one of his assistants, Herring ordered that worthy to bring into the ring another pair of gloves. Meantime Red was removing his referee's uniform, and when the gloves arrived, he had them laced upon his own hands. Then calling the two stars to the center again, he told them that he intended to fight both in order to give the fans a run for their money.

He ordered the timekeeper to proceed with his duties and then began one of the best bouts ever witnessed in Eldorado. With the fans in a frenzy at the sudden turn of affairs, Red sailed into the original ring contestants and walloped them to a fare-thee-well. When Herring thought he had gone far enough, amid a thunder of applause, he halted the bout and again ordered his opponents to their corners. After a ten-minute rest he brought them forth again and told them he would repeat the dose if they did not start and fight.

This they readily agreed to do, but to make it all the merrier, Red announced that the boys would begin the bout anew and fight the full ten rounds. The contest turned out to be a dandy from start to finish. That made Herring one of the most popular fighters in the vicinity of Eldorado and from then on, no boxers ever appeared in the local ring without giving their best.

Promoters, managers, and fighters requiring a real live representative in England should communicate at once with

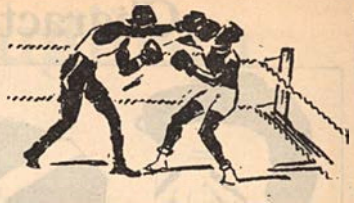
JIM HARRIS

FARADAY HOUSE
CHARING X ROAD, LONDON
ENGLAND'S LEADING MANAGER
Cables: Boxostad, London

As We See It

Crisp Comment on Current Ring Problems

By NAT FLEISCHER
Publisher and Editor of THE RING



What Luis Needs!

AFTER all what Luis Angel Firpo needs is a guardian. He is big and robust and shrewd but he still lacks diplomacy. Witness his latest tiff with the public. On his arrival in Buenos Aires dispatches were cabled to the effect he had charged he was the victim of a short count when knocked out by Jack Dempsey. The ridicule that followed this dispatch brought a quick denial from Luis. He declared he had made no such statement and that such a statement was not true.

He had to explain, previously, why he had attempted to become a naturalized American citizen. His countrymen were anxious to hear an explanation. They did not relish their hero changing his allegiance. He disclaimed such intention, asserting that he had acted under misapprehension.

Apparently Luis has satisfied everyone of his good intentions. But he, like many geniuses—and Luis is that, no less—has not the tact and diplomacy necessary to keep him out of controversies.

The Wild Bull of the Pampas is a public figure and as such is liable to the criticisms that attach to the doings and utterances of public men. What Luis needs is a mouthpiece, a director general, a tactful, wise, experienced business manager. He may frown upon that modern person, but he has demonstrated his need for him, nevertheless. It will be money in his pocket—a not inconsiderable factor.

* * *

An Unjust Complaint

FIRPO now declares that Horatio Lavelle, his chief second, made the accusation that the count was short. Senior Lavelle, in his statement, accused the New York Boxing officials of giving Luis Angel Firpo an unfair count. Justice, he believes, was not done Firpo.

The American public has not minced matters in declaring that Luis received the worst of it on several occasions during that memorable battle. The writer editorially expressed this view after the fight. But that Luis received a "short" count after that last blow to the jaw is a new one. Those who sat at the ringside disagree with Firpo on this point. That the count was not short is the verdict of every competent critic who sat close enough to see what occurred. In fact, the writer was sitting at the elbow of Timekeeper Schmegler, and is in a position to state that the full count of ten was tolled before Luis was carried to his corner.

Furthermore, it is generally agreed, even by those who were outspoken in their criticism of Dempsey's tactics in standing over his fallen victim and in once striking his man before the latter had a full chance to arise, that had Firpo not been counted out finally when he was, one more blow would have turned the trick, and Dempsey was ready, eager, to land that blow. And still further, the pictures show Luis practically unconscious for four minutes after the last blow was landed.

Firpo is coming back for another meeting with Dempsey. He no doubt will get it. The outcome may or may not be as it was in the first meeting, though our prediction is that it will be. In any event, everyone trusts Luis will receive justice, as Lavelle sees it, on his next visit. It also is to be hoped that Firpo is better advised in the future.

* * *

McTigue Won Championship

IT is important and desirable that American and European boxing bodies come to some common understanding on a number of questions. Not so long ago the International Boxing Union held that Mike McTigue was not the world's light-heavyweight champion, the reason for the ruling being that Siki did not weigh in for McTigue for their fight in Dublin, which McTigue won. However, McTigue has never weighed more than 165 pounds, hence there is no doubt about him winning the championship.

The American interpretation of the Queensberry code is that if a challenger be below the weight stipulated in the class in which he is challenging, he may win the title regardless of the weight the champion may make for the battle. That is eminently a fair interpretation. It should be universal.

There is no doubt but that Mike McTigue won the title from Siki, who had won it from Georges Carpentier. The controversial weight point should be internationalized, and at once.

* * *

Boxing on Trial in Georgia

BOXING is on trial in Georgia. The appointment of a city boxing commission by the mayor of Atlanta with rules and regulations patterned after those appertaining in this State will be watched with keen interest not only by fans in less favored sections of the Cracker State, but in other centers where, like the Georgia commonwealth, the glove sport is taboo.

For upward of fifteen years professional boxing has been conducted with varying success in the Southern State, but of late, events, such as the unsatisfactory Stribling-McTigue contest, have tended to hurt the sport, while other angles did not please the better class of fan, the upshot being that the game was "ruled off the course." With the sportsmanlike action of the Atlanta mayor in putting boxing on trial by the naming of a commission with powers to rule, it is clearly up to all connected with the Queensberry sport to conduct themselves above reproach to the end that favors now extended be not revoked.

* * *

At Variance with State Laws

THE mayor's action raises a peculiar point, in that his ruling is at direct variance with State laws dealing with professional "prize fighting." Should occasion arise, perhaps his Honor will endeavor to show that "boxing" and "prize fighting" have no relative standing. Let's hope he succeeds should he be called upon to defend his action.

Louisiana is the only State in Dixie where boxing is legalized, and the hope is expressed that Atlanta's action will result in all of the Southern commonwealths falling in line with a united front and the determination to advance the glove sport to the highest level. Texas fans have been trying for years to get a hearing, but so far both houses at Austin have looked with disfavor on legalized boxing. The coming year may see a change of heart in that State by the legislators.

The action of Atlanta will be watched with interest. It is certain to react upon neighboring communities and in time Georgia may enact a State law to legalize pugilistic contests. The spread of legalized boxing is certain to follow to other Southern States where boxing is a greatly admired sport and will be supported when legalized.

* * *

Another Step Forward

THE New York State Athletic Commission took the right step in declaring that hereafter the rule requiring a boxer, after scoring a knockdown, to retire to the corner farthest from his fallen opponent, will be rigidly enforced. To do otherwise would be to make the commission's rules farcical. The wonder is that a rule promulgated at the very outset of the inauguration of the commission should have been permitted to lapse into such utter disregard. The laxness in enforcing this rule, of course, was not intentional.

It is human for commissions to overlook details. It is encouraging to note, however, that the commission recognized its

laxness, and at last has made it impossible for this unfair sportsmanship to longer exist in the Empire State.

* * *

Home Industry in Pennsylvania

IN Pennsylvania, where boxing now is legalized and conducted under the commission form of government, it is planned to bar alien promoters. A home industry is to be created. That is fair enough. It is right and proper that the native promoters who put on bouts during the semi-legal days and who conducted their game so well that it earned its legalized status, should be given first consideration.

To do otherwise would be to do a gross injustice. Yet we humbly submit that it is not always wise to exclude all aliens. Pennsylvania, which has its own share of brilliant and able men, nevertheless has no monopoly on brains and honest men. Without urging the Commission to reconsider the ban, we submit that had the same rule held good in New York State—and an effort was made to enact such a rule—one of the greatest and most successful promoters in the country, Tex Rickard, would have been prevented from entering the richest field in this country, and the result would have been to deprive New York State—the whole country—of the most important bouts, successfully staged, in the history of boxing.

* * *

Tex Rickard, Alien Promoter

WHAT Tex Rickard did for boxing in New York State and in America, in fact the world at large, is not easy to say off hand. He could not have done this in any other place but in New York.

Had he, who was an alien, been barred, boxing would not now be enjoying the wonderful popularity that it is. This is not to say that Rickard is the only man who can promote fights or should promote fights.

Potential geniuses of his type may be scattered all over the world, and that is just the point. A law banning outsiders may keep out a ripening genius like Tex Rickard, who can outshine even the great New York promoter.

Pennsylvania will do well to restrict alien promoters to an extent only. The Commission should admit them only when it is apparent that their ability, past success and honesty and business ability will promote the welfare of boxing in the Keystone State.

* * *

Charles F. Thorley

CHARLES F. THORLEY, one of the finest characters in the field of sport, is lost to Boxing. The man who devoted all his spare time to the uplift of the game has passed to his Maker. New York fight fans mourn him. New York lovers of boxing will miss his wonderful, magnetic influence.

Charles Thorley was a lover of all sports, and it was his influence, in many cases, which kept the games clean and pure. As much as any other man, it was he who was responsible for the passing of the Walker boxing law in the last few minutes of the legislature meeting a few years ago. And it was the association of Mr. Thorley as a member of the advisory committee of the Boxing Commission which helped to lift the game to the present high standard it enjoys. Boxing was his hobby, and it was ever his wish to see it placed on the same level with other sports, that the finger of suspicion might never be pointed its way.

May his soul rest in peace.

* * *

Battling Siki Makes Good

THE star of Battling Siki never shone brighter than in the defeat he suffered in his American debut. That a stranger, albeit a one-time world's champion, could, by his sheer personality, win the hearts of American fandom when badly outclassed by an American boxer, certainly dispels any thought that this Singular Senegalese popularity has waned.

The Singular One is colorful, and that is not said in jest as to the pigment beneath his skin. He has that personality that some call showmanship and that others call genius, that attracts.

He lacks the boxing skill that characterizes American boxers, that permitted Kid Norfolk to be the victor over Siki. But he can punch with either hand, he is courage itself and he smiles in defeat.

While being battered, his huge, black face was smiling. Of course one does not win a French Legion of Honor decoration, a citation for bravery in action, if a five year war record does not show real courage in the man. So it is not strange that Siki fought with the indomitable courage that makes our hearts jump into our throats and erases that line of demarcation that racial color draws.

Not strange at all!

That the Senegambian battler made good in his American debut was attested to by the wild acclaim for the rendering of a drawn verdict, this despite the fact that such a decision would have made a mockery of the Walker Law, so far outclassed was Siki.

The American fight fans love a fighter. They admire a man who possesses courage. They invariably favor a loser who has demonstrated to the satisfaction of those who pay the freight, that he has given the best within to win. Such was the case with Siki in his first bout in America.

He won the hearts of the fight followers through his gameness, his courage, his ability to take punishment, his never flinching desire to rush towards his opponent and swap blows at times when the average fighter who received such a beating as did Siki would have sought shelter.

Yes, Siki has made good, and if he behaves himself, he will be able within a year's time, to take back with him many thousands of Uncle Sam's money.

* * *

Jack Johnson's Opinion of His Prowess

JACK JOHNSON has returned to business. He is running a cabaret in New York's famous black belt region. And he isn't through fighting either. Jack says he fights now for the pleasure of it, however.

"The world's heavyweight championship brought me a lot of trouble," says Jack. "Now I am just a boxer.

"I am forty-five years old. But them are forty-five mighty light years. I would like to box Mr. Dempsey for about six rounds to no decision. Mah, how I could show what kind of a champion he is!

"And Firpo, lawdy, lawdy, what I wouldn't do to Firpo. But I guess Jack ain't never goin' to get them chances. I'se a business man now. Boxes a little on the side, jes' to keep in shape.

"But Mah gracious, wouldn't I jes' like to meet Dempsey and Firpo."

Jack Johnson, like other former champions, still feels he is the master of the present crop of heavies, but the world knows otherwise. Jack is too old to re-enter the ring. He should devote all his energy to build up his new cabaret, one of the finest in New York. Jack has a horde of admirers, and, with their assured patronage, he should soon be able to replenish much of his lost fortune.

Many fans throughout the world condemned Johnson for his folly when he held the world's heavyweight championship. But today Jack is a peace abiding citizen, who realizes how he wronged the game that brought him a fortune. Were the Jack Johnson of today the King of the Heavies, it is safe to predict the boxing world would have no occasion to condemn him. The Jack Johnson of today is a splendid and most charitable fellow.

Jack has paid the penalty for his folly, and the boxing world wishes Johnson prosperity in his new venture.

On Developing Firpo's Left

NO heavyweight ever had a better left hand than Jim Jeffries. He did not have to cultivate the use of his southpaw.

It was natural for him to work from the port side. Even

(*Continued on page 67*)

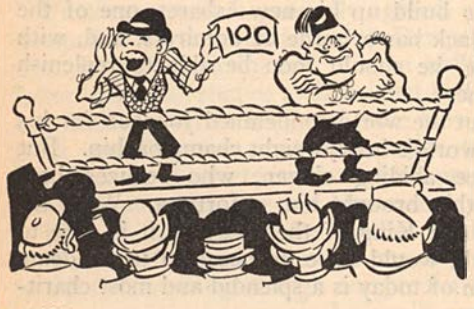
The Fall of the Turkish Demon

By MONT HURST, Jr.

DERRICKVILLE was a typical oil boom town. Six months before, the only occupants of the place were prairie dogs and large-eared jack rabbits. Now, the discovery of oil had changed all of this as quick as the rub of a magic lamp. The place was a hodgepodge of hustling, jostling, breathless citizens, as each great gusher came in. People appeared as if out of the thin air. They came in automobiles, Pullman trains, box cars, afoot and in airplanes. The town was built on either side of a permanent mud puddle called "Commerce Street." Hotels, restaurants, dance-halls, domino parlors, pool rooms, and oil field supply houses were lined on either side of the street. Curbstone

Cohen's world famous group of boxers and wrestlers

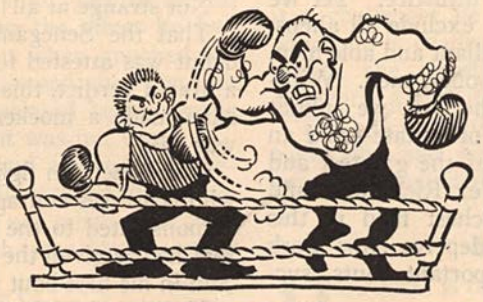
stone stock salesmen maintained their "offices" on the sidewalk. On one corner a man was selling the latest maps and photographs of the field. Real estate operators had their various pieces of property for sale, written on the side of the hastily constructed frame buildings. Everywhere was excitement. Everybody had money, and at night the dance-halls, shows, and illicit drink parlors were



A $100 bill will be given to any man who can stay four rounds.

thronged with every conceivable type of humanity.

At one end of the street a carnival had been opened. The tents and stands were always full of pleasure-seeking oil field workers. The most popular show was "Cohen's World Famous Group of Boxers and Wrestlers." Each night Hymie Cohen, the manager, would offer a one-hundred dollar bill to any man who would stay four rounds with "Knockout" Hussane, the "Turkish Demon." Each night some husky driller or roughneck would



Jimmie side-stepped a right uppercut

climb into the ring and would emerge with a smashed face, a dizzy brain, and a resolution to stick to the oil game thereafter. Oil men had raised a pot of two thousand dollars to any man who would stay the four rounds with "Knockout" Hussane. To date, the money was as safe as though it was in a savings bank.

At the other end of the street was a small restaurant known as "The Olympia." The proprietor was a Greek, named Jimmie Dematralous, known only as "Jimmie." He was a veteran of the World War and also had served in the Greek army. A month before, he had befriended a stranded oil man. This man, Harry White, had struck it rich, and had repaid Jimmie a hundredfold. They were fast friends.

Harry White came into the "Olympia" one night and invited Jimmie to go to the boxing show with him. Jimmie consented and soon they were in a ringside seat.

Hymie Cohen was announcing the feature of the evening.

"Ladees and gents, as usual, I take pleasure in announcin' that a hundred dollar bill will be given to any man who can stay four rounds with my big boy, 'Knockout' Hussane. Who will volunteer?"

As soon as this announcement was made, various groups about the tent began to call on well-known local "huskies" to take up the challenge. "Knockout" Hussane, with a sneer on his face, sat in one corner of the ring, with a dirty bathrobe around his great hairy shoulders.

Jimmie Dematralous had been looking at the "Turkish Demon" intensely, when he suddenly jumped up and exclaimed, "I fight him."

Had a bombshell been exploded, no greater excitement could have been caused than by this acceptance of the challenge by Jimmie. He had been the victim of several pranks by bullies, and was considered a coward. But as he climbed into the ring, he seemed not to hear the jibes and catcalls that were hurled at him by the crowd.

The gloves were adjusted on his hands. The referee gave both men instructions, and stepped back. The bell sounded and the fight was on. The "Turkish Demon" made a leap at Jimmie, who shouted some Greek battlecry, and side-stepped a right uppercut. They fell into a clinch. The crowd was wild. It looked as though Jimmie was in for a beating. In the clinch Jimmie managed to get one hand free. He pressed it against the knee of the "Turkish Demon." The Turk let out a yell and fell back. Jimmie

I shot him in the knee

was on him and touched the knee again. The Turk winced and tried to keep away from Jimmie. It was of no avail. Jimmie followed him up and started swinging at the Turk's jaw. He beat both fists upon the jaw until the Turk's eyes became glassy. His knees became wobbly. Jimmie never let up. The Turk went down, completely out.

In the excitement, the timekeeper had forgotten to ring the bell. The crowd was now in an uproar. Hymie Cohen had a savage look on his face, and came between the two men. He managed to pull Jimmie off the Turk. He handed Jimmie a one-hundred dollar bill, and then pulled the Turk to his corner. "You loafer!" he shouted at his late meal ticket. Jimmie left the place accompanied by Harry White, and most of the crowd.

In a room over the "Olympia" Jimmie Dematralous was bathing his face with a cold damp towel. Harry White sat on the bed.

"Now, Jimmie," said Harry, "tell me how in the world you ever managed to whip the 'Turkish Demon.' He was dazed before you ever hit him."

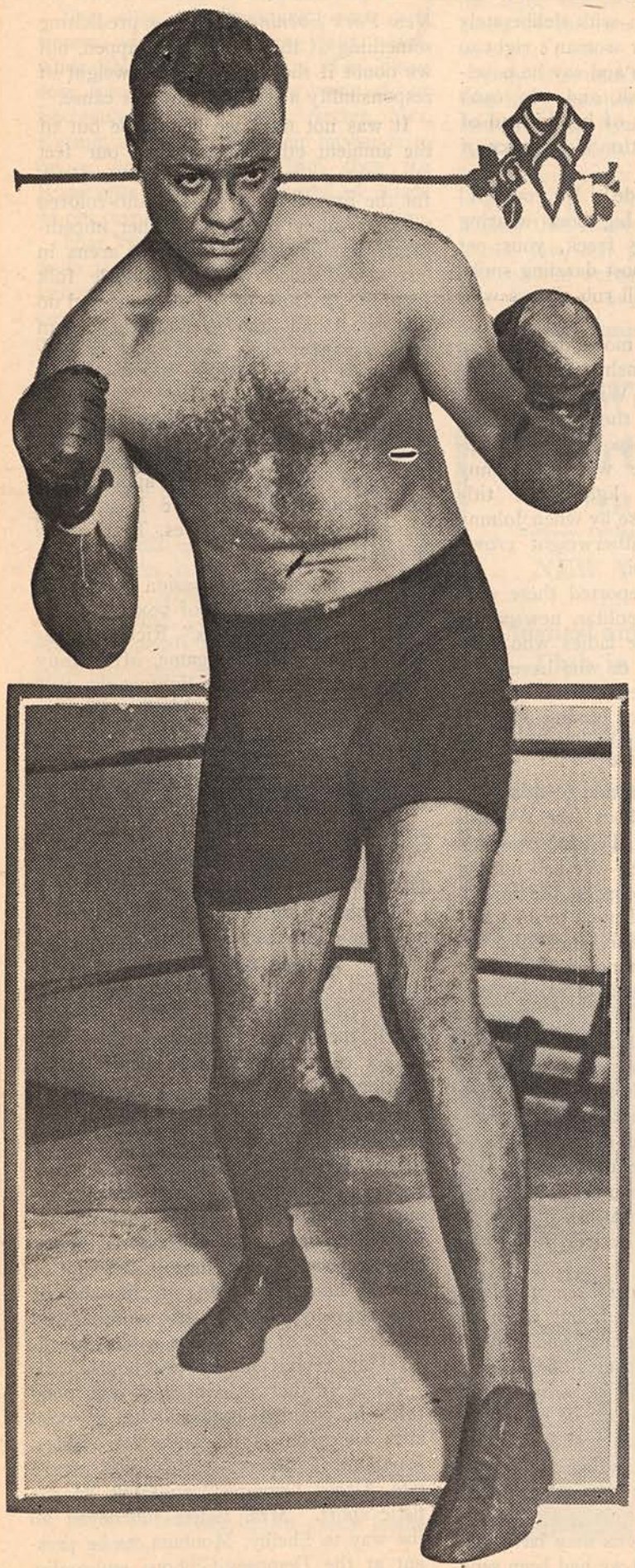
"I tell you," replied Jimmie. "Long time ago I fight in Greek army. We have battle. I get captured. This war be-

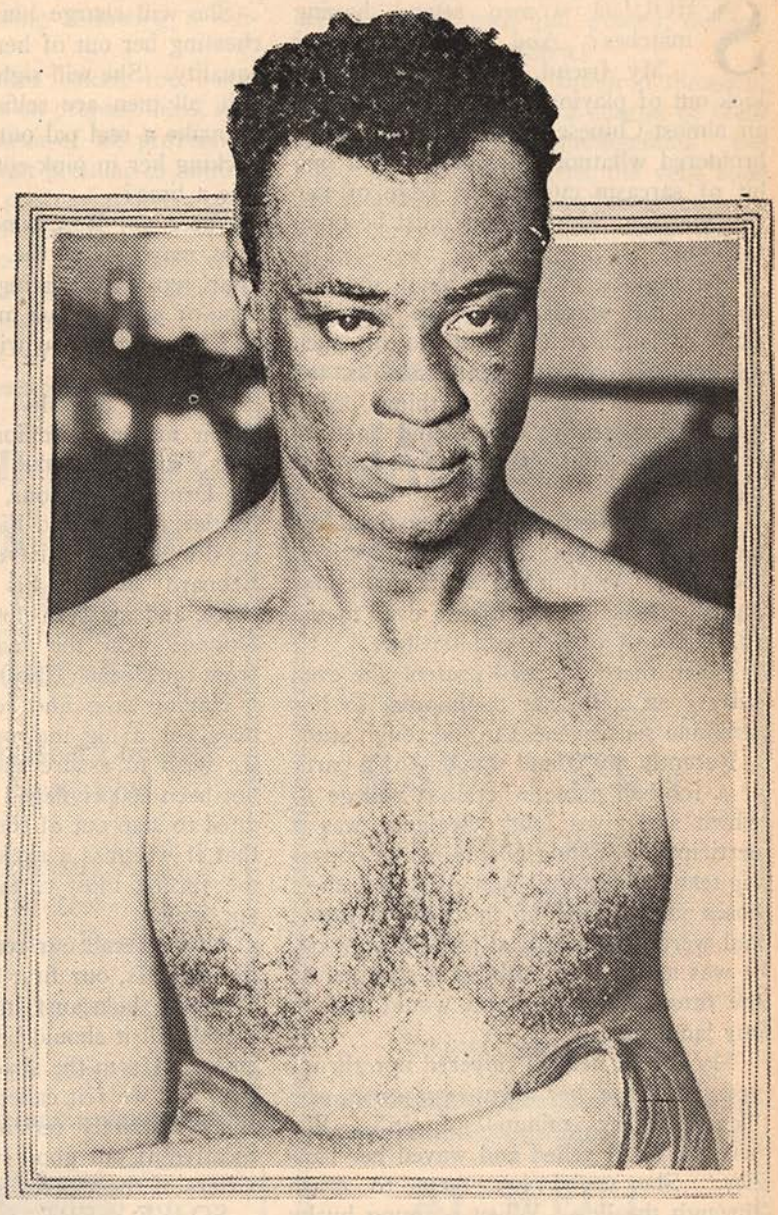
(*Continued on page* 68)

THE ONE AND ONLY CONTENDER FOR JACK DEMPSEY'S CROWN

HARRY WILLS, World's Negro Heavyweight Champion

EXTENDS YULETIDE GREETINGS TO HIS MANY WELL WISHERS





Ignored by Jack Dempsey, the heavyweight champion, Harry Wills, the New Orleans Panther, nevertheless is recognized throughout the world as the only logical opponent for the title holder. Wills feels confident he will force Jack Kearns to give him recognition, and the year 1924 probably will see Wills in the ring with Dempsey. Wills is the greatest contender a heavyweight champion ever had.

Under the personal direction of

PADDY MULLINS

112 Adelphi Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Phone Prospect 7662

Eve's Views on Boxing

By JANE DIXON

SHOULD women attend boxing matches? And if not, why not? My friend, who gets a terrific kick out of playing bridge for hours and an almost-Chinese bulb bowl or an embroidered whatnot murmurs, with a fine bit of sarcasm curling the edge of her conversation, "those fights must be quite thrilling."

She implies, as plainly as if she had spoken the words, that she wouldn't think of lending her dignity to any such questionable performance. She is too feminine for that sort of thing. Men pummelling each other and getting bruised and—and—bleeding you know—ugh!"

My friend shrugs her dainty shoulders most becomingly as an accompaniment to the "ugh." With it she wears that clinging vine look and opens her eyes to the full width of their baby blue stare.

When there are men present she even shivers as a further testimonial to her feminine sensitiveness to the rough stuff.

Recently my friend was one of a party at a football game wherein a college to which she gives loud allegiance was a participant. Young Giants in the opposing teams pummeled each other, dug their noses in the mud of the field, battered and were battered, bled and drew blood. It was as keen, as ruthless a survival of the fittest contest as you would find in any language.

My friend neither shivered nor shrugged. To use her own expression, she "loved every minute of it." She screamed and yelled and waved her banner. She urged her team to crash through the line. When a young husky wearing the right colors threw himself full weight on another young husky bearing him to the ground and wrestling him around regardless of cleated shoes and other hazards of entanglement she rose in her seat, emitting shrieks of glee.

Taken to task for thus hearkening to the call of the wild, she took refuge in the baby blue stare and countered with, "But football is different."

By DIFFERENT my friend meant FASHIONABLE. Football to her is the thing to do. It is approved by all our best families.

What this feminine follower in the footsteps of the mighty is going to do when she discovers the list of those present at a championship boxing match resembles the list of boxholders at the opening of the Metropolitan Opera or the first night of the horse show, is going to be worth watching. A rough guess is that she will blame her husband.

She will charge him with deliberately cheating her out of her woman's right to equality. She will sigh and say he is selfish, all men are selfish, and why can't he make a real pal out of her instead of packing her in pink cotton like a piece of bric a brac?

Cheer up, Rosamonde! Be yourself! You may go to the big bout wearing your most fascinating frock, your pet rope of pearls, your most dazzling smile, and be assured you will rub elbows with the right people.

We have attended more than half a dozen major championship boxing contests, including the Willard-Dempsey, the Dempsey-Gibbons, the Dempsey-Carpentier, the Willard-Firpo and the Dempsey-Firpo. We have watched Benny Leonard defend his lightweight title twice, and we were close by when Johnny Dundee won the featherweight crown from the French Criqui.

Having seen and reported these contests for a big metropolitan newspaper, we wish to assure the ladies who have not been so privileged or who have hesitated to step out of their role of "ga-ga," that if we miss a major boxing event in the future, most certainly it will not be our fault.

As we recall our reaction to this sport of fisticuffs, our first bout (the Willard-Dempsey holacaust in Toledo) was not exactly all it should be. We had not yet emerged from the shadow of the forbidden, and we felt called upon to do something distinctly feminine, something indicative of our good standing among our sisters of the weaker sex.

SO WE WEPT.

Tears were an excellent sop to our conscience. They came in a gust of excited sobs from the left shoulder of a New York *Sun* reporter where we had parked our head, and trickled down his sleeve, averting, by a minimum of space, his sunburned neck. The reporter was a total stranger to us, and from his attitude toward our behavior, desires to remain forever so.

To this day we have been unable to fathom how it happened, but when the gloved argument was ended and William Harrison "Jack" Dempsey stood, like the splendid young gladiator he is, in the middle of the ring, the crown of champions planted firmly on his black shock of hair, we found ourselves standing on our seat cheering lustily and waving our hat wildly in the air.

'Tis true our emotions may have been accelerated by the fact we had been sending back our dispatches to our paper, the *New York Evening Telegram,* prediciting something of the sort would happen, but we doubt if there is any great weight of responsibility attributable to this cause.

It was not until we had come out of the ambient ether and planted our feet once more on terra firma, that we noticed, for the first time, a row of multi-colored parasols, filmy frocks and other impedimenta femina edging the great arena in boxes well filled with fashionable folk from the environs of the Maumee and no few who had journeyed thither from various metropolises, as far east as New York and as far west as San Francisco, to watch the spectacle.

To those of you who still entertain doubt as to the propriety of the sport of boxing as touching upon and appertaining to women, we would give Miss Anne Morgan as reference. Yes, THE Anne Morgan.

On one memorable occasion Miss Morgan became a promoter of boxing, when, with Mr. George "Tex" Rickard, Napoleonic genius of the game, Mr. Benny Leonard defended his lightweight title against Willie Ritchie in Madison Square Garden. Never, not even during the brilliant reign of the late Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, when King Horse was in his zenith, did the gargantuan edifice sponsored by the once spectacular Stanford White, house such a gathering of personages from high strata of the body social.

"Celebs" were thicker around the box-lined spheroid than Murphys at an Irish picnic. It was strictly an open-faced spheroid, in the black and the boiled shirts of conventional attire, against which the smart frocks and gleaming jewels of smart women showed with striking effect.

Stars of the opera and the theatre, of the literary and art world, of politics, of society vied with each other in giving audible tribute to the boxers and in paying material tribute to the worthy fund for which the match was made—Devastated France. Somewhere in the land of our ally homes are rising on the ashes of their ruins by reason of that contest. And with the rise of the homes comes the revival and revivifying of dead hopes.

As a further evidence of our good faith in clothing boxing with a social aura, we chronicle the conversion of Mrs. Raymond T. Baker, former wife of the late Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, to the fistic sport. Mrs. Baker journeyed all the way to Shelby, Montana, to be present at the Dempsey-Gibbons embroglio. Invariably you will find her in a ringside

seat, the center of an animated group of her intimates from fashionable reaches, urging her favorite on to victory. She is a splendid example of the modern woman who no longer looks upon boxing with a feeling of disgust.

The clan of Roosevelt, men and women, are inveterate ring fans. Mrs. Alice Roosevelt Longworth, Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt the younger, wife of our Secretary of Navy; Mrs. Archie, Mrs. Kermit, all accompany their husbands to major boxing events. But, then the Roosevelts were never accused of a lack of red corpuscles when it comes to action.

That charming and gifted portraitist from the Belasco theatric gallery, Miss Lenore Ulric, lends her picturesque presence to the big bouts. So, too, do the Talmadges—Norma, Constance and Natalie (Mrs. Buster Keaton). Dainty Mae Murray is a regular. Fannie Hurst, the novelist, goes to see life in the rough. So does the inimitable Nina Wilcox Putnam.

We might go on indefinitely if THE RING would put out a special edition for the list.

About this much bruited business of "seeing men stand up and hurt each other," we confess it had us winging in the beginning. Fortunately for us we are permanently anchored to a perfectly good two-fisted man who served his five year stretch in Uncle Sam's Navy where he spent many a gruelling hour in gloved warfare on the decks of battleships, cruisers, destroyers and various watchdogs of the seas, progressing in time to champion of the North Atlantic fleet.

Apparently my ex-sailor champ is none the worse for the argument, because he spends the money ordinarily due the "medicos" getting "back to form" at Brownlands, a physical training farm on the banks of the Hudson River, and the doctor doesn't even get a sniff at carfare.

"Those chaps aren't hurt, he assured me when I first sent forth a bleat about brute strength in boxing. "If they are, it is by an accident that might happen to them if they were crossing the street out of turn.

"See them tomorrow and you'll never guess they were in a bout. A week from today there will not be a mark on them. They are in perfect physical trim. They have built up the sort of resistance that throws off attack."

When he called on Mr. Dempsey at his headquarters in the Boody House, Toledo, the morning after he had dethroned Mr. Jess Willard, he looked like a lively college lad just issued forth from gym practice.

Mr. Benny Leonard carries on a ten-round argument about his title without so much as mussing up his patent leather hair polish.

Mr. Johnny Dundee doffs his dressing gown after a bout and fares forth with his wife to wrap himself around a bale of his favorite fruit—spaghetti.

The gorgeous Georges Carpentier trips the light fantastic until the wee sma' hours of the morning following a contest.

Only the unskilled boxer, the boxer who has gone short on preparedness, suffers from the hazards of his profession. And this break is not peculiar to boxing. It is true of every profession, every walk in life. WE MUST BE FIT TO WIN.

Now that footwork, solar plexus, right to the jaw, left jab, upper-cut and the rest of the vernacular are not just so many words to us. We have come to find the real thrill in the science of boxing.

When the announcer in that Kleig-sprayed ring clarions the main event of the meet, we find our heart pounding pleasurably, our blood racing riotously, and that delicious little crinkle sought insatiably by all men and women, tickling our spine and our fancy.

When more than a hundred thousand human beings—at least a quarter of them women—from the intelligentzia, the plutocracy, the producers, the very bone and sinew of America, gather together to watch and welcome a sport, it is time to slip on the old blue bonnet, tie the blue ribbons under the chin and step out to see what makes the wheels go 'round.

Uptown Lenox Sports Club

107TH STREET

Between Lexington and Park Aves.

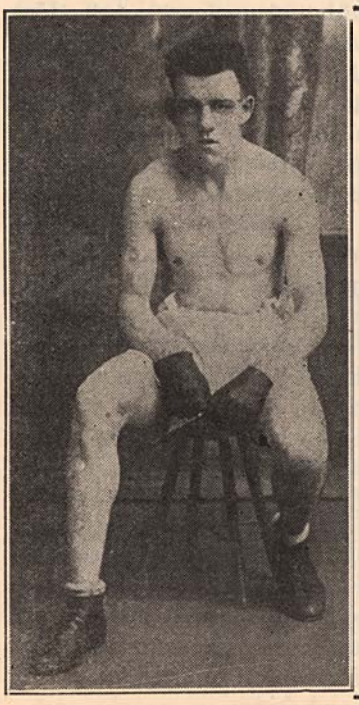
NEW YORK CITY

Cleanest and Best Located Club in New York

High Class Boxing Shows Conducted Every Monday Evening

Promoter: PHIL ROSEN

Telephone: University 5542



Yuletide Greetings

Willie Davis

Elizabeth's star battler

Under Management of LOU BRIX

JACK SNYDER

Brownsville Representative For Bantamweight Honors 116 Pounds

Under the Direction of

SAM LEVY

42 BROADWAY

NEW YORK CITY

Tel.: Broad 5474-75

Trainer: AL. BOYLE

AL WEILL

AND

CHARLEY GOLDMAN

Gaiety Theatre Building

1547 Broadway, N. Y. C.

Telephone: Chickering 7382

Suite 514 to 517

SAMMY NABLE

East Side's Favorite Bantamweight

SAMMY SIEGER

East Side's Junior Lightweight

YUSSIL PEARLSTEIN

165 Pounds

Present System of Rendering Decisions, Superior to That of Past

By CHARLES MATHISON

MUCH fault has been found with decisions of judges and referees of present day boxing bouts, and doubtless there is much basis for complaints. No referee can fail to err occasionally, and judges are not infallible.

Baseball umpires have been shown to mistake a ball for a strike, and race track judges have at various times placed the second horse first. In all forms of sport, officials have committed errors of judgment, but there has been no feverish demand for their abolition.

Yet when boxing officials pick the wrong fighter as the victor, the spectators howl and hoot for several minutes. In many instances where decisions have been correct, the partisans of the loser have assailed the officials with unjustifiable abuse. Unquestionably the adherents of many boxers regard them as heroes, and for a judge to decide against them is an unforgivable crime.

Hero worship in boxing is at the bottom of nearly all the disorder in clubs, and when a few hundred members of an association named after a popular boxer enter a club, the spirit of fair play makes its exit. The betting evil has much to do with the disturbances at boxing bouts, for many of those who wager on bouts are the first to howl in protest if they lose their bets.

Despite the unpleasant features of boxing, it is generally conceded that the system of a referee and two judges is the best and fairest ever devised. Boxing, because of dishonest practices in the past, is still under suspicion, and years of fair dealing by all concerned will be necessary to gain the confidence of the public.

Much of the ill-repute from which boxing suffers, is due to the system of a referee with autocratic powers. In many instances this man was intimidated, but in numerous cases he was influenced to permit fraud. It was not a difficult task for designing persons to reach a referee with a proposal that assured a decision against the least able of the fighters. It would not be an easy matter to corrupt two judges and a referee at the present time.

The disadvantage and danger of placing in the hands of one man complete and dictatorial authority over a boxing contest was demonstrated both in bare knuckle days and also when glove bouts under Queensberry rules superseded the London ring code. In comparison with the erroneous decisions in modern bouts, the rulings of the past were atrocious.

Referees, boxers and handlers violated every clause of the London rules and never were punished for the reason that governing commissions were unheard of. Record books today contain numerous and outrageous decisions. A clause of the London rules provided that the decision of the referee was "irrevocable."

It is questionable if a more unjust decision was ever given than that in the memorable contest between John C. Heenan, "The Benecia Boy," champion of America, and Tom Sayers, champion of England, which took place at Farnborough, England, in 1860. Heenan had crossed the ocean in quest of the world's title, and the bout was the first involving the championship of the world. Although Heenan battered Sayers most terribly, knocking him down in nearly every round of 42, the Englishman being unable to leave his corner for the 43d round, the best Heenan got was a draw!

The referee left the ring during the 38th round, and the men battled 4 rounds more minus a referee. When Sayers' handlers saw that their man could fight no longer, they cut the ring ropes and broke up the contest in a row.

On the day after the battle, the referee said it was a draw. The affair reached the farcical stage when each fighter was presented with a championship belt. Unfortunately the belt presented to Heenan was not paid for, and the manufacturer replevined it. Although Heenan traveled 3,000 miles and fairly won the world's title, he was cheated out of it. The record book gives the bout as a draw in 42 rounds.

Getting down to home, consider the case of Dominick McCaffrey, who was matched to fight John L. Sullivan, at Chester Driving Park, Cincinnati, in 1885. "Six rounds or to a finish" was a clause of the articles of agreement. It was expected that John L. would put McCaffrey to sleep within six rounds.

McCaffrey, a 175-pounder, was a good boxer, very active and a punishing hitter, although not a knockerout. To the dismay of the Sullivanites, McCaffrey gave a severe beating to Sullivan in 6 rounds, and the champion refused to come out of his corner for the 7th round. McCaffrey danced out and said:

"Come on, John, 6 rounds or to a finish, you know."

Sullivan scowled and replied:

"There has been enough fighting for today."

During the verbal dispute, Bill Tate, the referee, glided out of the ring and went to his home in Toledo. Two days after the bout, Tate sent word to the newspapers that Sullivan had won!

Sullivan had automatically disqualified himself by refusing to answer the call for the 7th round, and the decision and title belonged to McCaffrey. The record books declare that Sullivan defeated McCaffrey in six rounds.

Another flagrant instance of unjust refereeing was the decision of draw in the bout between Jack McAuliffe, American lightweight champion, and Jim Carney British lightweight, which took place at Revere Beach, Mass., in 1887. It was a skin glove fight, London rules, and Carney gave McAuliffe so severe a trouncing the American was unable to respond to the call for the 76th round. McAuliffe's partisans, then cut the ring ropes, stopped the bout, and the referee decided it was a draw!

It is so entered in the records. McAuliffe is fond of referring to himself as a "retired and undefeated champion." It is true that no decisions against him can be found in the records, but he was the recipient of two severe trouncings—one from Carney and one from Young Griffo.

McAuliffe and Griffo met in a ten-round bout at the Coney Island A. C. Aug. 22, 1892, at which the writer was present. McAuliffe never laid a glove on Griffo in ten rounds, and the Australian landed seven hundred blows on the champion. The referee declared McAuliffe the winner! So it is set down in the records.

Carney won the world's title fairly, but did not get it. As for Griffo, he was used to adverse decisions, and did not complain.

The above are only a few of the instances showing the evil of making the referee the supreme official in a boxing contest. Thus it can be seen that conditions have undergone a marked improvement since the decadent London and Queensberry periods, and the year 1923 will take its place in boxing history as one in which the spirit of fair play prevailed.

Dempsey Biggest Money Maker in History of Ring

Sketches of Boxers Who Were Prominent in 1923 Fistic Affairs

JACK DEMPSEY has been the luckiest of all heavyweight champions. Financially he leads all champions in every class in figuring in bouts that attract almost unbelievable sums to the gate. Dempsey's first championship battle, the one in which he dethroned Willard at Toledo, drew $452,000. That set a record which was not eclipsed until Dempsey met the gorgeous Georges in Jersey City.

The psychology of fight crowds is worth studying. One might think that huge crowds and the consequent huge purses would be attracted because of the popularity of fighters, yet the record gates have been drawn for just the opposite reasons. The general public did not like Willard, looking upon him as a big, good-natured man who did not like to fight and would rather not fight. The public wanted a man for champion who would fight often, a man who had the fighting instinct at least.

So that when Willard and Dempsey were signed the public became greatly interested, and despite the fact that the bout was staged at Toledo, a place where accommodations were certain to be at a minimum and where Eastern and Western fight fans would find it hard to reach, enough came to the battle to put up nearly half a million dollars.

The majority of this crowd wanted Dempsey to win, but about half of the fans figured he couldn't. Yet they were on the job in the hope that he would flatten Willard. They were repaid for their interest when Dempsey knocked Willard out in three rounds.

The Johnson-Jeffries battle at Reno in 1920, a fight that was the talk of two continents, drew a record house of $270,000 and of this sum Jeffries pulled down a total of $117,066. The boxers of that period were greatly awed by this huge purse. Many a young fellow undoubtedly started out then and there to become a pugilist, visioning the great money to be made at the game of fisticuffs.

Only during the past five years or so, however, have purses grown to immense proportions, for it is only within the past five years or so that promoters have been able to count upon half million dollar and million dollar gates.

In 1919, when Dempsey whipped Willard, a precedent was set that made many a promoter see red thereafter. Since that date boxers have asked for huge guarantees and percentages and boxing promoters nowadays have to figure pretty close in order to meet the demands of the fighters.

Even the most optimistic fans were dubious when Promoter Rickard offered Dempsey $300,000 to fight Carpentier and backed this up with an offer of $200,000 to the Frenchman. How could he pay it? was the anxious question shot from one corner of the country to the other. Tex said he could pay it all right, and his word being worth a whole lot, he started out to demonstrate how it could be done. He built Boyle's Thirty Acres in Jersey City, with a seating capacity of about 100,000, and proceeded to pack 90,000 persons into the giant pine arena. From this army of fans Tex collected his $1,600,000, and the public was convinced. Since then the public has been willing to believe that a promoter can get almost any sum of money for a good fight. But it has to be psychologically the "right" fight.

The Willard-Firpo bout set a record for attendance but did not set one for money taken in for the simple reason that the top price of $50, which had prevailed at the Dempsey-Carpentier fight, had been lowered to $25. Dempsey has collected more than $1,000,000 for only four fights, an amount greater than any previous champion gathered in an entire career.

Yes, Dempsey is lucky—the luckiest fighter that ever lived, so far as finances are concerned.

FIRPO'S FAME STARTED WITH KNOCKOUT OF BILL BRENNAN

LUIS ANGEL FIRPO stepped into the class of contenders for Dempsey's crown when he knocked out Bill Brennan, one of the toughest heavies in America, in the twelfth round of a bout in Madison Square Garden on March 13, 1923. Before a critical gathering, Luis chopped his way to victory in the same round in which Jack Dempsey disposed of Brennan.

For eleven days after this battle, Brennan was in a serious condition in a New York hospital suffering with a fracture of the base of the skull and internal injuries.

The twelfth round of this battle, the contest that brought Firpo world fame for the first time in his career, follows:

Firpo rushed over to Brennan's corner and landed four times, but there was no great damage done.

They exchanged straight lefts to the face, went into a clinch and then Firpo got over two hard rights to Brennan's body. Brennan bounced two lefts off Firpo's face too high to do any damage, and then took a hard right in the side. Brennan was glad to clinch after a series of hard right swings.

A right to the jaw started Brennan on his way to defeat. Firpo was relentless once the attack started, driving hard rights and lefts to Brennan's head and pushing the latter away when he tried to clinch.

Brennan was stooped over and Firpo was swinging uppercuts or pounding down on his head when the veteran finally crumpled. He did not move a muscle until the timekeeper had tolled off eight seconds. Referee Appell had waved Firpo to his corner as soon as Brennan went down, assuming that the fight was over. The finish came two minutes and thirty-seven seconds after the twelfth round had started.

WALKER'S SUSPENSION KEPT CHAMPION IDLE

MICKEY WALKER is the one champion reigning today who did not put up his crown during the year. The Jersey battler fought three times during the year, but in each case the bouts were decisionless and the title was not at stake. In behalf of Mickey, however, it must be said that he suffered suspension that made it impossible for him to perform during the closing three months of the year. By edict from the New Jersey Boxing Board Mickey remains suspended until next spring. This was the result of his bout with Jimmy Jones in Newark. This bout was a charity affair, but did not meet with the approval of the Jersey solons.

It has been some time since a welter champion remained in the dormant stage that Walker did. However, during the coming year, at the lifting of his suspension, which also operates in New

York State, Mickey intends to get busy and declares he will have an active season.

McTIGUE, LIGHT-HEAVY CHAMPION, MEDIOCRE BOXER

MICHAEL FRANCIS McTIGUE, the new light heavyweight champion of the world, was born in County Clare, Ireland, Nov. 26, 1892, but came to New York at an early age, and nearly all his boxing has been done in the United States. McTigue is a tall, scrawny young man, who never has weighed more than 160 pounds, the middleweight limit. The majority of his bouts have been with middleweights, and if he is heavier now he must have taken on the extra weight since his arrival in Ireland, where he went several months ago.

The best men that McTigue has met in the ring are Harry Greb and Lou Bogash. The bout with Greb was a decisionless ten-round affair and went the limit, with both men claiming the advantage. The bout with Bogash was twelve rounds to a draw. McTigue got a twelve-round decision over Tommy Robson last May, and he boxed Tommy Loughran a ten-round draw.

These bouts indicate that McTigue is a good defensive boxer, but he is lacking in aggressiveness. Nearly every bout in which he has appeared in this country has been unsatisfactory, and in victory he has been far from impressive. In view of his defensive tactics, which include an unwillingness to mix it with an opponent at any time, it is not surprising he lasted the limit with Siki and got the decision. It is questionable if McTigue could hold his title against the attack of Carpentier or Gene Tunney. Carpentier lost to the Senegalese because he rushed in to mix it and got a jolt from a Siki swing.

BENNY LEONARD CONTINUES TO HEAD LIGHTWEIGHTS

SIX years ago Benny Leonard won the lightweight championship of the world from Freddy Welsh. Since then he has mowed down all opposition. He has met every boxer considered to have a chance at dethroning him. In the year 1923 he fought his greatest rival — Lew Tendler—for a second time, and disposed of Tendler's aspirations. In addition Benny defended his crown against Johnny Mendelsohn, Pinckey Mitchell, Rocky Kansas and Alex Hart.

It was not an over-busy season for the champion, but a sufficiently strenuous one to make things interesting. The most important thing that occurred during the year for Benny was the demonstration he gave of his fitness to bear the lightweight crown. Benny, aging, of course, is doing it gracefully. There are no untoward signs of his decline. Senility yet is far away. It has been said that his punch has lost some of its sting. Benny says no. However that may be it would only follow a natural law.

Leonard is a remarkable champion. None have lived cleaner lives than he. None have squandered less the gifts bestowed upon him by nature. And Benny continues to develop into a greater master ringman every year. His science has increased even though his knockout punch may have lost some of its dynamite.

The chances are that there stretches before Leonard five solid and comfortable years before he must give up the crown. There does not appear at this time any potential contender. Of course, in a year or two years a boxer may have developed sufficiently to down Leonard. The outlook, however, as 1924 rolls around, is very bright for Benny, and the coming years should be no darker until, of course, if he continues to go to the well, he will meet the fate of all who go once too often.

13 YEARS OF FIGHTING NETS TITLE TO DUNDEE

AFTER thirteen years in the ring and fighting close to 500 bouts, Johnny Dundee, born Giuseppe Carrora, won the featherweight championship from Eugene Criqui, whose reign as champion was one of the shortest on record. Dundee is one of the most remarkable fighters that the ring has produced in recent years. He has lasted in eight no-decision bouts with Benny Leonard, the lightweight champion, and he has fought all the "contenders" for the lightweight championship.

Only once during his career was Dundee dropped into the resin dust. Willie Jackson of The Bronx, a husky and hard hitting lightweight, knocked him out and it looked as though the career of Dundee had been finished. But only a few weeks afterward Dundee, in a return match at Madison Square Garden, outfought Jackson in every round and won back his lost prestige. Jackson's ring career is over now just as Dundee wins the featherweight championship.

For the greater part of the time Dundee has been fighting in the lightweight division, thinking nothing of giving away anywhere from five to ten pounds. Normally his weight is a little less than 130, about the tonnage of Ad Wolgast, the former lightweight champion, who took the title from Battling Nelson in one of the most ferocious bouts ever held under the Queensberry rules.

Until beating Criqui, Dundee held no title but the artificial one of junior lightweight champion. This title he lost to Jack Bernstein of Yonkers, and he looked so bad that night that he was being counted out of the game. But the loss of this artificial title did not seem to annoy Dundee to any extent. He got the match with Criqui and went into training to make the featherweight limit. He came into the ring on the night of the bout looking very drawn and old, but he seemed to be faster than he ever was before and there seemed to be more heft to his punches. To all intents and purposes, he won the fight in the first round with a left hook that stretched Criqui on the canvas for a count of nine.

The name of Johnny Dundee was fastened on the new champion by his former manager, Scotty Monteith, who never seems able to lose his Scotch burr. Obviously the name of Giuseppe Carrora was too difficult for any of the announcers to handle, so Carrora, to his own amazement, found himself named Johnny Dundee on the night of his first fight. He carried that monicker for thirteen years and made it a highly respected one in rings all over the country. To this name finally was added the title of "Scotch Wop."

VILLA UNKNOWN IN U. S. YEAR AGO—CHAMPION TODAY

THE rise of Pancho Villa, the new champion of the world, has been little short of meteoric. Slightly more than a year ago he was unknown in this country. The Philippines knew him and knew him to be a fighter of great ability. When he came here there was no great blare of trumpets, but from the first he was recognized as a boxer above the ordinary.

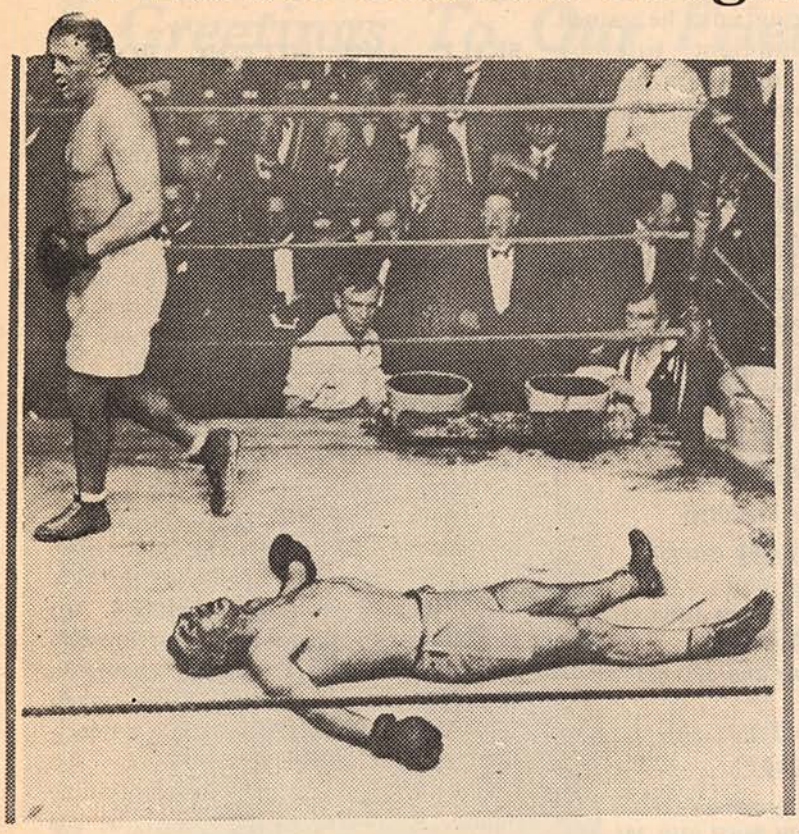
His improvement has been rapid. He has learned American ring methods quickly. It is to the fact that he is an apt pupil, as much as to his natural ability, that the little Filipino owes his success.

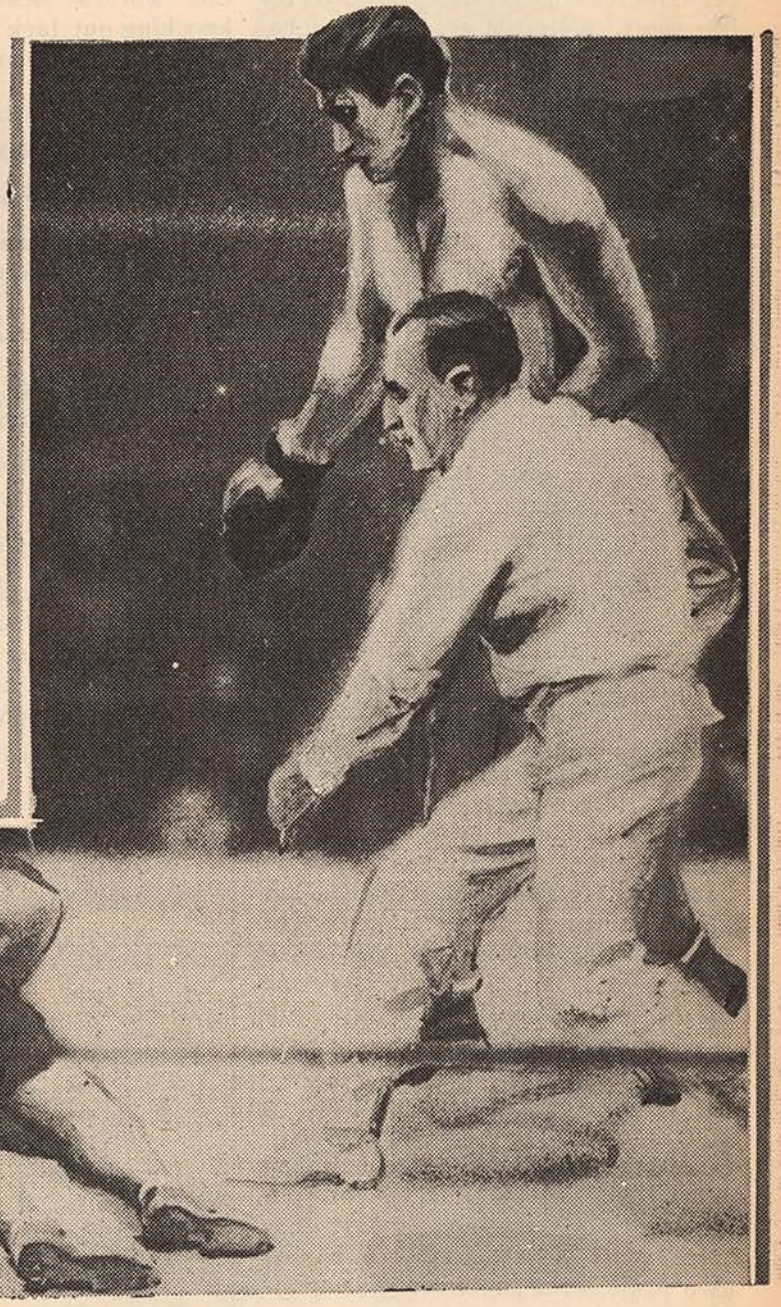
Villa was born on the island of Iloilo on Aug. 1, 1901. He is twenty-one years old. One day, slightly more than four years ago, Villa emerged from the canebrakes of his native Iloilo and wandered into Manila. He was ragged and hungry. He made friends with one of the men who assist Frank Churchill in conducting his boxing stadium in Manila.

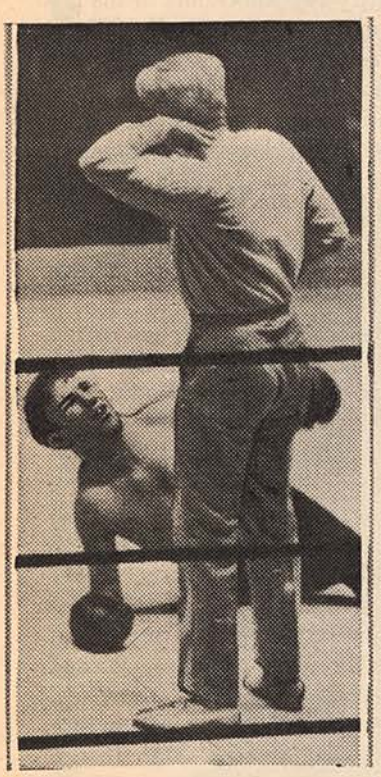
In connection with the stadium Churchill conducts a boxing school for amateurs, and once a week the boys

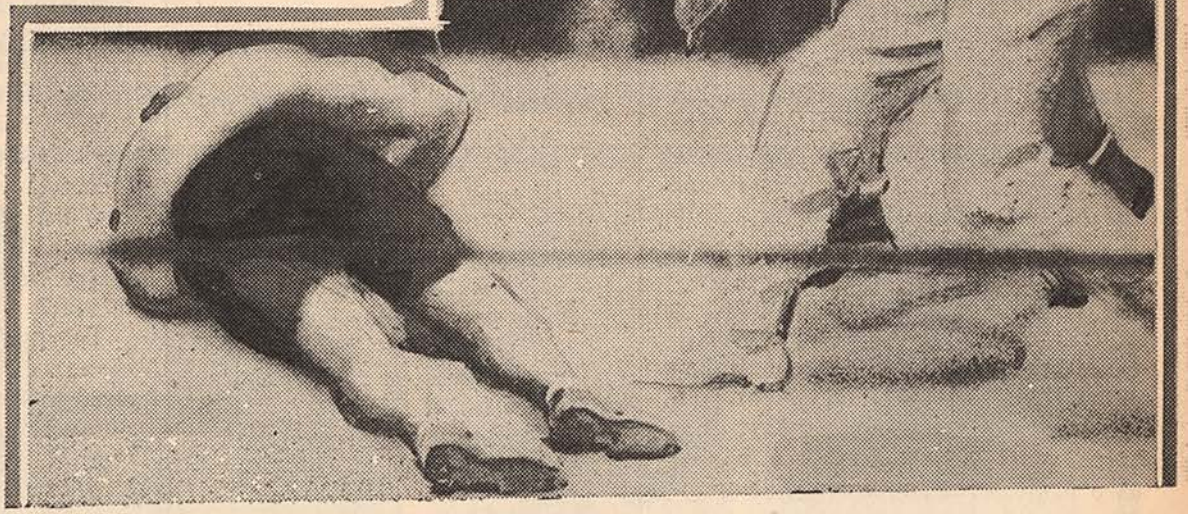
(*Continued on page 26*)

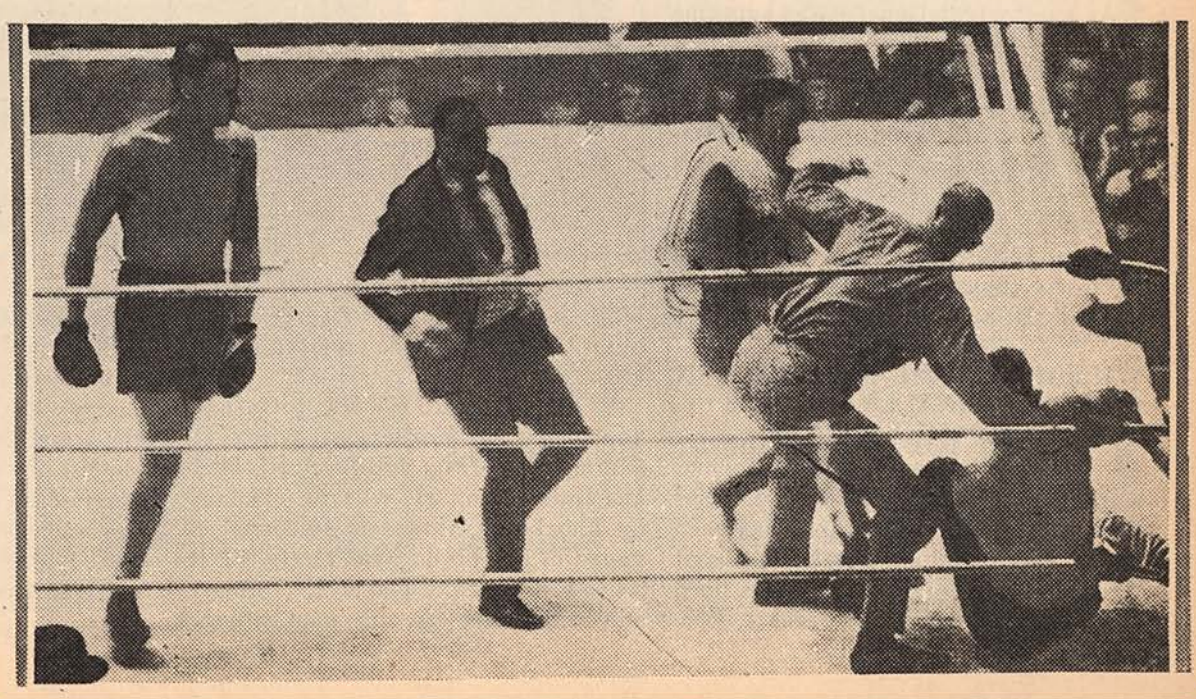
What the Camera Caught in Bouts Here and Abroad











Upper Left—Joe Beckett sending Joe Goddard into dreamland in bout for British title. Beckett, after his K. O. at hands of Carpentier, retired, leaving Goddard as the crown bearer. Lower Left—Johnny Curtin claiming a foul in bout with Carl Tramaine which was not allowed by Referee Patsy Haley. Upper Right—Luis Firpo sending Bill Brennan into dreamland in Garden bout. Brennan was badly hurt in this contest. Lower Right—Floyd Johnson's second rushing into ring in acknowledgment of defeat of the Iowan at the hands of Jack Renault in last few seconds of fifteenth round.

VILLA NOW CHAMPION

(*Continued from page 24*)

are tried out in four-round bouts. Villa was interested. He determined to try the sport. He made good and soon became a professional.

Pancho went along winning in impressive fashion. Then came the big day in his life. George Mendies, the flyweight champion of Australia, stopped off at Manila on his way to England to seek a bout with Jimmy Wilde for the world's championship. Mendies agreed to box Villa and Villa knocked him out in three rounds. If Mendies was good enough to try for the world's championship, why shouldn't he, thought Villa. A syndicate of sportsmen sent him to this country with Elino Flores, the lightweight, in charge of Frank Churchill.

GENARO'S RISE FROM AMATEUR TO PRO. CHAMPION

GOOD things run in threes, it is said. This old saw applies particularly to the case of Frankie Genaro, American flyweight champion. Genaro had to beat Pancho Villa three times before a victory for the Italian over the Philippine boxer meant anything. Twice Genaro beat Villa in bouts, but these victories gained but little distinction for the Italian. The third meeting between the pair, however, gave Genaro his third victory and the American flyweight title in a bout in Madison Square Garden last spring.

Genaro, like Joe Lynch, Johnny Dundee, Benny Leonard and Gene Tunney, other ring champions, is a product of New York. He was born of Italian parents Aug. 26, 1901, and is approaching his twenty-second birthday. For three years Genaro has been boxing as a professional, following his graduation from the amateur ranks.

As an amateur Genaro was supreme in the flyweight ranks and at times went out of his own division to win honors in the bantamweight class. His crowning achievement, prior to entering upon a professional career, was his succession to the Olympic Games flyweight title at the meet held in Antwerp in 1920. It was upon his return from the Olympic Games that Genaro forsook the amateur ring.

WILLARD'S COME-BACK ENDS IN ROUT—FINALLY RETIRES

THE year 1923 saw the final retirement of Jess Willard, former world's heavyweight champion. For purpose of historic records it has been finally and definitely established that Willard is 40 years old. He was born in Pottawatomie County, Kansas, Dec. 29, 1883. Despite his tremendous physical advantages, Willard attracted little attention in boxing until he gained the world's heavyweight title by knocking out Jack Johnson in twenty-six rounds of a bout held in Havana, April 5, 1915.

On March 25, 1916, Willard won on points over Frank Moran in a ten-round no-decision bout in Madison Square Garden. This was Willard's only ring appearance in defense of his title until the afternoon of July 4, 1919, when he went down in three rounds before the destructive punches of Jack Dempsey at Toledo.

Willard's record shows thirty-eight bouts for the Kansan, including last summer's contests with Floyd Johnson and Luis Firpo. He won twenty bouts by knockouts, three on decisions, engaged in five no-decision bouts, earned a draw in one and lost five. Dempsey and Firpo were the only men to knock out Willard. As champion, Willard engaged in three exhibitions.

CHAMPIONS WILL FIGHT IF—

By SANDY McLEOD

'Tis the voice of the slugger (a whiff of hot air)
"What I want is a fight (and with whom I don't care);
"Bring 'em on! one and all; get 'em into the ring;
"And what I will do with them won't be a thing!

"But of course you must give me a guarantee;
"Say two hundred thousand, or some such a fee;
"Besides, I am fussy—I bar the nee-gro,
"I won't fight a wop or a Fil-ip-een-o.

"I must have some trainers; I must have much dough;
"I must have a camp—and everything 'so;"
"The big end of the purse comes to me without fail,
"Win, draw or lose—I copper that kale!

"The public? Pooh pooh! The promoter? Pish tush!
"What do I care for them? What I want is the cush!
"You can't see your way clear? Very well, then, good night,
"But remember, I told you, I'm willing to fight!"

SKILL AND HITTING POWER GIBBONS' ASSETS

TOM GIBBONS, who gained world fame by lasting the limit in his bout with Jack Dempsey, has seen ten years of service in the professional ring during which time he ranked among the best men in the light-heavyweight ranks. Gibbons was not conceded a chance with Dempsey by Eastern fight critics but Westerners were not surprised at his showing as they figured he was one of the headiest men in the ring and a hard boxer to reach effectively.

Gibbons is the first man to face Dempsey and go the regulation limit since Dempsey beat Jess Willard for the title in Toledo four years ago last July 4. In fact, Gibbons is the first ring warrior who has stayed the limit with the champion since Thanksgiving Day, 1918, when Billy Miske went six rounds in a no decision fight in Philadelphia.

Gibbons has engaged in eighty-nine fights. According to the records he has registered thirty-two knockouts of his last thirty-eight engagements. Until 1921 he had registered only seven knockout victories. It was in the year that Dempsey beat Carpentier that Gibbons started on his knockout tour. He scored nineteen then, and last year was credited with six. But the big setback for Gibbons was when he lost a fifteen-round decision to Harry Greb at Madison Square Garden in March of last year.

Tommy, better known in his earlier career as the "brother of Mike Gibbons," started his career as a middleweight. He possessed a lot of boxing skill but no punch. He went along slowly being content just to outpoint his man. He continued to grow, and in 1920 he had graduated into the light heavyweight division. He now is three-quarters of an inch above the six-foot mark.

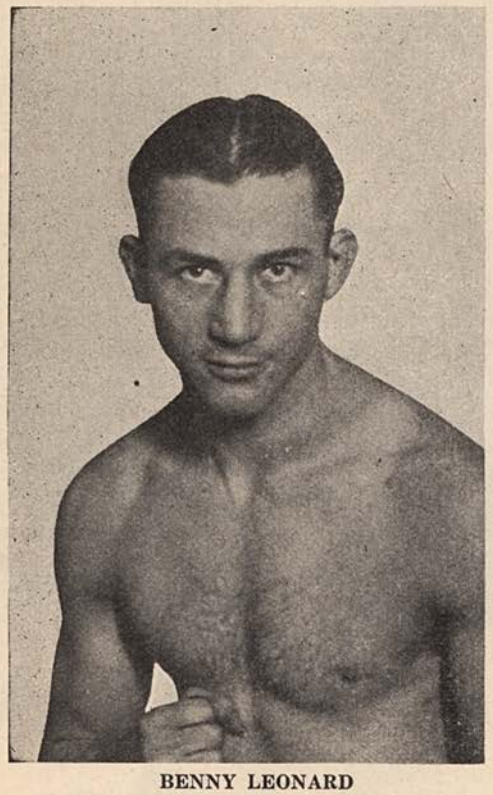
As a defensive fighter he rates as a topnotcher. He never has been knocked out, which is something that Dempsey, Leonard and a lot of other champions cannot claim. Boxing men assert that is one evidence that he possesses real boxing skill.

Some of the better known light heavyweights he has faced are Billy Miske, Bill Brennan, Bob Roper, Battling Levinsky, Harry Greb and George Chip. In fact, these are the only men who stand out in the list of men he has met. It is quite a contrast to the celebrities that Dempsey has waded through in order to reach the top.

Tommy now is 29 years old. He was

(*Continued on page 30*)

Greetings To Our Friends



BENNY LEONARD

WORLD'S CHAMPION LIGHTWEIGHT AND HIS MANAGER WISH THEIR ASSOCIATES PROSPERITY AND HAPPINESS FOR THE NEW YEAR

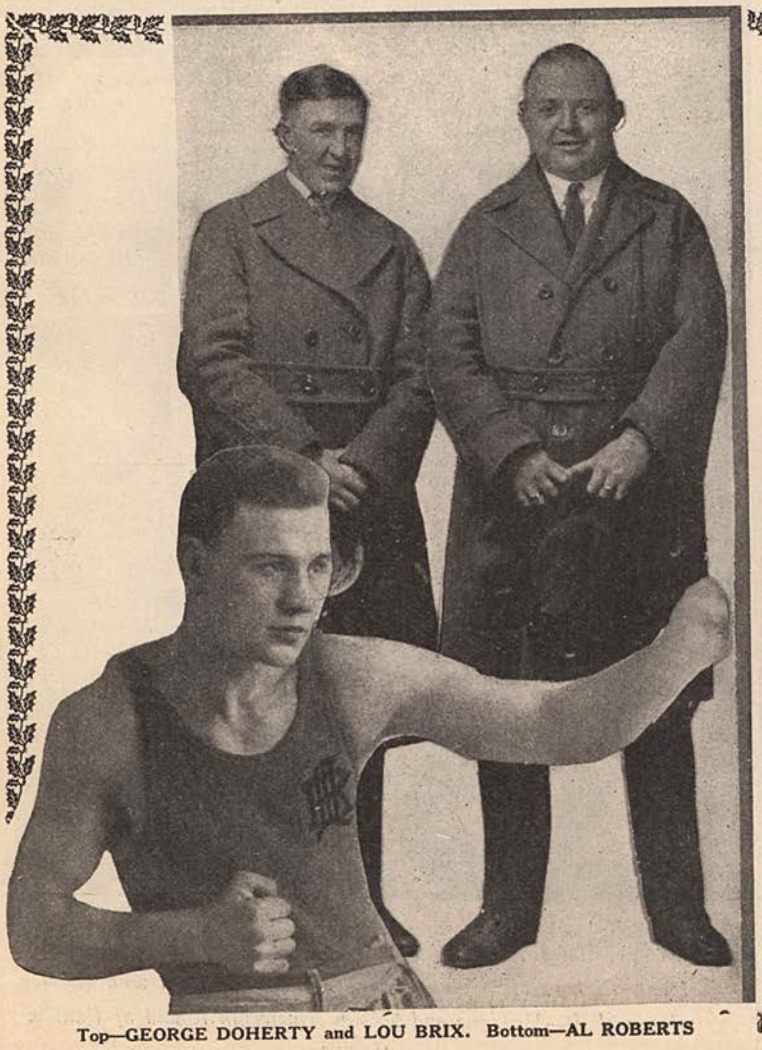
Also Manager of

PAL MOORE

Uncrowned Bantam Champion

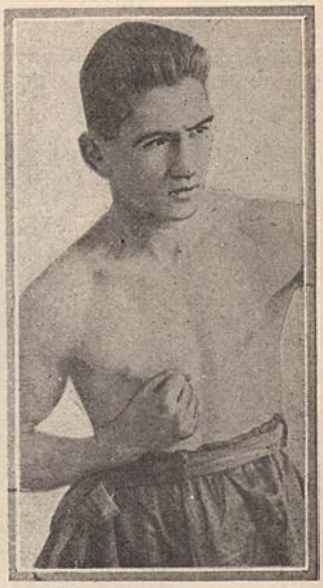
BILLY GIBSON

Address all communications to BILLY GIBSON, Liggett Building, No. 41 East 42nd Street, Room 727



Top—GEORGE DOHERTY and LOU BRIX. Bottom—AL ROBERTS

BOBBY BOLIN
The fastest little flyweight around the East.



FRANKIE JEROME
The Bronx Spider
Sensational bantamweight who has boxed and beaten the best bantams around the East.

Lou Brix and His Boys Wish Their Friends

A Happy New Year

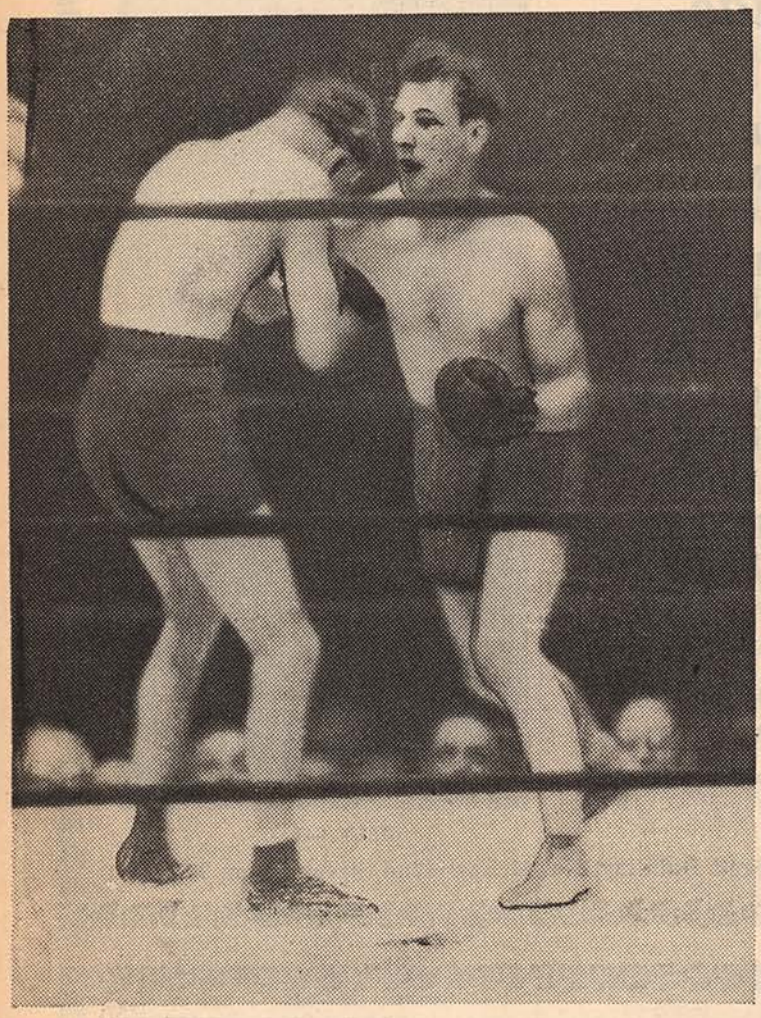
Home Phone: Melrose 8092-R

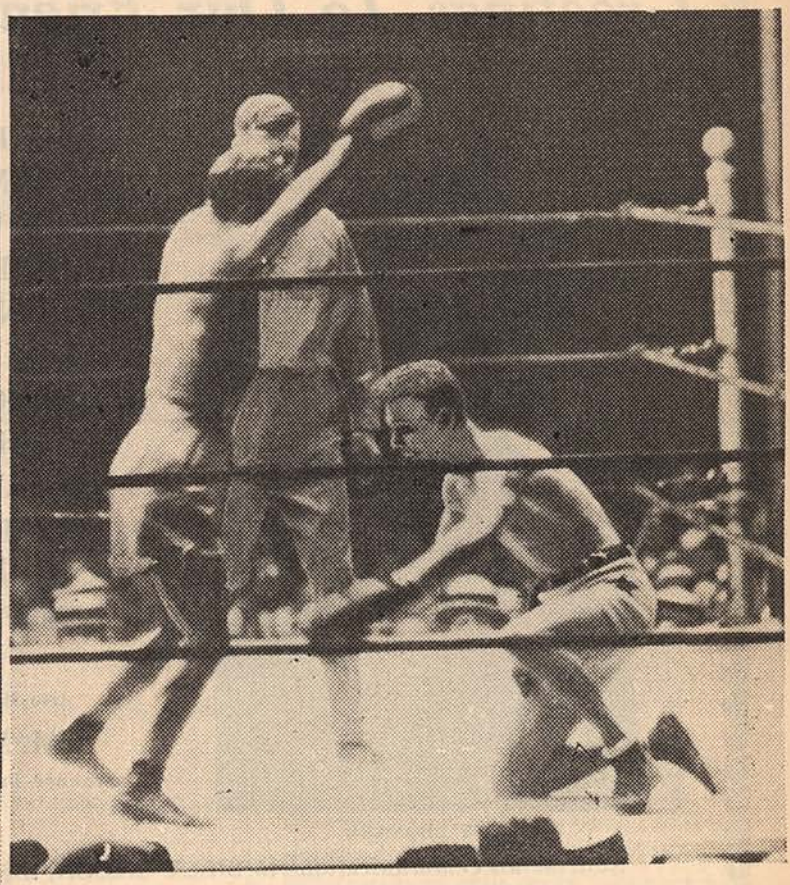
766 Hegney Place, The Bronx, New York City

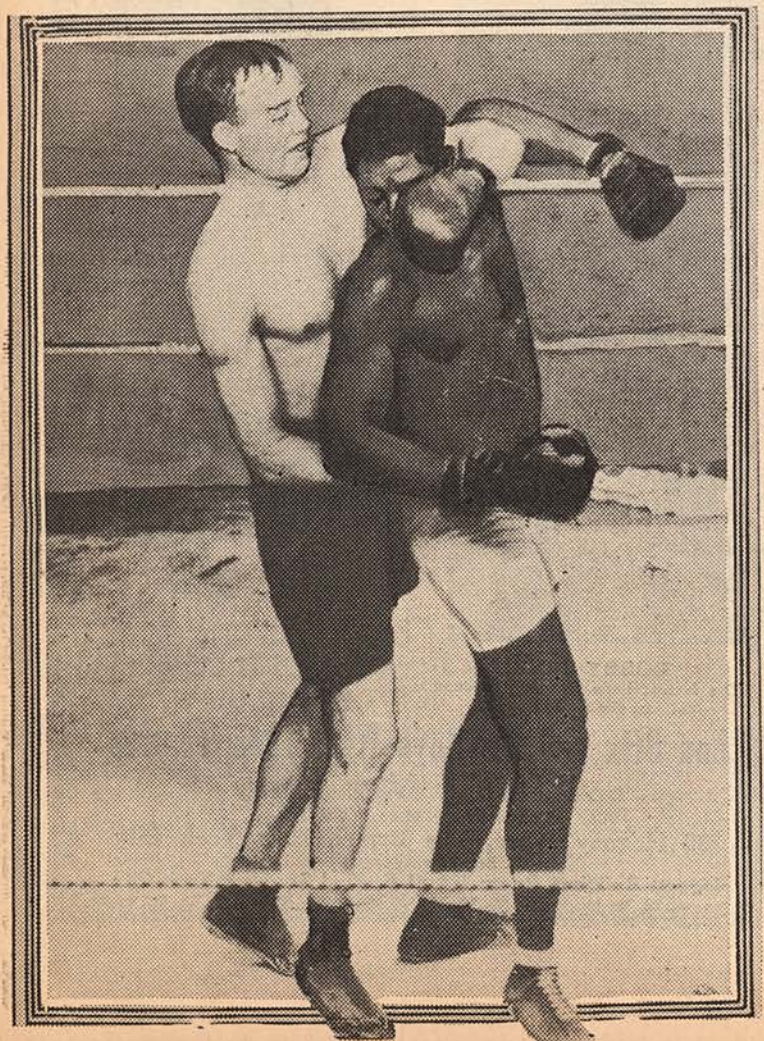
Business Address:

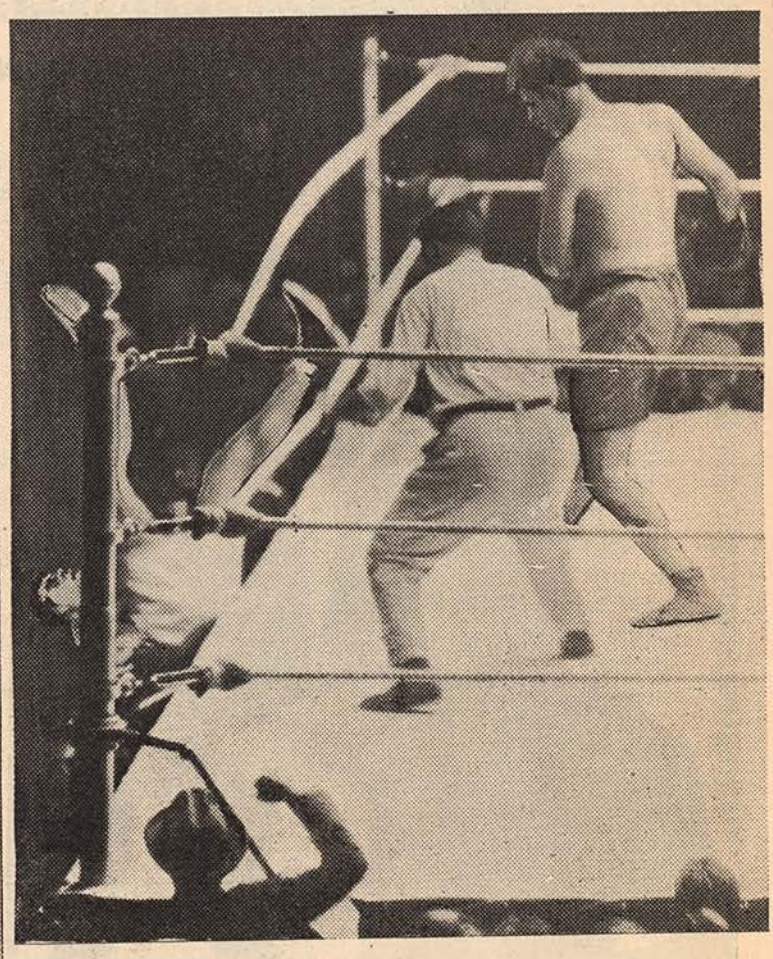
Liggett Building, Room 727, 41 E. 42nd St., New York City

Tense Moments in Four Championship Bouts



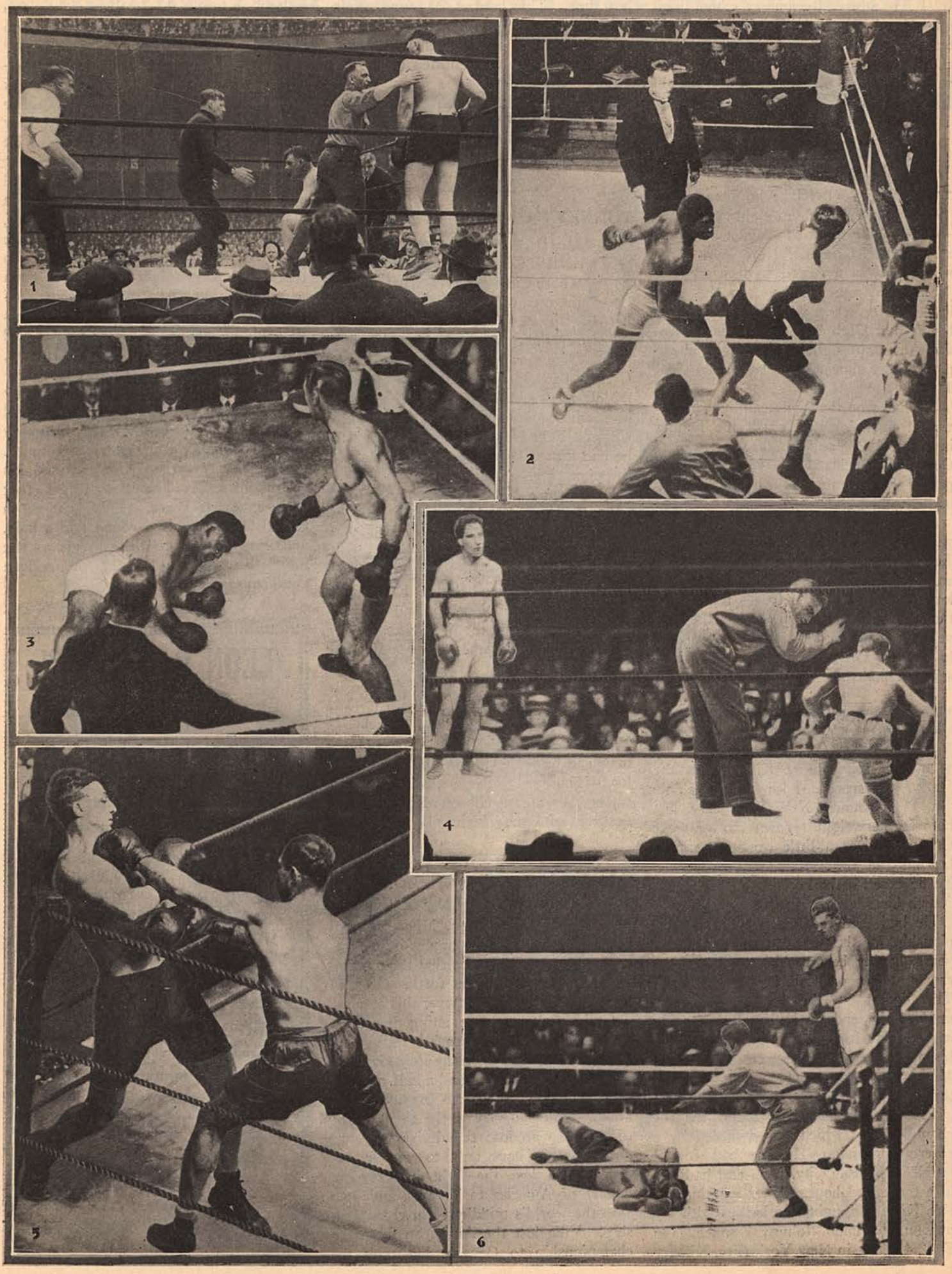






(Upper left) Tendler covering up to check attack by Leonard.
Upper Right—Criqui Floored for First Time in Bout with Dundee.
Lower Left—McTigue and Siki in Nineteenth Round of Bout in Ireland
Lower Right—Dempsey Knocked Through the Ropes by Firpo in the First Round

Six Great Contests Which Held International Attention



1—*Floyd Johnson knocked out in bout with Jess Willard.* 2—*Eighteenth round of Battling Siki-Mike McTigue bout in Dublin, Ireland.* 3—*Georges Carpentier scoring his record knockout of Joe Beckett in 17 seconds.* 4—*Criqui floored second time in bout with Johnny Dundee for world's featherweight title.* 5—*Roland Todd and Augie Ratner in seventeenth round of contest won by the Englishman*

TOM GIBBONS

(*Continued from page 26*)

born in St. Paul, Minn., on March 22, 1894. He attended grammar school, high school and college in St. Paul and still makes his home there. He is married and has three children, Thomas Jr., Jack and Dick. The oldest boy is 6 years old and the youngest less than 2 years old.

GREB KNOCKED OUT ONLY ONCE IN LONG CAREER

HARRY GREB, who became the world's middleweight champion on the night of August 31, 1923, at the Polo Grounds, New York City, when he was awarded a decision over Johnny Wilson, has been in the fistic limelight for many years. The title was the second Greb had earned, as he was the American light heavyweight champion before shorn of his laurels by Gene Tunney.

He had won the American light heavyweight championship from Gene Tunney in May, 1922, only to lose it again to Gene last February. Greb had just passed his twenty-ninth birthday when he dethroned Tunney.

He has been boxing for more than ten years. Harry was born in Pittsburgh June 7, 1894. He has fought about 200, and has suffered but one knockout in his long career. That K.O. was received at the hands of Joe Chip during the first year Greb was boxing. In his ten years in the ring Greb has knocked out thirty-seven opponents.

KILBANE'S PASSING NOT REGRETTED IN FISTIANA

WHEN Johnny Kilbane, on the afternoon of June 2, in the Polo Grounds, New York City, lost his featherweight crown to Eugene Criqui, he was a little over one month beyond the thirty-four year milestone. To be exact, he had celebrated his thirty-fourth birthday on April 18.

He had held the featherweight championship of the world for over eleven years, having beaten Abe Attell for the crown at Vernon, Cal., on Feb. 22, 1912. The defeat at the hands of Criqui marked the end of Kilbane's long ring career. He had begun fighting in 1907, his first opponent being a boy named Mangan. Johnny won that bout in three rounds.

Previous to defeating Attell for the championship, which was awarded by a referee's decision, Kilbane had fought Attell in Kansas City, Mo., and had lost in a ten-round bout. After winning the title Kilbane fought two battles with the present champion, Johnny Dundee. On Sept. 4, 1912, in New York City, Kilbane fought a ten-round no-decision bout with Dundee. Later, April 29, 1913, at Los Angeles, Kilbane met Dundee for the last time. This bout, a 20-round affair, which was refereed by Charley Eyton, was called a draw, although many thought Dundee was entitled to the decision.

Kilbane's passing from the pugilistic field is not regretted, as his inactivity was an injustice to boys entitled to a chance at the crown Johnny held.

TUNNEY GAINED RING PRESTIGE IN WORLD WAR

GENE TUNNEY, New York boy, whose ring career started during the war, when Tunney was a member of the A. E. F.., twice held the American light heavyweight championship. Tunney, by defeating Harry Greb, of Pittsburgh, the present middleweight champion of the world, in Madison Square Garden, New York City, on Feb. 24, 1923, regained the title he had lost to Greb the previous May in the same ring.

The former A. E. F. champion started his career before the war, but received but slight notice until while with the Marines in France his skill attracted attention. He fought many bouts during the world conflict, gained the A. E. F. light heavyweight championship, and in January, 1922, he won the light heavyweight championship of America by defeating Battling Levinsky.

Tunney is twenty-five years of age, is Irish-American, and was born in Greenwich Village, which is on the lower West Side of New York City. He is managed by Billy Gibson, the only handler of boxers to have two champions under his wing, as Gibson also guides the destinies of Benny Leonard.

RECORD YEAR FOR BOXING

(*Continued from page 14*)

generated badly, Wilson, Mike O'Dowd and Al McCoy being samples of the recent mediocre champions that the middleweight class has brought forth. Greb, at least, is an improvement over this batch.

Greb's fight was interesting, inasmuch as it was the fourth world's championship to change hands on the Polo Grounds within a period of two and a half months, unquestionably a record for any fistic arena. Harry also was the third boxer of the year to lose the decision in one championship bout only to win in another. He lost the light heavyweight honors of America to Tunney, and then won the world's middleweight championship. Villa lost the American flyweight championship to Genaro, but took the more valuable world's flyweight crown from Wilde. Johnny Dundee lost his junior lightweight belt to Bernstein, only to land on top in the featherweight class, something of much greater importance to Dundee.

Benny Leonard gave his logical contender, Lew Tendler, a chance to knock off his crown in a bout at the Yankee Stadium on July 24, but Benny gave Lew a neat boxing lesson and collected a lot of dough. So did Lew.

Dempsey, king of heavyweights, risked his precious crown twice, and though each bout kicked up a lot of excitement, Jack still is undisputed monarch of all he surveys. Shelby, Montana, would like to forget its heavyweight carnival as soon as possible, the fight on the Fourth of July, in which Jack chased Tom Gibbons all around the ring for fifteen rounds and won the decision. The fight broke Shelby, and Shelby may never be itself again.

Even though no championship went by the boards on the Polo Grounds on that cool September night, when Dempsey and Firpo held their historic encounter, no one present when Jack retained his championship is likely to forget that show in many years. This fight set a record for action in a round and a half, and goes down into the records as the most thrilling short fight in modern pugilism.

LEON D. BRITTON

Supervisor and Producer of Exclusive Motion Pictures

World Championships Pictures I Have Produced:

DEMPSEY	FIRPO
LEONARD	TENDLER
DUNDEE	CRIQUI
CRIQUI	KILBANE
VILLA	WILDE
VILLA	BUFF

—— also ——

FIRPO	WILLARD
FIRPO	BRENNAN
NORFOLK	SIKI

—— and many others ——

FOR TERMS

WRITE OR WIRE

LEON D. BRITTON

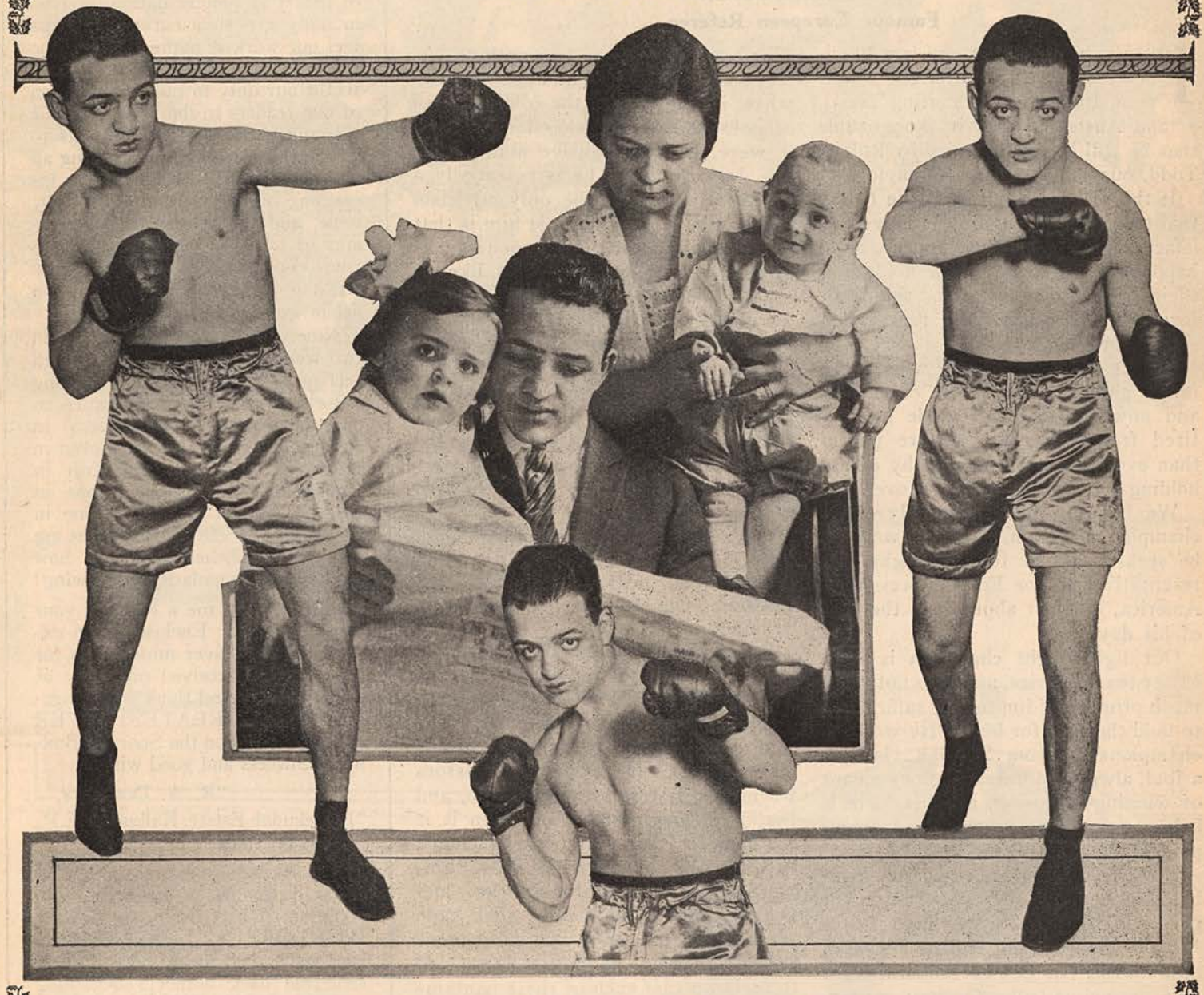
535 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK CITY

Phone: Vanderbilt 0654-5

Cable Address: Leonbrit, N. Y.

Greetings from America's Flyweight Champion

AND HIS FAMILY



When You Are Champion of America You Are Champion of the World

Frankie Genaro, Three-Time Conqueror of Pancho Villa. A Credit to Boxing. Always Ready to Meet the Best Boys in His Class.

AMERICA'S GREATEST BOX OFFICE ATTRACTION

UNDER THE PERSONAL MANAGEMENT OF

PHIL BERNSTEIN

2664 GRAND CONCOURSE NEW YORK CITY

Telephone: Tremont 0491

Lake and Todd Are England's Best Champions

By EUGENE CORRI
Famous European Referee

I HAVE heard that there is a likelihood of our bantamweight champion, Bugler Lake, visiting the U. S. and Australia, and it is probable that he will be accompanied by Roland Todd, our middleweight champion.

If this is so, I think it is safe to say that these two champions will give satisfaction wherever they appear, as it happens that of all our title-holders at their respective weights, this pair forms the best and most representative of our champions.

This is a very lean time with us, so far as good champions are concerned, and now that Jimmy Wilde has retired from the ring, we are poorer than ever in champions worthy of upholding our boxing prestige overseas.

We have to find a new flyweight champion, and soon, no doubt, we shall be seeking a new featherweight representative, as Joe Fox, at present in America, has just about seen the best of his days.

Our lightweight champion is little better than a novice, and does not show much promise of improving sufficiently to hold the title for long. He won the championship from Seaman Hall on a foul, always an unsatisfactory means of winning or losing, and his form is below even our present poor championship standard.

The welterweight championship is held by some to be in abeyance, but personally I cannot see any of our 10st 7lb men beating Kid Lewis, who, now that he has lost the middleweight title, is undoubtedly our best welterweight, and the best in Europe, for that matter.

Lewis, whom you know, is a natural welterweight, but he has for so long been superior to all other men in this division, that he sought higher honors among the middleweights, and he held the title until beaten by Roland Todd. After his contest with Augie Ratner, Lewis intends establishing himself beyond any doubt (if he can do so) as the best welterweight in Europe, and then he will make a trip to the States with a view to a match with Micky Walker for the world's welterweight title.

Roland Todd, our middleweight champion, has his critics, but it is a fact that he is the best champion at this weight we have had for quite a long time. His style has nothing objectionable about it, and he follows what is known as the old English school of boxing. Todd's long suit, as it were, is his defensive ability, for, like Jack Johnson, he is essentially a defensive fighter. The only criticism that can be levelled against him is that he does not attack his opponents as often as some people would like to see, but he contrives to win nearly all his contests, nevertheless.

To go on to the next division, the light heavyweights, we have only one really good man at this weight, and that is the present titleholder, Jack Bloomfield. But he is languishing for lack of opponents, and needs considerably more contests in order to keep fighting fit.

Our new heavyweight champion, Joe Goddard, is little better than the oft beaten, retired champion Joe Beckeet. Our crop in this division is very poor.

But of the champions just briefly revived, the two that stand out as the most worthy of our titleholders are Bugler Lake and Roland Todd. The first named is, in my opinion, every bit as good as any of his predecessors within the last forty years or so, and that is saying quite a lot when it is remembered that that period included such famous champions as Billy Plimmer, Pedlar Palmer, Joe Bowker, and Digger Stanley, of whom I shall have something to say in subsequent articles. But, in passing, it is as well to mention that each of these bantamweights, champions all, was superlatively clever, and stylists to a man.

Now, when I say that our little Bugler Lake is as clever as any of these figureheads of the 8.6 division, it will serve to convey just how good he is. There is nothing flash about his style, which is exceedingly pretty to watch and is, moreover, workmanlike in the extreme. He boxes at top speed from the moment he starts to the second he finishes, and there are no dreary moments when this little bantamweight is in the ring.

Dealers Attention!

The National and International Distribution of The Ring has been turned over to the Hotaling News Agency. If The Ring is not sold in your territory or you desire to obtain copies for distribution in your city, write to the Hotaling News Agency, 308 West 40th Street, New York City.

EVERY now and then THE RING boasts about its success, not that it requires any bragging on our part, for the hundreds of letters of commendation received monthly are sufficient to make us feel our work is appreciated by the sports loving public, but because we feel it our duty to call the attention of our readers to the fact that their splendid support is enabling us to spread the gospel of clean boxing all over the world. In addition to increasing our circulation with every issue, and this despite the appearance of a crop of new boxing magazines copied after our own. THE RING is increasing its subscription list in leaps and bounds.

Ninety-two new subscribers in two weeks is a record we may well feel proud of. Included among these are represented 42 states in our Union; two subscribers in Australia, three in Alaska, eleven in Honolulu, one in Spain, two in France, four in England, one in Bavaria, one in Cairo and one in Ceylon. The letters from three are herewith published to show how THE RING's popularity is growing!

"Please send me a copy of your RING monthly. Enclosed is an express order to cover subscription for one year. I received one copy of the June issue and think your magazine is the GREATEST EVER PUBLISHED on the Sport of Boxing. Success and good wishes.

"R. A. DOUDNEY,
"Passekudah Estate, Kalkudah, E.P.,
"Ceylon India."

"Enclosed is an express order for $2.00 in payment of one year's subscription to THE RING, the MOST WONDERFUL MAGAZINE I ever have seen on boxing. Please send me back numbers beginning with June, 1923. Wishing you success in your venture, I remain,

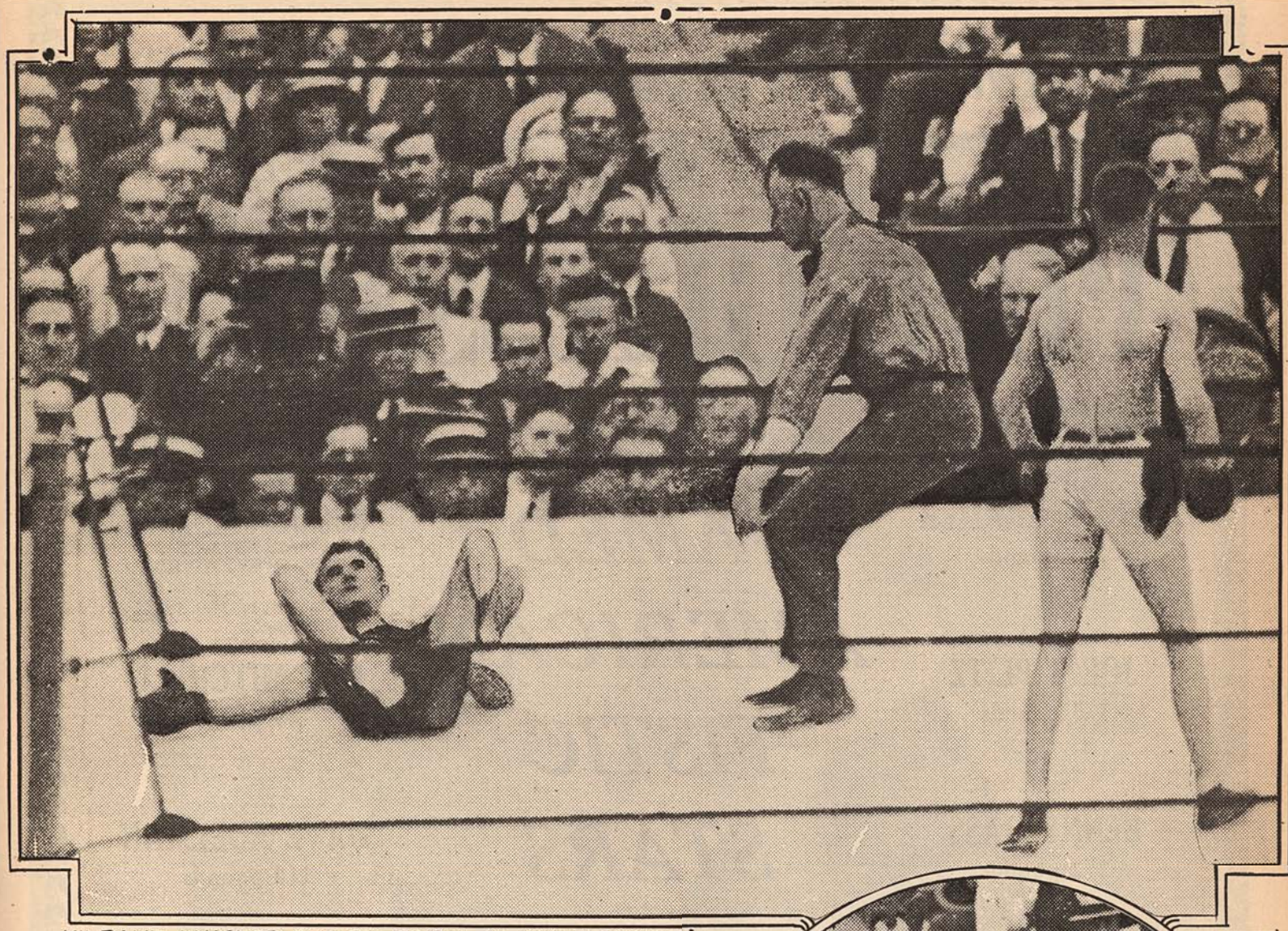
"KEVORK SEMERDJIAN,
"14 Rue Gaafar Kobesia, Cairo,
"Egypt."

"Enclosed find postal order for one year's subscription to THE RING. Your book has a big following here, especially in the University. I missed my copy for October because I could not purchase one, the books all being sold in less than an hour after the mail boat arrived.

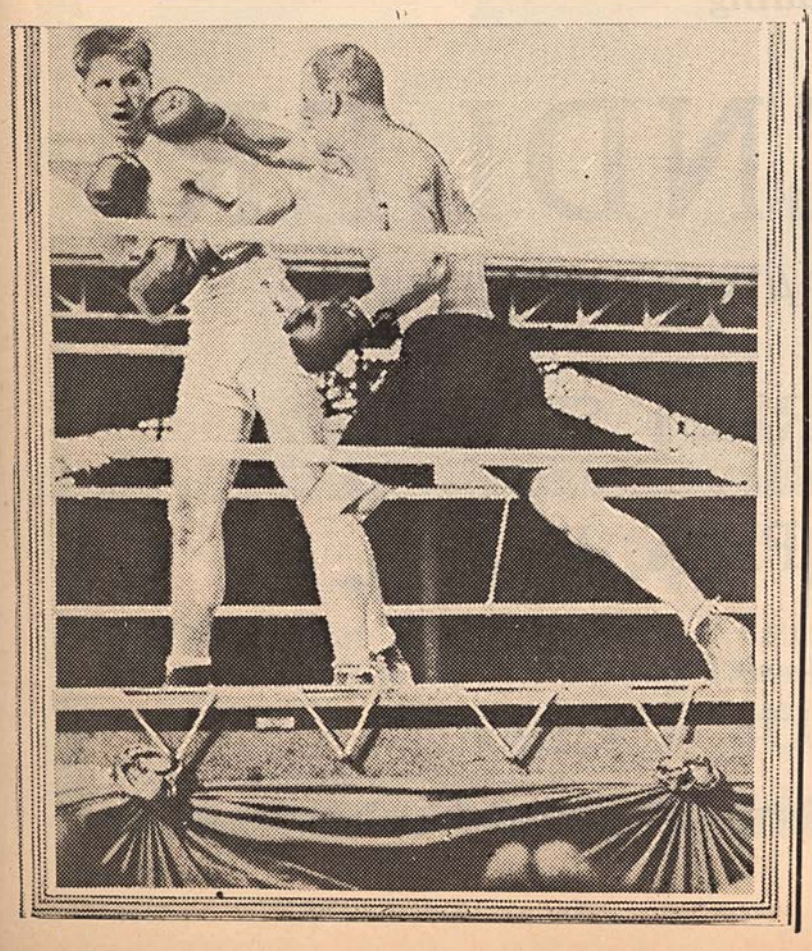
"P. JACINTO.
Iloilo, Philippines.

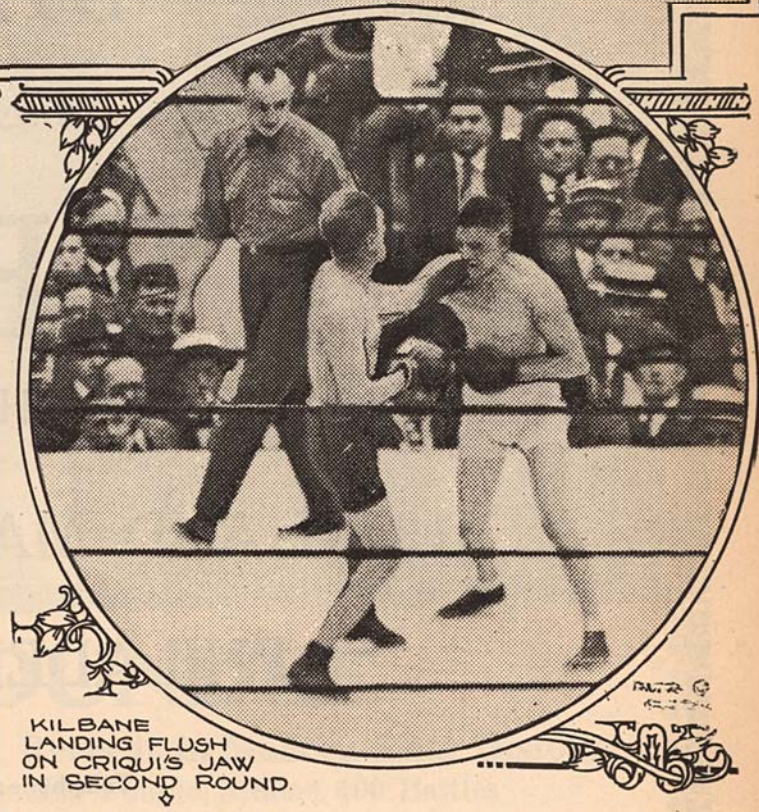
[2,000 *copies of* THE RING *are shipped to Manila monthly.—Editor's Note.*]

Two Contests in Which Famous French Boxers Figured



KILBANE KNOCKED OUT BY CRIQUI IN SIXTH ROUND





KILBANE LANDING FLUSH ON CRIQUI'S JAW IN SECOND ROUND

(On left) Carpentier-Nilles Battle in Paris on May 6. Georges knocked out his opponent in the eighth round. It was Carpentier's "comeback" bout after his defeat at the hands of Siki, and Georges made good.

Christmas and New Year's Greetings

FROM

PHIL GLASSMAN

AND HIS

DANNY KRAMER
124 pounds

JOE TIPLITZ
135 pounds

BENNY BASS
122 pounds

FAMED AMERICAN FISTIC STARS

HUGHIE CLEMENTS
new heavyweight

RAY MITCHELL
135 pounds

DAVE ADELMAN
110 pounds

including

LEW TENDLER

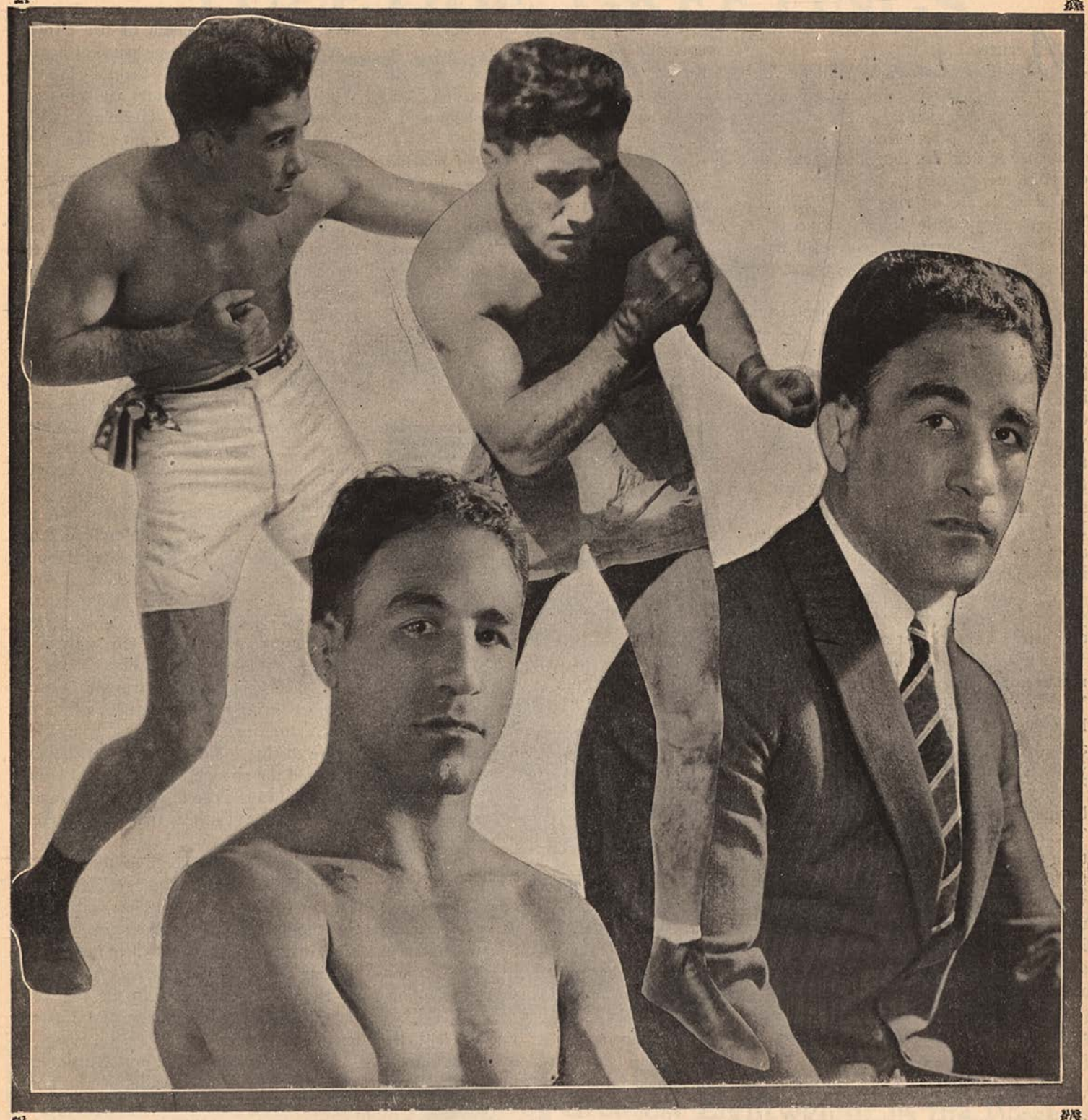
GREATEST SOUTHPAW LIGHTWEIGHT

13TH AND MARKET STREETS

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Telephone: Locust 4004
Residence phone: Sherwood 1960

World's Featherweight Champion Extends Yuletide Greetings to His Friends



JOHNNY DUNDEE

A Title Holder With One of the Greatest Records in Modern Ring History

A Credit to the Profession in Which He Has Fought Almost 400 Battles

JAMES J. JOHNSTON

25 WEST 43rd STREET, NEW YORK CITY PERSONAL REPRESENTATIVE

Indian Princess Enters Managerial Field

By JOE R. CARTER

MERE men must look to their laurels!

The sex that was commonly referred to as weaker, when grandmother was wearing hoop skirts, and grandfather smoked a clay pipe, is out to claim another honor that has long been acknowledged to mere man.

The ladies are offering Miss Elizabeth Tucker, pretty little Indian Princess of Oklahoma, as the most successful manager of boxers, and challenge the strong sex to disprove their claim.

Miss Tucker's friends base her championship honors on eight years of successful management of her two brother-boxers, Lonnie and Frankie Tucker, during which time the trio has traveled from coast to coast, and from Canada to the woods, and have met the best boxers in the game. After these eight years the firm of "manager and boxer" is just as strong as the day it was organized, when Miss Tucker ran away from her studies at college to pilot her brothers to success in the squared arena.

What other boxing firm can show ten years of business without any dissension, and plenty of work for all concerned?

In 1915 Miss Tucker took over the management of Lonnie and Frankie Tucker, and until a year ago the trio was kept busy. Then Lonnie dropped out and decided to act as trainer for his younger brother, Frankie, and Miss Tucker and Frankie has kept their little business going. In ten years Frankie Tucker has had 89 fights, a fraction more than one every seven weeks, and all under the directions of his sister, which speaks very well for the lass. This in view of the fact, that Frankie served a long term in the army during the world war, and she always saw to it that he took a little vacation each summer.

"What was the biggest fight I ever signed for?" Miss Tucker repeated, in answer to a question.

"Oh, I remember it well," she said. "It was a great big fight and was directed against a man in Germany called the Kaiser. When the United States went into the war I took Lonnie down to the Navy recruiting station and signed him up. A few weeks later I took Frankie to the Army recruiting station and matched him for a battle with the Kaiser. It was the real big match for both of them."

Miss Tucker did not stop at signing her two brothers for the big fight. She gained permission of the authorities in Oklahoma and showed her ability in making "fighting matches" by recruiting a number of sailors and soldiers for Uncle Sam. The folks in Oklahoma admitted she was the "best fight manager in the world," and that's what her friends are claiming today.

The lady manager of boxers has had a varied career. She has Cherokee Indian blood in her veins, and in 1916 she attended the Progressive convention in Chicago as a delegate for Colonel Roosevelt, attired in her Indian Princess gown. She staged a dance in the lobby of the Congress that lasted thirty-nine minutes and won the favor of a big assemblage.

She has had her picture taken with Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, and has also posed for photographs with no less ring

Miss Elizabeth Tucker

notables than Jack Dempsey, heavy king; Tom Sharkey and Bob Fitzsimmons, and all this was done with the view of getting publicity for her protege, Frankie Tucker, and keep him in the limelight of the boxing promoters.

In Oklahoma Miss Tucker had the reputation of being a clever horsewoman. She gained fame in the saddle. The horse failed to furnish enough speed, and she went in for motorcycle riding and has taken part in many speed events. She holds the record of 70 miles an hour on a straightway speed course. She purchased the motorcycle at first to use in pacing her two boxers on their early morning jaunts on the road. Her outdoor life attracted the attention of the movie men, and she was featured in several films, always as the "Manager of Boxers." She has written many articles for newspapers on her "profession," and Frankie and Lonnie have obtained the benefit of her efforts.

Miss Tucker had the pleasure of breaking in on the monopoly held by "Red" Walsh, manager of Young Galiano, and former pilot of Pete Herman, in the South. Walsh had Galiano in the spotlight and kept all others out. By some clever work Miss Tucker finally arranged to match Frankie with Galiano, and the Tucker boy got a draw. That was just ten months ago, with Galiano going at top speed, and now Frankie is claiming half ownership in the Southern lightweight crown.

"Women have the wrong idea about boxing," says Miss Tucker. "They are under the impression that a girl is bound to be insulted if she mingles in this sport of men. It is all how the girl conducts herself. I was just sixteen years old, and a student at the Oklahoma Agricultural College, when Lonnie told me he could be a champion if he only had the right backing. I left school and met Lonnie in Joplin, Mo., and we visited the promoter there and obtained a bout. Lonnie won. Then I took the business seriously. Frankie, who was doing a little work around the gymnasium, wanted to box, and I took charge of him.

"I have had little trouble getting matches because the boys always gave the fans a run for their money. I am there to see to that. I do not go into the ring and hold the sponge or anything like that, but am always close to the ringside and a nod of my head means that Frankie must speed up."

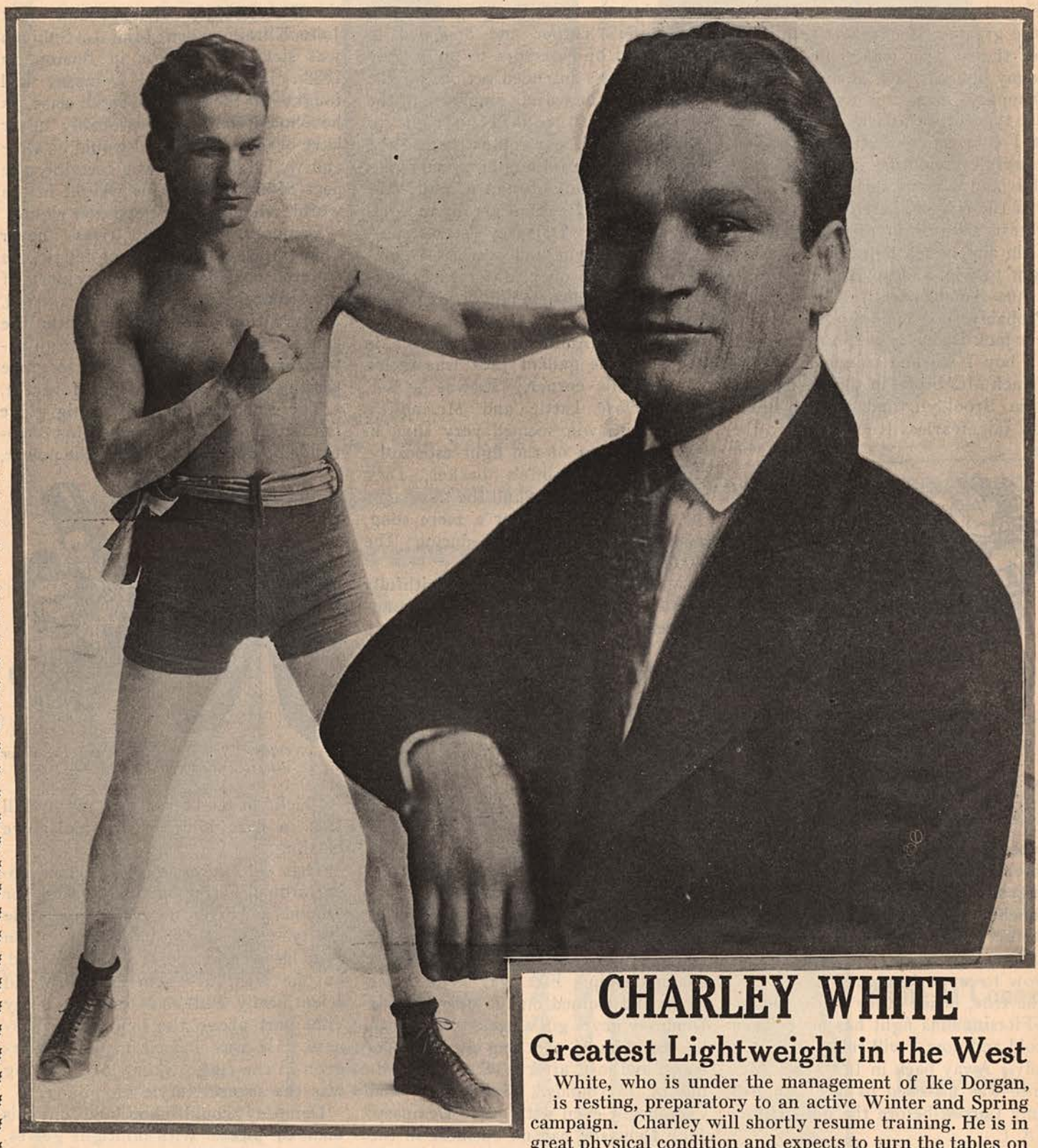
Another point in favor of the claim of "World's Champion Manager" for Miss Tucker is the success she has had in getting bouts for her brothers in England and Australia. She kept them busy while visiting the foreign countries. A majority of Frankie's bouts were in the far west, but he has met some of the best Eastern mittmen.

In the near future the pretty little fight manager plans to invade New York. When she smiles at the promoters she captivates them. She has little trouble gaining an audience, and after listening to her tell of Frankie's ability the promoters usually lose no time in getting him a bout.

A horsewoman, motorcycle rider, movie actress, singer, dancer, delegate to a political convention, and a trip to the clouds in an airplane, all done to gain publicity for her boxers.

That's why they say Miss Tucker is a "world's champion."

YULETIDE GREETINGS



CHARLEY WHITE

Greatest Lightweight in the West

White, who is under the management of Ike Dorgan, is resting, preparatory to an active Winter and Spring campaign. Charley will shortly resume training. He is in great physical condition and expects to turn the tables on Pal Moran, who temporarily halted him in their Garden fight several months ago. White is confident he can whip Moran, and intends to prove it in a return bout. White is one of the few boxers who had Benny Leonard on the verge of a knockout. He hopes to gain a match with Leonard next summer.

White has been one of the biggest drawing cards Tex Rickard has had since he opened Madison Square Garden. White has drawn $264,000 in seven battles, three of them, the bouts with Jackson, Mitchell and Moran, being three of the most sensational contests New York fans have seen in years. White has trained himself back to his best form again and expects to clean up the class of 135-pounders.

Gallant Jack Dempsey

Strong Points in the Great Nonpareil's Career as Told by His Old Pal

By JACK SKELLY

IF you ask me whom I consider the greatest representative fighter of the modern prize ring I would pick my old pal, Jack Dempsey.

Dempsey was to my mind the finest type of an artistic ring general that I ever saw in action. He was wonderfully scientific, as game as a pebble and always honorable in and out of the ring. There never was the slightest suggestion of a fake or a stall in any of his fights. He always fought to win, and never mixed up in any questionable deals.

Probably no man in the world knew Jack Dempsey better than I did. As a boy I worked alongside of him and Jack McAuliffe, in the old cooperage in Brooklyn, and always found him a fair, fearless friend, true to the core.

"I am champion. I must meet all comers," was Dempsey's motto.

In his early career he was a light-hearted, playful companion, always ready for a lark and a joke, and never aggressive or mussy. After his unfortunate defeat by Bob Fitzsimmons, he changed greatly. He grew sad and melancholy, and was never the same cheerful fellow. That defeat broke poor Dempsey's heart, and sent him in sorrow to an early grave.

The true, inside story of the Dempsey-Fitzsimmons fight has never been all told and now I will relate it to you briefly. Away back in 1890, Jack McAuliffe was matched to meet English Jimmy Carroll before the old California A. C.

At that time Jack Dempsey was the boxing instructor at the club, and McAuliffe asked him to act as his principal second in the coming mill. Dempsey, of course, could not refuse to help his old pal out so it was announced broadly that Dempsey was going behind McAuliffe.

Carroll immediately raised strenuous objections to Dempsey being in McAuliffe's corner and appealed to the Board of Directors to put a stop to Dempsey's intended action, on the ground that he was an employee of the club, and as such had no right to second anyone in a contest before the club. Major McLoughlin, managing director of the club and a multi-millionaire, sided with Carroll and demanded that Dempsey step aside. The independent and fearless Dempsep refused to obey Major McLoughlin's orders and some hot words passed between them.

When McAuliffe faced Carroll in the ring, the gallant Jack was in his old friend's corner. It was a hot, fierce, close battle and McAuliffe's chances to win seemed very slim, in the early part of the fight especially. In fact, McAuliffe's backer, Dick Roche, offered to sell all the thousands he had on his man for a mere song, two or three times during the struggle.

McAuliffe had not trained faithfully for the severe contest and the tide appeared to be against him. But Brave Jack Dempsey was in his corner working like a beaver, giving good advice and cheering his old friend on. It was a long, hard battle and McAuliffe won by knocking Carroll out in the forty-seventh round by a superhuman effort.

Major McLoughlin was indeed a very sore man, after the defeat of his pet, Carroll, on whom he dropped several thousand dollars, and he swore he would be revenged on Dempsey. So he and Carroll secretly got hold of Fitzsimmons and matched him against Dempsey for the world's middleweight championship. Fitz was kept under cover and trained on the quiet. Poor Dempsey never got a peek at him until he met him in the ring at New Orleans, and lost, after a terrible pounding of 13 rounds. McLoughlin and Carroll got even with game Dempsey. Jack Dempsey had no business in the ring with Fitzsimmons or any other 154-pound man. The gallant Nonpareil, as we all loved to call him, was never in the middleweight division. In fact, he was hardly a welterweight. For most of his fights he could do 138 or 140 pounds and be right, but he was certainly a most ambitious fellow.

Why, he even wanted to jump into the heavyweight division and fight Jake Kilrain, when John L. Sullivan was sick and helpless in Boston, in 1888. If my old pal Dempsey had fought in the welterweight class, as he should, he would probably never have been defeated, and would be alive and well today. He was certainly the peer of any man of his weight in the world, when he was good and right.

Dempsey, however, was never what you would call a strong fellow. He suffered considerably from catarrh of the stomach from his early manhood. Many a time I've seen him enter the ring a really sick fellow, from an attack of catarrh. But he was so game that he would fight it off and forget it.

The Nonpareil was not a big glove fighter, and seldom knocked his opponent out as he did not have the power,

The Nonpareil told the Major and the other directors they could go to ——!

or 'kick,' in his blows. His great skill was in bare knuckle or skin glove battling.

That old expression of a boxer going around an opponent like a cooper around a barrel describes his style pretty well. He fought many men over his weight and far more rugged, but he went at them carefully and scientifically and bled them at every vital part above the belt into weakness. He was, indeed, a skillful surgeon in the ring. Skin glove fighting was the severest style of milling.

Dempsey could chop and cut his man to pieces with skintight gloves. No man ever led to him without a return. He was an ideal defensive boxer. He had a grand straight left hand that he worked like a piston rod. Dempsey never fought in clinches like some of the modern pugilists, mauling and hauling with useless kidney cracks.

Neither did he fight one round after

(*Continued on page* 43)

Christmas and New Year's Greetings

GEORGE P. MOORE

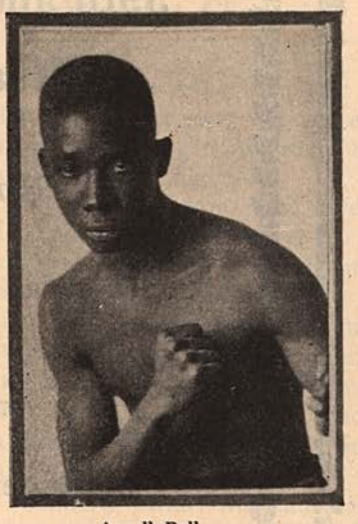
AND STABLE OF

WILLIE SINCLAIR
Colored Lightweight Champion of the National Guard

DANNY EDWARDS
Colored Bantamweight Champion of the World

WILLIE WALKER
Colored Middleweight Champion of the National Guard

ANSELL BELL
Formerly Kid Buller
Bantamweight Sensation



Ansell Bell

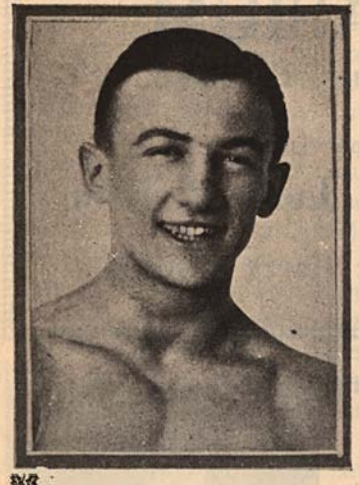
THE GREATEST AND MOST POPULAR GATHERING OF COLORED BOXERS IN AMERICA

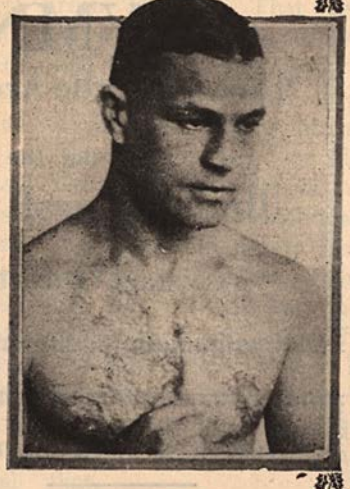
Coast Address: GOLDEN WEST HOTEL
PORTLAND, OREGON

New York Address: 4 W. 129th STREET
Telephone: Harlem 1187

Geo. P. Moore (left) Danny Edwards (right)

Compliments of the Season





JOEY SILVERS
Brooklyn's sterling featherweight, who looms up as a strong contender for Dundee's title.

WILLIE HARMON
a lightweight of exceptional ability, who is ready to face the best of 'em.

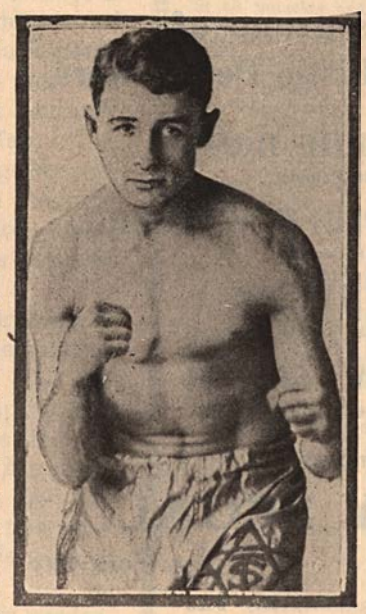
Under Direction of

NAT ROGERS

PUTNAM BUILDING 1493 BROADWAY
NEW YORK CITY

DAN KAPLIN

140 West 42nd Street
New York City
Phones: Bryant 1649 and 2951
DIRECTING THE AFFAIRS OF:



SID TERRIS

SID TERRIS

Conceded by unbiased fistic critics as the most likely successor to Johnny Dundee's featherweight title.

Willie O'Connell
116 lbs.

Harry Felix
126 lbs.

Jackie Gordon
120 lbs.

Charles Messenger

Manager of

MICKEY TAYLOR

* * *

Compliments of the Season

* * *

Latest Sensation Among Eastern Bantamweights.

* * *

A Two-Fisted, Clever Boxer Who Is Full of Action.

* * *

Address—
HOTEL McALPIN
NEW YORK CITY

ADELPHIA ARENA

39th and Market Streets
Philadelphia, Pa.

Capacity 6500

L. M. PACKER
President

JACK HANLON
Promoter

Managers and boxers send your names and addresses to 1414 So. Penn Square.

Tel. Spruce 10224

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year

From

HARRY SEGAL

and his group of
Satisfactory Fistic Performers

HARRY "KID" BROWN
130 Pounds

CHARLEY (Phil) ROSENBERG
118 Pounds

DANNY LEE
120 Pounds

HERMAN SILVER
116 Pounds

ADDRESS:

HARRY SEGAL

24 West 111th Street New York City

Telephone: University 2625

BOROUGH HALL GYMNASIUM

9 and 11 Myrtle Avenue Brooklyn, N. Y.

Under the Supervision of

Jimmy Marsh & Jack Stickem

Assistant Director: Harry Bennett

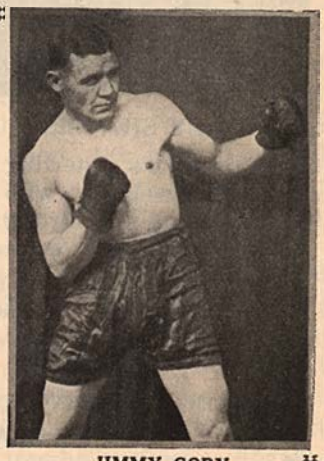
New Year's Greetings

JIMMY GORY

CHICAGO'S
RUGGED WELTERWEIGHT

Who is in Line for a Bout with
MICKEY WALKER

Under Management of
JERRY LAHEY
820 Garrick Theatre Building
Chicago, Illinois



JIMMY GORY

The Ghetto and Its Gifts to Pugilism

JACK BERNSTEIN, Junior Lightweight Champion

REVENGE is sweet, they say, even if it comes in a round-about manner. Take the case of Jack Bernstein, whose rapid rise from preliminary boy to champion was one of the outstanding features of the 1923 fistic year. You would hardly believe, would you, that Jack is the instrument through which Benny Leonard, lightweight champion of the world, and ancient enemy (in a gracious way) of Johnny Dundee, worked to secure his vengeance? But that's what Jack is nevertheless.

As events have shaped up Bernstein took away Dundee's junior lightweight crown, and, having done this, Leonard's feelings were assuaged. To trace Jack Bernstein, whose real name is Jack Dodick, you have to go down to Tenth Street and Avenue C; and if you know anything about New York's East Side you will realize that you are right in the heart of the great Ghetto—a spot where the so-called Melting Pot is steaming at its hottest.

Right there is where Jack first saw the light of day. Right next door to Jack lived Benny Leonard. Thus you get the first glimpse of the plot of this story. There is no record of when Jack first inclined toward the padded mitt. It may have been at four years of age or ten. But at fourteen Jack was starting his pugilistic career in the squared circle as an amateur.

The family name, however, was discreetly kept in the background because the maternal instincts of Ma Dodick were opposed to things pugilistic. In those days there were such famous East Side boxing clubs as the Long Acre, the New Polo, the Dry Dock, and to these Jack was drawn, boxing as a preliminary boy, often making as much as two dollars for a hard scrap.

Not many steps away from the paternal rooftree was the famous Boys' Club, on Tenth Street and Avenue A, where the East Side lads gathered to exude their pent-up emotions in physical combat of one sort or another.

That is where Benny Leonard and K. O. Brown learned their first steps in the gentle art of boxing. It was in the Boys' Club gym that Jack had imparted to him the inside theory of boxing. It also was in the Boys' Club that Jack became possessed of that beautiful cauliflower ear you may notice rooting gently, where ears generally do, on the side of Jack's wise bean.

That ear is the direct gift of K. O Brown, and it was not presented in a ring combat, but in a workout bout in the club gym one night.

Returning home that evening Ma Dodick took one peep at the damaged ear and demanded an explanation. The one Jack gave was lame, for Jack said he had stumbled against an elevated pillar. The rod, which was never spared in the Bernstein household, was applied with vigor, but failed to reduce Jack to a state where he would consider giving up boxing.

Leonard, who was advancing with giant strides along the pugilistic thoroughfare, dropped in at the Boys' Club and was asked to box with Jack. Now Jack and Benny had had it many a time in less restricted quarters than a club gym. But Benny boxed Jack and liked his style, and said so, for Benny never tried to hide some other fellow's light under a bushel.

From that day—they boxed six rounds and went at it hammer and tongs—Jack has been coming forward slowly and then with a rush. The culmination was when Jack won the junior lightweight title from Dundee. That pleased Jack, and, as we said before, it avenged Leonard, and that's fair enough.

Mark this important point, however: There was another actor in the drama. None other than Doc Hirsch, to whom boxing is an avocation, discovered Jack early, saw the possibilities and determined that he would stick to Jack if Jack would stick to him. And it came to pass that the alliance was kept up—a mutually satisfactory and successful affair. Doc still considers his end of boxing, his connection with the champion, in the light of an avocation—a bit of pleasure—not as a source of income, for he does not need that.

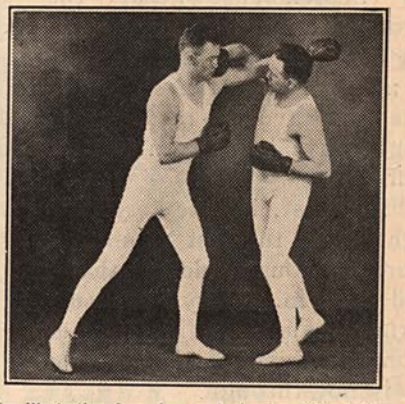
Doc, as he is familiarly known in sporting circles, not only is a fine handler, but is a true sportsman. We have yet to know a manager of a champion who does not take one penny from his charge's earnings. Doc not only gives Bernstein every cent earned in the ring, but has been known to spend several thousand dollars annually on Jack, who is a most appreciative boy.

More men like Doc Hirsch are needed in the boxing game. There are too many of the type that mulct a boxer to the last drop and too few of the type represented by Doc Hirsch.

Learn to Be a Scientific Boxer and How to Train Right

MIKE GIBBONS'

new boxing and training courses will teach you everything you need to know to be a winner and get to the top and make big money. The boxing course contains ten complete lessons, which show you how to use all the jabs, hooks, uppercuts, counter blows and knockout punches. You learn how to block, slip, duck, parry and sidestep all punches. All the scientific tricks of clinching, in-fighting, feinting and ring generalship are taught.



An illustration from Lesson 3 showing Mike Gibbons blocking a left hook led by Tom Gibbons.

OVER 100 PHOTOS SPECIALLY POSED FOR THE LESSONS BY MIKE GIBBONS AND HIS BROTHER, TOM GIBBONS, SHOW CLEARLY HOW TO PERFORM CORRECTLY EVERY MOVE OF OFFENSE AND DEFENSE. The photos are four times the size of the one shown here.

This Course Will Show You How to Use All the Scientific Defensive Tricks That Enabled Tom Gibbons to Avoid Champion Jack Dempsey's Knockout Punches For 15 Rounds.

The training course shows you how to get and keep in the best condition. How to do roadwork, shadow boxing, rope skipping, how to strengthen stomach, punch the bag, build up all muscles and develop wind and speed. Also how to take off weight without going stale and weakening yourself; what to eat; how to bathe, take rubdown, etc. This course tells just what a boxer must do from the first day of training up to the time of a bout. Seconds are taught how to properly handle a boxer in the ring, and the latest complete boxing rules are given. The course is fully illustrated with special photos and sketches.

These Courses Will Put You in the Best Physical Condition and Make You a Clever Boxer and Hard Hitter in a Short Time.

Special Offer

Readers of THE RING can now get these famous courses which have taught thousands of men and boys all over the world how to box and how to train successfully for a **SPECIAL LOW PRICE.** Here they are:

Course on "How to Box".....$2.00
Course on "How to Train".....$1.00
Both Courses $3.00

Clip this ad and pin your payment for either one or both courses in bills, money order or check. Write your name and full address plainly and send to

MIKE GIBBONS, Dept. R,
Gibbons' Gynamisum, 71 West Seventh Street St. Paul, Minn.

You will get the courses by return mail, postage paid. If you are not satisfied you get your money back.

Dempsey-Firpo Bout Most Thrilling of Modern Heavyweight Championship Contests—Review of All Important Contests of the Year

JACK DEMPSEY successfully defended his heavyweight title on September 14 at the Polo Grounds in New York City by knocking out Luis Firpo in the second round of a 15-round battle. The men fought like two cavemen in prehistoric days might have battled on the edge of a cliff.

Firpo lost, but he lost like a man fighting to the last agonizing gasp—more glorious in defeat than ever he had been in victory. And unlike the former champion Willard, whom a few months previously he pounded limp, he is not through.

Knocked out in three minutes and 57 seconds of the most furious fighting ever recorded in ring history, a round and a fraction, in which he was floored seven times but managed to send the champion crashing clean through the ropes after battering him to his knees, the sturdy son of the Argentine still gazes with determined eyes on the crown which Dempsey barely saved that night by a right uppercut which stretched Firpo flat on his back.

The battle was perhaps the most dramatic in the history of pugilism, even eclipsing the terrific fray in Toledo in 1919 when Dempsey tore the laurels from the bloody head of Jess Willard. Into less than four minutes was crammed more action than usually is spread over 15 rounds. The crowd realized they were gazing upon no ordinary boxers; they were witnessing an elemental, gripping, nerve-shaking battle between two great lion-hearted fighting men, to whom the verb "to quit" was unknown.

The champion and challenger were called to the center of the ring for a conference, a conference protracted by Firpo's need of an interpreter. The two fighters grew restless as technicalities were expounded to them. Then the bell clanged and the fight was on.

There was no introductory sparring. The fighters flew at one another like savages. Dempsey hurled himself across the ring at his opponent, slipping to one knee with the fury of his rush which carried the South American against the ropes. Then a right to the body and a left to the jaw and the challenger crashed to the canvas.

A short count and Firpo again was on his feet. His eyes shone with the fire of battle as he lunged at the man who had felled him.

Dempsey stood his ground. For the second and third times he knocked his heavier opponent to the floor. Firpo's mouth gushed blood, but though stunned, he was far from out.

He drove his sledge-hammer right into Dempsey's ribs with a thud that could have been heard a block away. But the champion's ribs weathered the blow, and he returned the attack with a fury that sent Firpo to the floor for the fourth time. A few seconds and he was down again, this time in Dempsey's corner. This time it seemed as if he could not rise again and the champion stepped over the fallen body of his adversary looking as if he thought the fray had ended.

But it hadn't. With the count of nine the South American was on his feet again and rushed his rival. It was a stupendous, a staggering rush that sent Dempsey to his knees. Jack rose, battered but game.

But Firpo was at him in an instant. He loosed a right swing that landed squarely on Dempsey's jaw. The crowd, crazed by the drama it was witnessing, gasped as it saw Dempsey dashed through the ropes out of the ring, landing flat on his back on the press benches.

In an instant he was back, but he was groggy, stunned. His legs quivered under him. He was as pale as a dead man lifted from his grave.

But Dempsey had fought more battles than the daring youngster from the Argentine and his strategy saved him. He fell promptly into a clinch until his brain cleared. Had Firpo then been able to land one of his staggering rights, a different story might be told. But he was unable to follow up his advantage and the bell tolled. Before walking to his corner Dempsey cuffed the South American several times about the head, but the referee appeared not to notice it.

The crowd was quite unable to recover from the thrill of the first round when the fighters were at it again, fighting like wild men. Neither thought of putting up a defensive fight. Each was out to win immediately, to crowd all their chances into the first few rounds.

Once, twice more Dempsey sent the Argentine crashing to the resined floor. But when it seemed impossible for the fallen giant to rise, he was on his feet again.

And then the knockout.

A left to the body, a tremendous right to the jaw, and the great Argentine, his purple trunks already streaked with resin, lay flat on his back under the cluster of arc lights. His face worked in agony.

Blood streamed from his mouth. For a count or two he lay quite still. Then he struggled, like the gallant fighting man he was, to rise, but the champion's magnificent attack had been too much for him. He flung his left arm across his body, half-rolled to his right side, strove valiantly to get his legs under him, but the count of ten sounded.

Dempsey rushed to his fallen foe, lifted him to his corner and then again was crowned champion.

FIRPO'S K. O. OF McAULIFFE IMPRESSED PUBLIC

IT was on May 12, 1923, that Luis Firpo, giant Argentinian, made his bow before the first big gathering of American sportsmen whose critical eyes were glued on the massive form of the visitor in an effort to learn whether he possessed enough ability to hold his own with a fighter like Jack Dempsey. On that day Luis made good by knocking out Jack McAuliffe of Detroit in the third round. McAuliffe, a raw novice, was outclassed, yet Firpo's victory was sufficient to bring him such favorable commenf from experts that it eventually led to his battle with Dempsey.

The details of the third round of Firpo's tilt with McAuliffe follows:

Firpo drove right to body and they clinched. Firpo sent a left to body and they wrestled. McAuliffe landed left to Firpo's jaw. Firpo retaliated with a right to jaw and floored McAuliffe, but the latter got up without a count. After a moment's sparring, Firpo drove a terrific right to jaw and McAuliffe went to the canvas for the count. It was a long, sweeping blow that dropped him. He had to be dragged to his corner.

WILLARD STOPS JOHNSON IN FIRST "COME BACK"

JESS WILLARD, after months of press agent publicity regarding his wonderful condition, came out of retirement, entrained for the East from his abode on the Coast, and declared to the world he felt confident he could retrieve lost laurels in a return bout with Jack Dempsey and bid the American public compel his erstwhile conqueror to give him the chance he insisted he was entitled to. Throughout his campaign for recognition, more than nine-tenths of the country's sporting experts declared Jess too old and unfit to combat Dempsey in another bout, but so insistent was Jess in his come-back attempt that Tex Rickard matched him with Floyd Johnson in what was to be his trial bout in the Yankee Stadium on May 12, 1923.

Jess made good in that contest by knocking out the young Iowan and that led to Jess' fight with Luis Firpo in the second step towards a return bout with Dempsey, but Firpo's victory put an end to Willard's cherished hopes.

The eleventh and last round of the bout in which Willard knocked out Johnson in his come-back role, follows:

Johnson rushed into a clinch. Willard sent a right to the ear. Johnson landed several light rights to body and then a left to chin. Willard sent a right to jaw. Willard uppercut with his right and floored Johnson with right to jaw. Willard pounded Johnson with rights and lefts. Just at the bell Jess landed another right uppercut to Johnson's jaw and the latter had to be carried to his corner. Johnson's handlers refused to let him come out for the twelfth round and it counted as a knockout for Willard.

The crowd gave Jess a great ovation as he went to shake Johnson's hand.

RIGHT DRIVE TO JAW ENDS JESS WILLARD'S CAREER

JESS WILLARD made a miserable attempt in his attempt to prove to the boxing world that he was entitled to a return bout with Jack Dempsey when he was knocked out in the eighth round of a scheduled twelve-round bout in Boyle's Thirty Acres on July 12. The big Kansan, conquered by age as well as Firpo's terrific body blows, was counted out while the greatest throng that ever witnessed a boxing show looked on.

A succession of rights and lefts to the head, wound up in a swift right upper drive to Willard's jaw, and down went the huge bulk of the former champion. That blow brought to an end a most uneven contest that lasted just one minute and fifty-five seconds after the gong started the eighth round.

The description of the round in which the knockout and with it the final elimination of Jess Willard from the scene of boxing activities, took place, follows:

After sparring for a few seconds the men went into a clinch. Willard jabbed a left to the face. Firpo drove a right to the chest. Firpo rushed in with right and left to the body. Firpo floored Willard with a succession of rights and lefts to the jaw. Referee Lewis completed a count of ten before Willard could scramble to his feet. Willard then was assisted to his seat in his corner by Referee Lewis. The round had gone one minute and fifty-five seconds. Willard revived quickly in his corner and stood up to shake the hand of his conqueror when Firpo stepped across the ring. Willard stepped out of his corner five minutes after the knockout amid a mingled demonstration from the crowd. Firpo left the ring a few minutes after Willard.

GALLANT JACK DEMPSEY

(*Continued from page* 38)

another alike. He always kept his opponent guessing by changing his tactics almost every round. He had a quick brain that caused him to move with great speed when the occasion required rapidity.

Jack Dempsey was only thirty-three years of age when he passed away, after a hard struggle with consumption at his home in Portland, Oregon, surrounded by his wife and two children.

He was born on the Courrough of Kildare, Ireland, on December 15, 1862. His father's name was Kelly, and he died when Jack was a small boy, and his mother married again, a Dempsey, from whom the Nonpareil took his name.

I wish the boys who are boxing today could have seen Dempsey perform in his prime. They would see a master of the art of boxing. A man not only wonderful with his two hands, but with his two feet also. I really believe the Nonpareil was the first man to introduce the skillful footwork that revolutionized boxing and made it more scientific and speedy.

Dempsey was a close student of the old game and he showed by superior cleverness how a weaker man could master a stronger and heavier fighter in a finish battle.

THE RING stands for all that is honest in the field of boxing. Its progressive policy has gained for it thousands of readers.

JEWELER

to the

PROFESSION

BERT H. SATZ

1612 BROADWAY

Cor. 49th Street

NEW YORK

Telephone 4656 Circle

JOHN CICIO

AND

FRANKIE CALLAHAN

present

FRANKIE QUILL
142 pounds

JACKIE COBURN
128 pounds

HARRY CARLSON
133 pounds

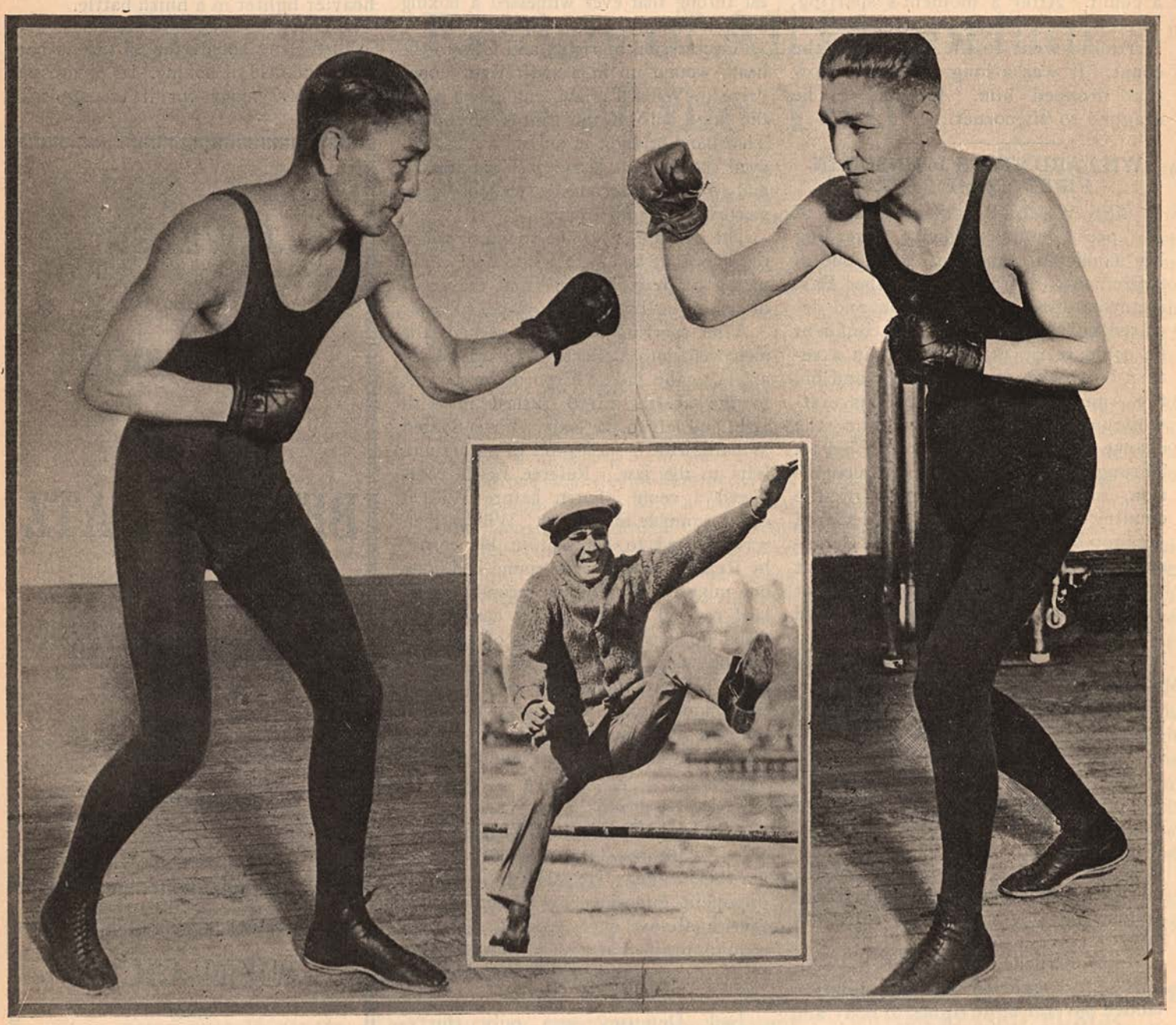
MICKEY DURANO
110 pounds

Address
243 Stockholm St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Telephone: Evergreen 7488

Christmas and New Year Greetings to our friends

ON THE TRAIL OF BENNY LEONARD

CLONIE TAIT, CANADIAN LIGHTWEIGHT CHAMPION



Mark This Prediction in Your Iron Hat—The Next World Lightweight Champion Is Clonie Tait!

Having secured his release from Leo Papyrus Flynn, the Canadian 135-pound titleholder has signed a contract with Phil Bernstein, the Harlem baron, automatically becoming a stablemate of American flyweight champion Francisco Genaro.

Philip believes he has a diamond in the rough in young Tait and very shortly will start a campaign for him that he believes will ultimately get him a match with Benjamin Leonard. For ever so many months Flynn tried to hook up Tait with Leonard, but the champion passed him up for the time being.

Should Tait show the public that he is a legitimate contender it is almost a sure thing that Billy Gibson will come to terms with Clonie's new manager and bring about the first appearance of Benny in a ring since his historic victory over Lew Tendler.

Tait, according to Philip, makes 135 pounds very easily and if he had to could scale 133 pounds ringside. Under Flynn's management Clonie showed symptoms of championship material, beating among others Ray Mitchell, Johnny Clinton, Tim Droney, Johnny Mendelsohn, Mel Coogan, Richie Mitchell and flattened Young Gradwell.

A two-fisted scrapper is Tait. He is exceptionally clever and knows the fine points of the modern art of self defense. When he first started in these parts Clonie showed earmarks of becoming a world beater.

Bernstein doesn't want a match with Leonard right now, but he'd like to match Clonie with the various contenders in an elimination tourney and the best man get the plum. We should imagine that is the fairest way of electing a candidate to oppose Leonard in the pugilistic "polls."

"Tait is a youngster and all he needs is plenty of work," says Bernstein. "He can hit and he can defend himself. There is little he doesn't know about the game.

"The first and last time Clonie showed at Madison Square Garden he made a big hit. He is learning fast. He is a hard worker. Every day finds him in the gym working out. From the little I know of him since he joined my stable he is a likeable fellow and sure to make a name for himself. If he doesn't I'll miss my guess."

Gibbons Only Boxer to Last Fifteen Rounds with Dempsey

NO championship fight in Jack Dempsey's career was staged under conditions more extraordinary or more dramatic than his fifteen-round battle with Tommy Gibbons, the St. Paul challenger, in the sun-baked arena in the little boom town of Shelby, Mont., on July 4.

Owing to the demands of Jack Kearns, manager of the champion, for the complete fulfillment of Dempsey's $300,000 contract much ill feeling had been aroused against the titleholder. When he entered the ring he was facing a strictly Gibbons' crowd.

Gibbons proved to be the best defensive fighter that Dempsey had ever met. His cleverness and elusiveness saved him from being hammered to the canvas in spite of the champion's most determined attacks.

In the opening fighting, where Gibbons could use his speed and his shiftiness, he was, at times, the master of Dempsey. But whenever they fell into clinches, which were increasingly frequent, Dempsey mauled and pounded Gibbons in merciless fashion, and piled up points.

Gibbons fought a fast and courageous fight for ten rounds. Then he seemed to tire, and lasted until the end almost entirely on his defensive skill. He had just one idea—to stick to the finish—and he did.

It was the first time that any man had succeeded in staying the limit with Dempsey since he became champion. The result was a distinct surprise, as Dempsey was figured to score a knock-out within ten rounds.

Dempsey weighed 188 pounds and Gibbons 175½. The fight by rounds of this battle follow:

First Round

They shook hands in the center of the ring and clinched, after Dempsey had hooked a left to the body. Dempsey landed three lefts to the body and a right to the head. Dempsey shot a straight left to Gibbons's face as he backed away. Dempsey swung a left to the jaw, forcing Gibbons to retreat. Gibbons hooked a light left to the head and repeated. Dempsey hammered Gibbons about the body with short rights and lefts in the clinches. Gibbons's mouth was bleeding. Gibbons hooked a left to the jaw and shot over a right. In a clinch Dempsey jogged him with a right uppercut. The referee broke them and Dempsey missed a right to the head.

Second Round

Gibbons was short with a left and they clinched. On the breakaway Dempsey tried a left to the head and Gibbons clinched. Dempsey pounded Gibbons on the back of the head in the clinch and nailed him with a right and left on the breakaway. Gibbons held Dempsey's arms in the clinch to protect his body. Gibbons hooked a left to the cheek, cutting Dempsey's right eye. Dempsey brought his right into Tom's mid-sections in the clinch. Gibbons missed a right. Gibbons hooked a solid left to the head and Dempsey retaliated with the same punch. Gibbons backed away from two lefts and clinched. They were locked in a clinch, pounding each other at the bell.

Third Round

Dempsey drove a right and left to the body and Tom clinched. Dempsey repeated with the some punches and then nailed Gibbons on the jaw with a left hook, forcing him to clinch. Gibbons feinted and backed away. Dempsey was short with a left, but connected with a right. He battered Tom's body with a right. Gibbons landed two lefts and swung a right to the jaw. Dempsey was short with a left. He attempted to swing Gibbons off his feet, but Gibbons clinched. Dempsey landed a right and left to the body. Tom pounded the champion's mid-section as they came together. Jack dug a hard right into Tom's stomach. He landed another right to the same spot. Gibbons swung a right to the jaw at the bell.

Fourth Round

Dempsey hooked a left to the stomach and Tom clinched. The champion punched him around the head with rights and lefts in close quarters. Gibbons backed into a corner to avoid two lefts. When he came out, they clinched and Dempsey hurt him with body punches. Dempsey kept pounding Gibons on the back of the head in the clinch. Dempsey took a left hook back of the ear. The champion sank his right into the body. Gibbons took a sock on the forehead and clinched. Dempsey landed a left hook and got a solid left in return. Gibbons hooked a left to the jaw and a right to the head. Dempsey was punishing Gibbons severely with short body punches at the bell. Dempsey was bleeding from the old wound over the left eye.

Fifth Round

Dempsey missed a left to the body as they fell into a clinch. Gibbons poked two light lefts to the head. Dempsey missed a left and Tom clinched. Gibbons hooked two lefts to the head and the crowd cheered. Gibbons landed a third left without a return. Dempsey rocked the challenger with a right and left to the head and nailed him with a solid right to the jaw, forcing him to clinch. Gibbons danced away, forcing Dempsey to follow him. Tom poked a left in Dempsey's face. Dempsey landed a right to the body and Gibbons a left to the ribs. Dempsey shot a left to the head and Gibbons did the same thing.

Sixth Round

Dempsey's left was short in a clinch and Referee Dougherty was forced to go between them. Gibbons danced away from Dempsey's leads. In the clinch Dempsey hit Tom on the chin with short rights. Gibbons ducked a left and his head went through the top rope of the ring. Dempsey pulled him back and the crowd booed. They traded lefts to the head before clinching. Gibbons missed a left and in the clinch pounded his foe on the back of the head with rabbit punches. Dempsey hooked a right to the body. Jack shot a left to the jaw on his shift and shot a left to the body. Gibbons nailed the champion with a left hook to the chin when the round ended.

Seventh Round

Dempsey drove a right to the body and left to the jaw. As Gibbons came in the champion hooked him with a right to the chin. Gibbons hung on and backed away after the breakaway. Dempsey swung another right to the jaw and Gibbons hooked him with a left at close quarters. Gibbons ducked a left to the head. He backed away from a hard right swing. In the clinch Dempsey kept hooking right and left to the challenger's body and head. Gibbons backed into the ropes to escape punishment. He appeared to be weakening under Dempsey's savage body attack.

Eighth Round

Gibbons missed two lefts and Dempsey hooked a left to the chin. In the clinch they exchanged punches to the head. Gibbons whipped over two lefts to the head Dempsey drove a right to the body and left to the head. Dempsey landed a left to the head and Gibbons smashed the champion with a left to the chin. He nailed Jack on the same spot in a clinch. Dempsey smashed Gibbons with a left jab. Tom backed into the ropes and hooked Dempsey high on the head with a left. Gibbons swung a right to Jack's chin. As they clinched Dempsey brought short rights and lefts to Tom's face.

Ninth Round

Dempsey feinted and Gibbons backed away. Falling into a clinch Jack was short with a left. Tom danced away from a left hand and exchanged lefts with Dempsey. Gibbons landed a light left to the body as they came together. The elusive Gibbons was getting to be a tough target for the champion. Jack hooked a left to the nose and Gibbons drove a left to Dempsey's chin as they clinched. Dempsey hooked two lefts to the head. Gibbons swung two lefts and a right to Dempsey's head. They exchanged lefts. Dempsey drove Tom into the ropes under a bombardment of lefts and rights. Gibbons hooked the champion with a right and left to the head and then dug his left into the champion's stomach.

Tenth Round

Gibbons landed a light left to the head. Dempsey hooked his left twice to Tom's jaw, forcing him to back away. Jack drove him into the ropes with jarring punches to the head. Dempsey was wild with a left hook, but crashed a right to the body, making Tom clinch. Gibbons sank a right into the champion's body and received two lefts to the head. A third left just grazed Tom's chin. Dempsey missed a right, but landed with a left to the head. Gibbons was short with a left and had the champion backed into the ropes ready for a right swing when the bell stopped them.

Eleventh Round

Gibbons ducked a left to the head. He swung a light left to Dempsey's head. He nailed Jack with a left hook to the chin and received three lefts to the body and head in return. Gibbons backed away from Dempsey's left lead and swung three light lefts to the head. Dempsey hooked him with two left uppercuts. The champion missed a right and brought over another left uppercut to the chin. Gibbons ran into the corner and around the edge of the ring to escape. They traded lefts to the head. Dempsey missed a right and received a left to the

(Continued on page 47)

Dundee Achieves Goal of Ambition

IT was on July 26 that Johnny Dundee, one of the stars of ringdom, finally succeded in reaching the goal of his ambition when he triumphed over Eugene Criqui in a fifteen round bout at the Polo Grounds and with the victory annexed the world's featherweight title which Criqui gained by knocking out Kilbane only sixty days previous.

Dundee in this contest showed to better form than he had displayed at any time since he fought a twenty round draw with Kilbane and surprised even his most ardent admirers by flooring the hard hitting Frenchman several times.

In the fifteenth round Dundee was battering away furiously at Criqui's body and had him all but out when the bell ended hostilities. The fight by rounds follow:

First Round

Criqui hooked a left to the head and at close quarters punched the body. Dundee hooked two lefts to the jaw and sent Criqui back on his heels. Criqui drove a right to the heart and in a clinch each pounded the body. Criqui missed a left hook for the jaw and at close quarters drove a left and right to the body. They exchanged left hooks to the face. Dundee leaped in with a left hook to the face and they clinched. Criqui drove a hard right to the body. Dundee drove a left to the face, and Criqui landed a right to the face. Dundee sent a left hook to the jaw which floored Criqui for a count of nine. Dundee tried desperately for a knockout and scored with rights and lefts but the Italian was wild and Criqui weathered the storm.

Second Round

Criqui was bleeding from the nose. Dundee hooked a left to the side of the face. In a clinch Criqui drove the right to the heart. Dundee hooked a left to the jaw and took a right to the face in return. With a short inside hook to the jaw Dundee sent Criqui to his knees. Criqui was up immediately, and they resumed sparring. Dundee peppered Criqui with rights and lefts, and with a left hook sent Criqui down for a count of nine. Dundee followed Criqui about the ring and with a shower of rights and lefts to the jaw sent Criqui down again for a count of nine. Criqui was again game but groggy. He was warned for hitting low. Dundee kept shooting his left hook for the face, and at the bell Criqui was staggering around the ring.

Third Round

The Frenchman put two lefts to the law and Dundee clinched, trying for the body. Criqui missed right hook and took right and left to head. Dundee again sent his left to head. They then went into a clinch, Criqui putting two lefts to body. Dundee sent left to neck, followed by right and left hooks to head. The champion was boring in but missing.

Criqui uppercut with left and right to chin. In close Dundee put right to ear and received left to face. The challenger put two light lefts to nose and began to dance and sway. Johnny then put right and left to mouth and took left to face. Criqui sent hard right to chin as Dundee reclined on the ropes. Dundee bounced off ropes and put two lefts to head, but received a right to the jaw when he tried it again. Once more Dundee bounced off the ropes, the Frenchman missing him with a right hook as he came off.

Fourth Round

Dundee blocked a left for head and they clinched. Criqui sent two snappy lefts to mouth. Criqui missed a right and they clinched. Dundee put three lefts to head. Criqui drove left to ear. Criqui was short with left but landed two to mouth. Criqui caught Dundee with a jarring left hook to jaw and sunk his right to his body as Johnny bounced off ropes. Criqui was short with two lefts to head. Dundee put light left to nose. Dundee missed left for head.

Fifth Round

Dundee snapped the champion's head with a left and bounded back and forth across the ring twice while Criqui tried in vain to hit him. Dundee sent hard left to jaw and bounced around like a rubber ball. Criqui put right to ear and they were mauling each other at the bell. The crowd was highly delighted with Dundee's spectacular tactics of bouncing off the ropes and jumping in the air.

Sixth Round

The men went to close quarters, where each worked blows to the head and body. Criqui hooked a left to the jaw, but took a right and left to the jaw in return. Dundee sent Criqui's head back with a left to the jaw and drove a right and left to the mouth, which brought the blood flowing from Criqui's lips. Dundee leaped in with a left hook to the jaw and a right to the body as Criqui crouched. Dundee twice stabbed Criqui with a left jab. Dundee drove a right to the jaw and as Criqui crouched Dundee drove his right and left to the head. Criqui drove a left to the chest. Criqui sent a right to the body and they clinched. At close quarters each drove a right to the heart at the bell.

Seventh Round

Dundee hooked three lefts to the jaw and staggered the Frenchman with a succession of rights and lefts to head, Criqui finally going into a clinch. Criqui put hard left to body and took a straight left to the mouth. Criqui landed lightly down by belt, but apologized. Criqui uppercut with right at close quarters. Criqui sent left to jaw and took hard left to ear in return.

Dundee put a staggering left to jaw, following with right to head. Dundee again whipped left to head. Criqui put light left to the body, followed with left to jaw. Dundee sent three lefts to the ear and followed with another to the jaw. Criqui rushed Dundee to the ropes, fighting for the body. Dundee hooked a right uppercut in close at bell. Criqui sat down heavily when he reached his corner. His mouth was bleeding freely.

Eighth Round

Dundee jabbed a left to the face and crossed the right to the jaw. Criqui reached Dundee's jaw with a grazing right. Dundee had the blood coming from Criqui's mouth with lefts and rights. Criqui again was warned for hitting low with the right. Dundee drove a right and left to the jaw. Dundee leaped in with a left jab, and in a clinch drove a right uppercut to the chin. Dundee twice leaped in and showered Criqui with rights and lefts to the jaw without a return. Dundee jabbed a left to the face and sent a right to the ribs. Dundee drove Criqui across the ring with a right and left to the jaw, and the blood gushed from Criqui's mouth. Criqui was in distress. Dundee peppered him with rights and lefts to the jaw to the bell.

Ninth Round

Criqui's seconds could not stop the flow of blood between the rounds. Dundee and Criqui clinched. They exchanged light lefts to the face. Criqui tried with rights and lefts to the jaw but was wild. Dundee staggered Criqui with a hard left hook to the jaw. Criqui danced about Dundee trying to collect his scattered wits. Dundee leaped in with a left and right to the face. Criqui missed a right for the jaw. Dundee, after jabbing several times with the left for the face, drove a hard right to the law. Dundee drove a right and left to the jaw and when Criqui missed a right for the head, they clinched. Criqui twice missed with his right for the jaw. After a furious assault, Dundee worked on Criqui with rights and lefts to the jaw as he would on a punching bag. Criqui was weary at the bell.

Tenth Round

Dundee put left to stomach and brought it up hard to jaw twice. The Frenchman sent right and left to jaw. Criqui was hanging on. The Frenchman put two light lefts to mouth. Dundee missed with his left and they clinched. Dundee drove his man to the ropes with half a dozen blows to the jaw. Criqui tried hard to cover, but was unable to block the rights and lefts to the head.

Criqui was almost helpless, but still tried gamely to fight back, waving and swaying in attempts to block punishment. Dundee hooked left to jaw and Criqui missed a left swing but landed with right. The Frenchman pushed forward gamely, but was wild, and they went into a clinch. Dundee staggered the champion with a cruel left to the ear at the bell.

Eleventh Round

Criqui shook his head to clear his brain as he came out. Dundee worked for his body at close quarters. They both missed lefts. Dundee sent three lefts to the jaw without a return, followed with several more lefts to the head. Criqui missed a left and clinched. Dundee put right and left to head and took left to jaw. Dundee bounced off the ropes and the Frenchman missed him with a right, but caught him with a left to jaw.

Criqui rushed and went into a clinch. Dundee shot two lefts to head. Dundee put left to ear and followed with right over heart. Dundee met Criqui's rush with right and left to jaw and uppercut him with a right as they broke away. They were sparring in the center at the bell. Dundee did not fight as hard during this round as he had earlier.

Twelfth Round

Dundee hooked a light left to the body as they clinched. Dundee hooked four light lefts to the face without a return. At close quarters Criqui drove a right and left to the body. Criqui hooked a left to the head and they clinched. Dundee started a furious rally in which he landed with rights and lefts to the jaw, head and body until he had Criqui staggering against the ropes. In a clinch, Criqui held on. Criqui drove a right to the body, and missed when he tried again with the same punch. Criqui looked like a novice as Dundee made him miss. Dundee peppered Criqui with rights and lefts to the jaw, but the champion refused to go down. Dundee was battering Criqui with rights and lefts to the jaw at the bell.

Thirteenth Round

Criqui came out slowly. He puts a left to the mouth. Dundee hooked a right and left to jaw and staggered his man with another right to ear. Johnnny uppercut with his right to the chin and followed with several punches to the jaw with both hands. Criqui hit Dundee on the thigh with a light right, but apologized. Criqui hooked a right and left to head. Criqui sent a straight left to mouth.

Dundee sent left to head and Criqui clinched. Dundee bounced off ropes and missed a left hook. Criqui pressed forward,

(*Continued on page* 47)

DEMPSEY-GIBBONS FIGHT

(*Continued from page* 45)

head. Gibbons shot two light lefts to the head as they clinched.

Twelfth Round

Gibbons tried to feint with a left and they clinched. They exchanged punches to the body at close range. Gibbons danced away from a left hook. Dempsey missed a right to the head, but hooked over a left to the head. Gibbons backed away from a left, and in the clinch Dempsey hammered him on the back of the neck with rabbit punches. Dempsey drove a right and left to the body and hooked the challenger with a left to the head as they clinched. Dempsey missed a left to the chin, but jarred the challenger with a sharp left to the jaw. Breaking away from a clinch, Gibbons swung a right and left to the champion's jaw.

Thirteenth Round

Gibbons backed away from Dempsey's leads and clinched. Jack drove two lefts to the head and received a left in return. Dempsey held Gibbons in a clinch, punishing him with jolting rights and lefts to the head. Jack missed a right, but hooked Tom with a right to the chin. Gibbons swung a left to the head. Dempsey was short with a right to the body. Dempsey nailed Gibbons with a right to the jaw. Dempsey's right was short to the head and Gibbons missed the champion's next right to the jaw. Gibbons sent a right and left to the body. He fanned Dempsey's nose with a right and left and backed away.

Fourteenth Round

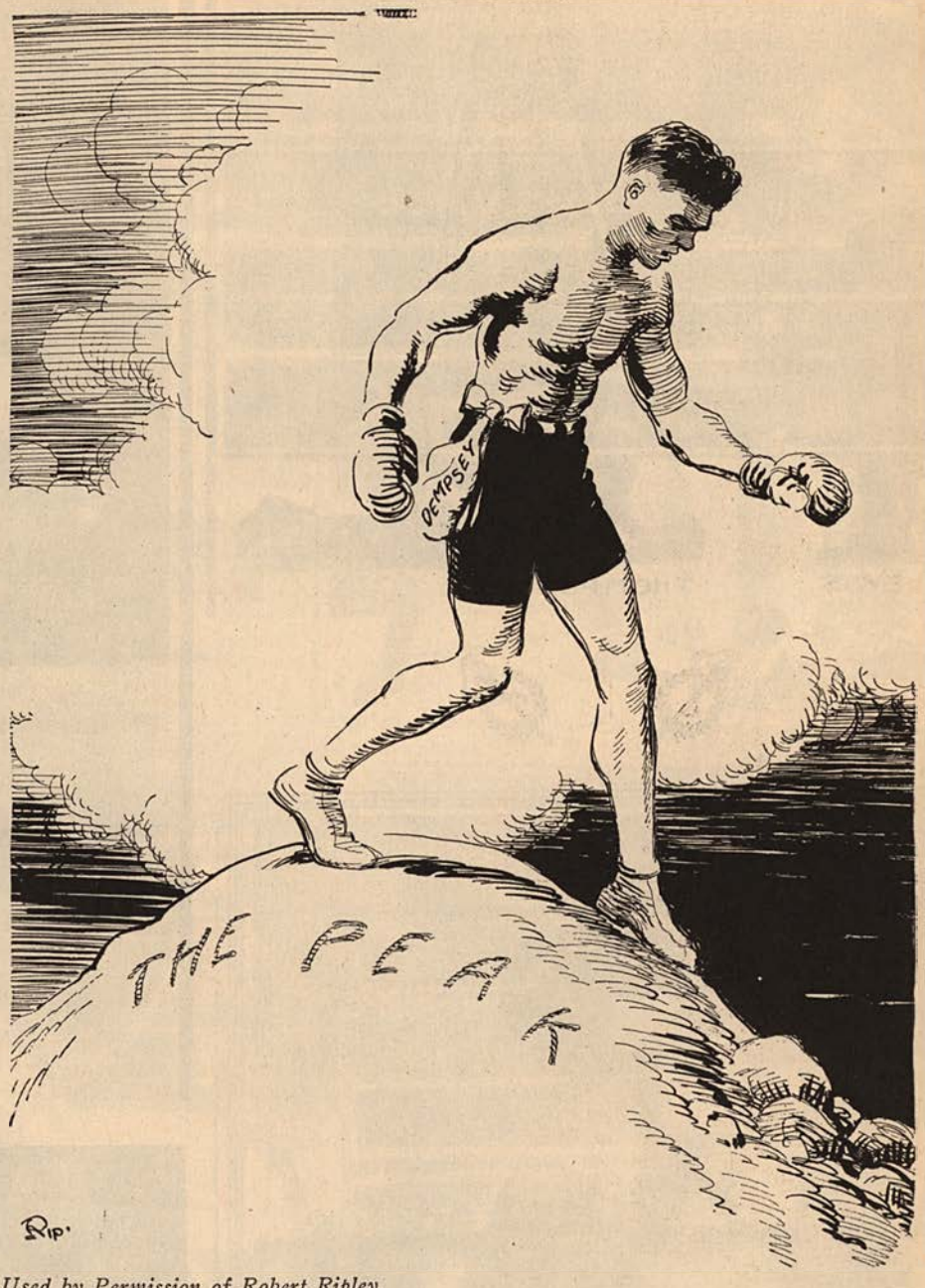
Dempsey came with his crouch and they clinched. Gibbons ducked a left and the champion drove a right to the body. Jack chased Gibbons around the ring without landing a punch. Dempsey hooked sharply to the jaw, but missed his second left hook to the same spot. Dempsey continued forcing the fighting, with Gibbons clinching at every opportunity. They clinched. Gibbons hooked left to the head and Jack jarred him with a swinging left to the chin. Gibbons beat Dempsey to the punch, hooking over right and left to the head. Dempsey backed into a corner momentarily, but came out fighting and fell into a clinch in the center of the ring.

Fifteenth Round

The crowd began throwing seat cushions into the air. The fighters shook hands in the middle of the ring. Dempsey missed a left to the body. They clinched. Gibbons backed away, covering up from Dempsey's onslaught. Dempsey hooked a left high to the head and backed Gibbons into the ropes in a clinch. Dempsey hooked two lefts to the head. Dempsey missed a right swing to the head. Gibbons persisted in clinching and when free ran away from the champion. Gibbons ducked a right to the head. Gibbons covered up to evade Dempsey's rushes. Gibbons was tiring fast and seeking the protection of clinches from Dempsey's vicious rights and lefts to the head as the bell sounded, ending the round and the fight.

Dempsey won the decision.

HE STANDS SUPREME



Used by Permission of Robert Ripley.

Dundee-Criqui Fight

(*Continued from page* 46)

missing right and left for head. He was weak, but trying hard. Dundee stepped under two left hooks and whipped right and left to head, taking right to body. Dundee was short with a left. The challenger rocked the champion with a right uppercut to chin. Criqui stabbed a light left to the chin at the bell.

Fourteenth Round

Criqui blocked Dundee's right for the jaw. Dundee was short with a right for the jaw. At close quarters Dundee drove a right to the body and a left to the face. Dundee drove a right and left to the face and Criqui retreated to the ropes. Criqui sent Dundee's head back with two left jabs to the face. Dundee sparred cautiously and then missed a right cross for the jaw. Criqui landed two right uppercuts to the chin at close quarters. Dundee jabbed his left to the face and then twice hooked the left to the jaw. Criqui almost fell through the ropes when he missed a right, as Dundee bounded off the ropes. Dundee hooked a left to the face. Dundee seemed content to make Criqui miss, and in this he was very successful,

Fifteenth Round

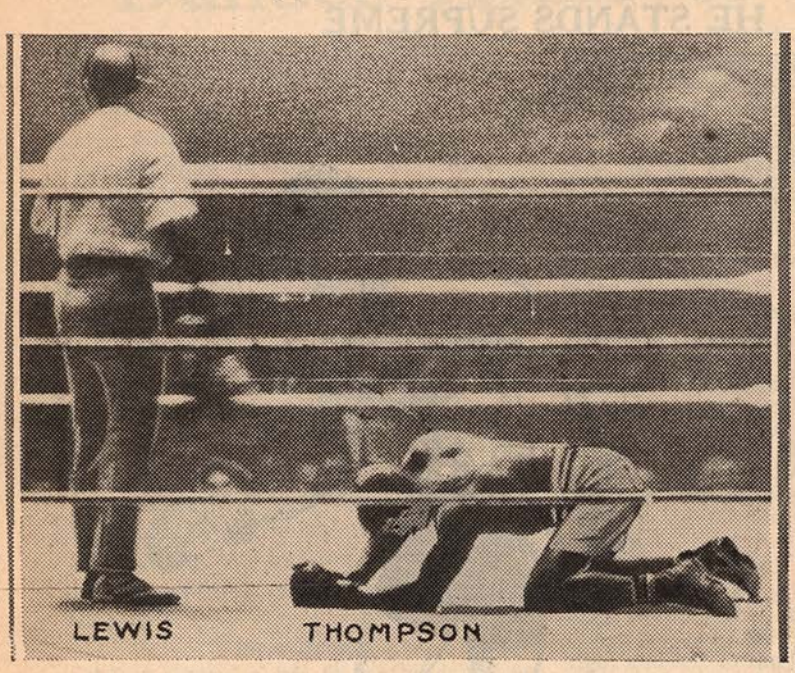
They shook hands. Dundee whipped right to body and then clinched. Criqui sent left to nose and clinched. Criqui was inside a left hook and missed one himself. They traded lefts to the jaw. Dundee put right and left to the head and made the Frenchman groggy with numerous rights and lefts to the head. Criqui clinched.

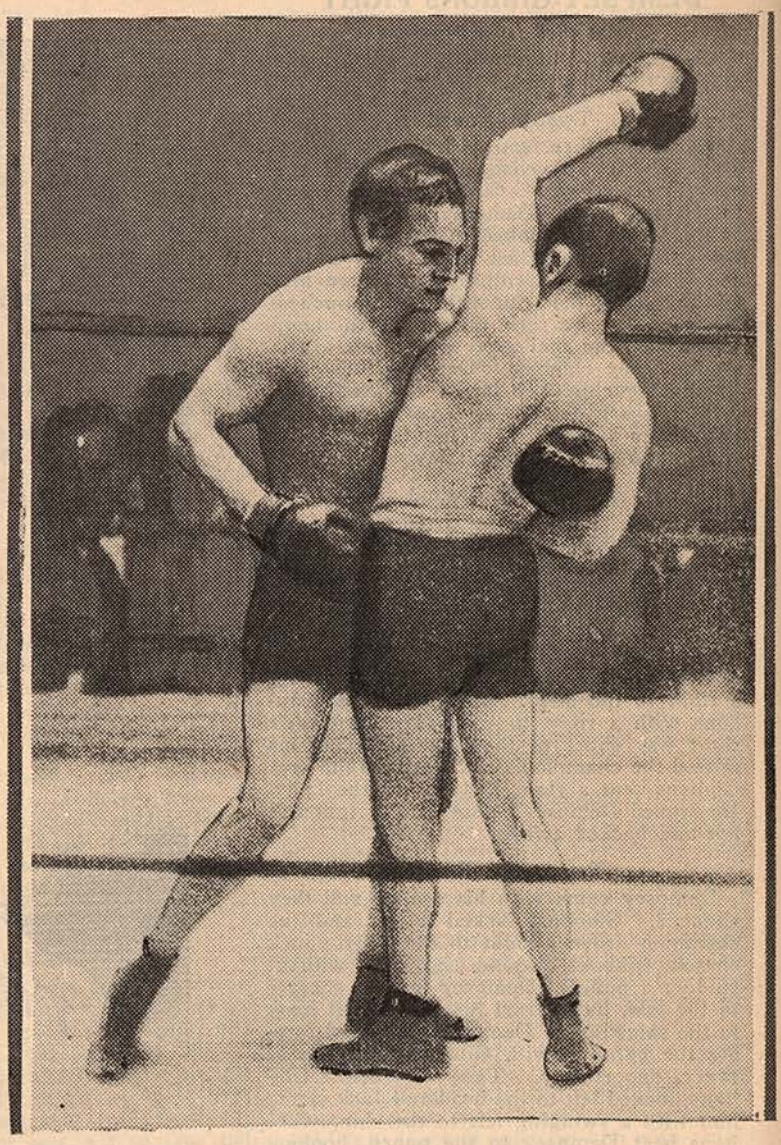
Criqui landed light left on nose and hooked left to the ear. Dundee whipped his right to the body twice and rushed his man to the ropes, landing several times. Dundee set his teeth and followed the Frenchman around the ring. Criqui appeared to be weak but continued to fight back.

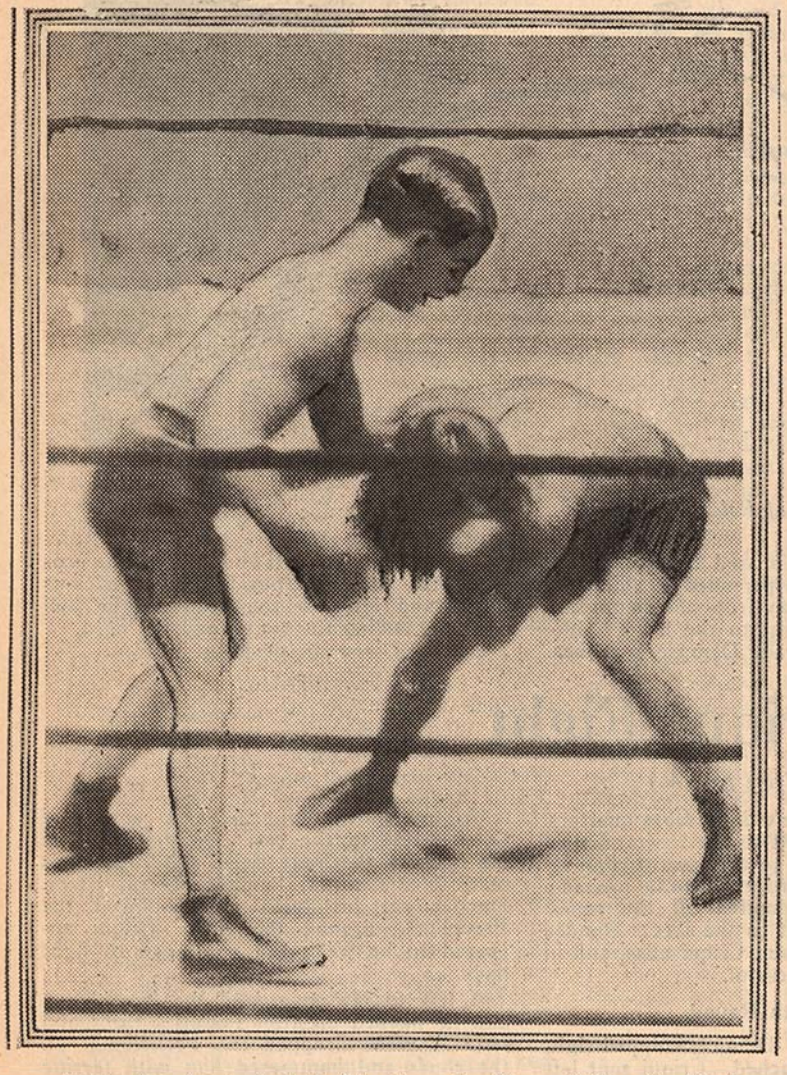
A left to jaw staggered the Frenchman and he backed up after taking a right and left. Dundee dropped the Frenchman on the ropes and hammered him with terrific right and left to the head, Criqui being so weak that he could not use his hands to protect himself.

Criqui lay back on the ropes, receiving punch after punch when the bell mercifully put an end to his punishment.

Bouts Which Thrilled Fight Enthusiasts in 1923

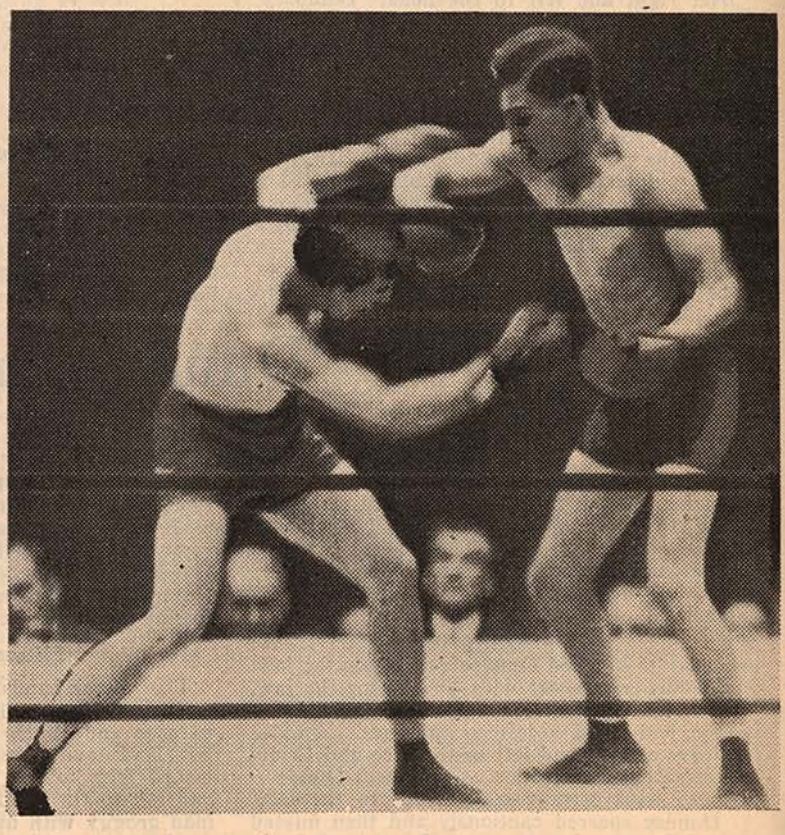






Above—Knockout of Jack Thompson by Harry Wills, the Black Panther, in the fifth round of a scheduled twelve-round bout in Newark. Just another victim in the long list of conquests of the only real contender for Dempsey's crown.

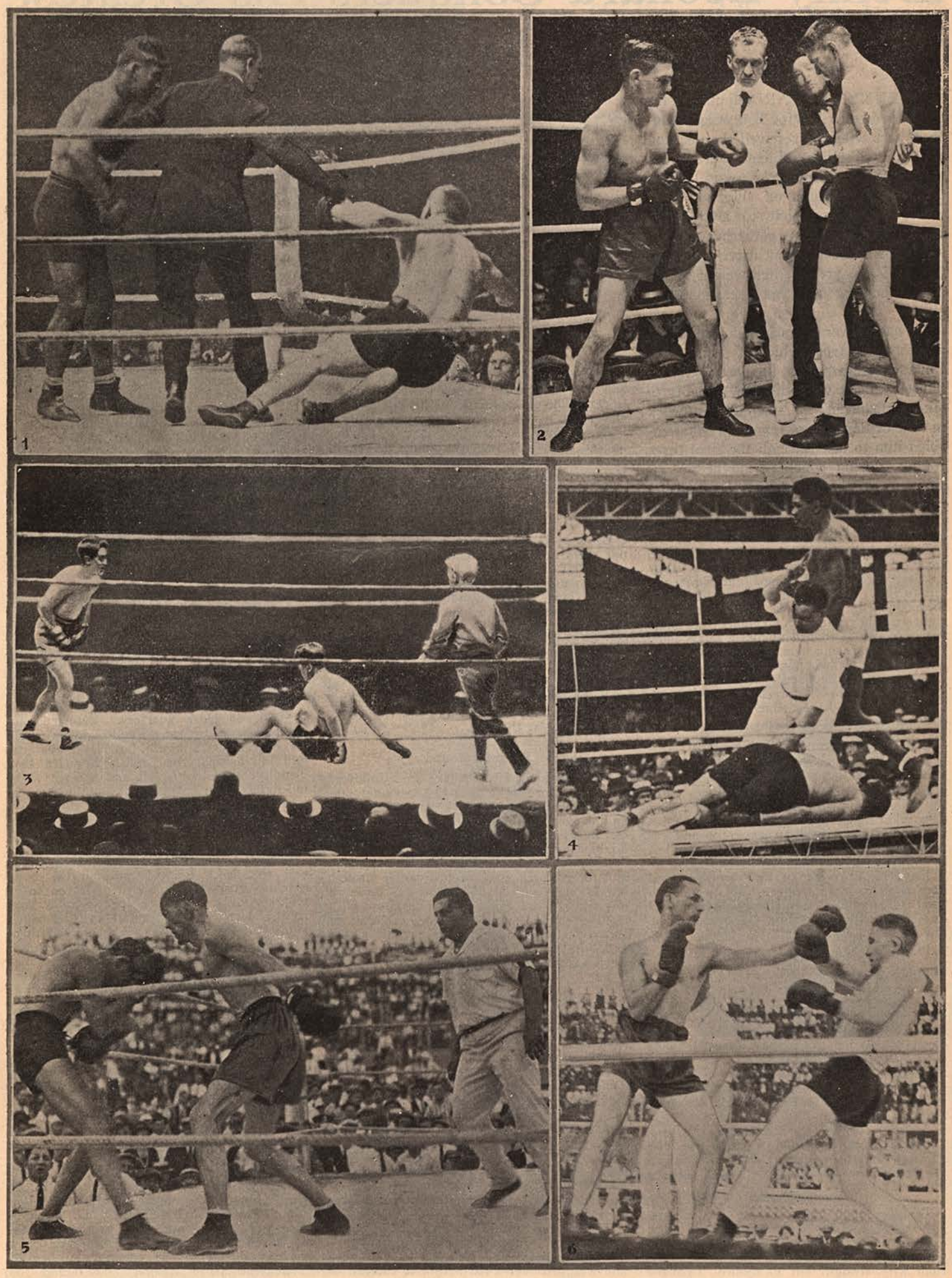
Below—Frankie Genaro forcing Pancho Villa to cover in their title bout in Garden. Genaro won the crown in this contest



Above—Charley White forced into holding Rocky Kansas in Garden contest.

Below—Leonard getting a blow up to Tendler's heart in bout at Yankee Stadium.

Action Aplenty in These Bouts



1—*Beckett knocks out Frank Moran.*
2—*Greb-Tunney imbroglio for light heavyweight title.*
3—*Jack Bernstein floored by Dundee in bout for junior lightweight title.*
4—*Nilles receiving a haymaker at the hands of Battling Siki.*
5—*Joe Lynch defending his title against Pal Moore.*
6—*Benny Leonard successfully defending his lightweight crown against Ever Hammer.*

Benny Leonard Conquers His Greatest Rival

BENNY LEONARD eliminated his greatest rival for lightweight honors when he received the decision over Lew Tendler, Philadelphia's great southpaw, in a thrilling 15-round bout in the Yankee Stadium on July 23. The contest, a return bout to a decision, brought forth a huge gathering, and to this crowd Benny conclusively proved that he is the greatest lightweight of the age, if not the best that ever donned a glove.

Leonard several times had Tendler in a tight hole from which it seemed the Philadelphian would be unable to extricate himself, and it was only Lew's ability to take punishment, his splendid headwork in time of danger and his vitality that enabled him to last through the final three rounds, during which period he was at the mercy of the champion. The fight by rounds of this great battle follows:

First Round

Tendler led with a light left but was short. Leonard put his right to head; they sparred carefully. Leonard put right and left to jaw. Tendler put right to body and they clinched. Tendler was inside Leonard's right and they clinched. Tendler was short with a right. Leonard missed a left. They fought at close quarters but did little damage. They traded punches to the body. Tendler caught Leonard to the chin. Tendler put right to the neck, followed with right to body and they clinched. They were dancing around at the bell.

Second Round

Tendler was short with his right. Benny hooked left to body. Leonard put right and left to body. Leonard uppercut with right to chin, then whipped to Tendler's ear. Champion again uppercut Tendler with his right. Benny missed an uppercut and received a right to ribs. Leonard shot his left to head. Lew was short with two rights.

Tendler put right to face and received hard right to jaw in return. Benny put two hard rights to ear. Leonard made Tendler's knees sag with a ferocious right and left to jaw in a neutral corner.

Third Round

Tendler was short with a right. Tendler sent several lefts to the body in close but took two hard rights to jaw in return. Leonard pumped right and left to body. Benny uppercut to chin with his right. Leonard sent left to chin and uppercut twice with his right at close quarters.

Leonard shook Tendler up with hard rights and sent him to the ropes. Tendler sent right to head and they mixed furiously at close quarters. Lew put right and left to mouth. Tendler missed a right and they clinched. Leonard put a right to the stomach and brought up left and right to the jaw at the bell.

Fourth Round

Tendler was short with two rights. Leonard drove his right to chin at close quarters. Tendler put right to body and whipped it up to the jaw. Benny met his rush with straight left to mouth. Leonard put left and right to body. Leonard missed a left and they clinched. Tendler swung a hard left to the jaw and followed with a right, but was severely punished by Leonard, who used both his hands to body and completely whirled Lew around.

Leonard sent hard right to mouth and followed with left to ear. Leonard put right to head and followed with several stiff rights and lefts. Leonard rushed his man, pounding his body with a left and bringing his right to the jaw several times, arousing the crowd to great enthusiasm. Tendler seemed annoyed as he went to his corner.

Fifth Round

Leonard greeted Tendler's rush with left to mouth and uppercut twice with right. Leonard again brought up his right in a clinch. Tendler seemed powerless to block this uppercut. Tendler put right to body and they clinched. Leonard sent his right to ear. The champion drove his left to head and right to ear. Tendler put a right to body. They exchanged jabs. Tendler backed away and turned around. As Tendler backed away the crowd laughed. Tendler put stiff right to the mouth. They were in a clinch at the bell.

Sixth Round

Leonard jabbed lightly with left. Benny put right to body. Tendler tried right to head, but was short. Leonard sent hard right to mouth and followed with two lefts to the jaw. Leonard hooked his right to jaw. Tendler rushed, but was short, and took right in the ribs. Lew missed right and left and clinched. Leonard put left to nose and right to mouth. Benny drove Lew back with a jarring right to the jaw. Leonard hooked two rights to the jaw, but missed a third and clinched. Benny shook up Lew with a right to the head and the challenger was holding at the bell.

Seventh Round

Leonard shot left to face and followed with two more light ones to the same spot. Leonard hurt Tendler with a right to heart, and drove him to the ropes. As he came off he received a right to stomach that doubled him over.

Leonard drove another to the stomach and received right to face. Tendler rushed, but Leonard picked off his blows. Leonard put right to head and shook up Lew with right to body. Leonard drove Tendler to the ropes and staggered him with rights and lefts to jaw and they wrestled. They were sparring at the bell.

Eighth Round

Tendler's seconds worked over him furiously during the minute's rest after the seventh. They came out slowly for the eighth. Tendler was short with two rights to the head. Leonard put left to the mouth. Tendler was cautioned for not breaking quickly enough.

Benny put hard right and left to jaw. Leonard hooked two rights to the ear. The champion caught Lew on the ropes with a hard right to the ribs and followed with another to the stomach and another to the wind forced Lew to hang on. Tendler put right and left to the mouth but received a jarring right to the heart.

Tendler put left to the jaw and received a right to the face. The champion snapped Tendler's head back with a left to the mouth and whipped over a hard right to the jaw at bell that shook the Philadelphian.

Ninth Round

Tendler missed a right and received right and left to head. Leonard put left to mouth and right to ear. Leonard sent a stinging left to the mouth. The referee cautioned Tendler to bring his punches up. Benny sent left to mouth. Tendler landed right uppercut to chin at close quarters, but took a right uppercut in return.

Tendler missed a right and dived through the ropes. Leonard stepped aside till he reentered the ring. Leonard landed six or seven rights and lefts to the head. Leonard sunk a hard left to the body. Tendler put two lefts to the jaw. Leonard sent two rights to jaw. They were sparring at the bell.

Tenth Round

They fiddled around. Leonard missed left and they clinched. Benny staggered Lew with two rights to the jaw. Tendler sent right to ear. They both missed and went in a clinch. Leonard ducked under a left hook and put his left to the mouth twice.

Tendler rushed Leonard to the ropes but failed to land. Benny snapped Lew's head back with a stiff left. Tendler took several lefts to the face and then Benny put over a hard right to the head. Tendler rushed but missed and fell over on the ropes, taking a hard right. Tendler whipped two lefts to the jaw at the bell.

Eleventh Round

Leonard put two light ones to the face and circled his man. They fiddled around. They were boxing very deliberately, both trying in vain to land at close quarters. Tendler missed a left. Tendler hooked right to ear in close quarters. Leonard put left to head and right to ear and right to body.

The champion sent left to chin and right to body in close quarters. Leonard sent right to win in close. Tendler hung a stiff left on Leonard's mouth, but lost his balance and fell against the ropes. Leonard kept Tendler off with his left and seemed to be absolutely sure of himself, smiling as he went to his corner.

Twelfth Round

They danced about, neither landing for several seconds. They went into a clinch and wrestled. Each hammered the body at close quarters. Leonard appeared to be looking for an opening to pile in a hard right. Lew rushed Benny to the ropes, landing a right to head, but received three hard rights to jaw in an ensuing exchange.

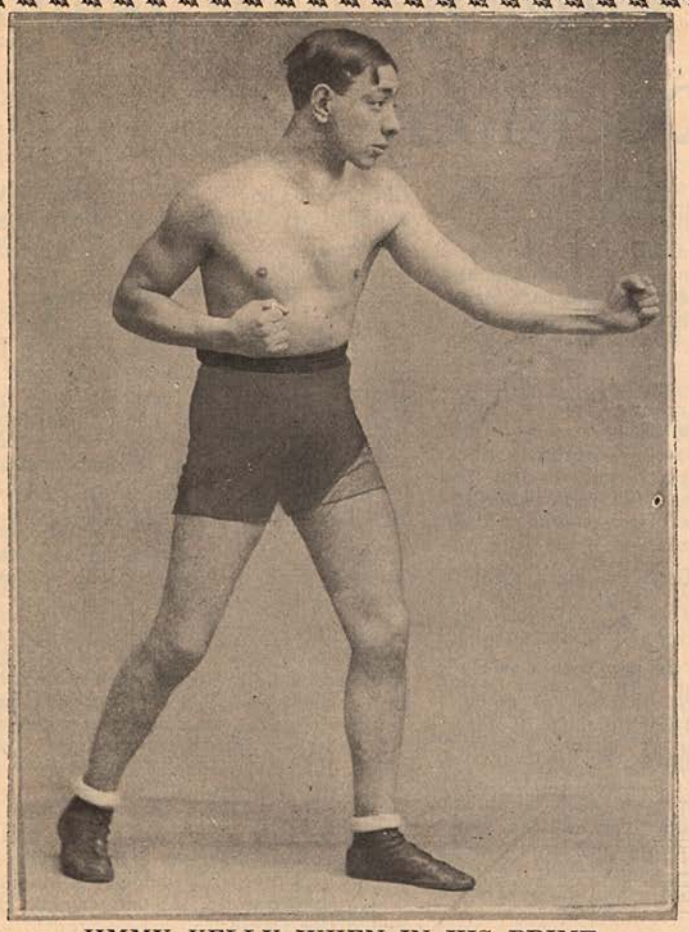
Tendler was short with a right, and they clinched. Benny put two lefts to mouth and stopped Tendler's left. Leonard shook up Lew with two hard rights to the jaw and stepped in, bringing up left and right to the chin. The champion then sent left to mouth. They were sparring at the bell.

Thirteenth Round

Leonard put left to ear and they wrestled in a clinch. Leonard hung two hard rights on Lew's jaw. Tendler rushed in a clinch without landing. They next exchanged, with Benny having much the better of it. Benny was inside Tendler's right and sent left and right to Lew's mouth.

Leonard whirled Tendler around and threw him to the ropes but did not follow him. Lew hooked left to body but took four hard rights and lefts to the jaw and appeared to be groggy. Tendler missed a right and fell to the canvas as a result. When he arose Leonard hammered him

(*Continued on page* 59)



JIMMY KELLY WHEN IN HIS PRIME

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year

Reserve Your Tables Now
for the Holidays

at

Jimmy Kelly's Allegria

ITALIAN
RESTAURANT

181 Sullivan Street New York City

Telephone: Spring 4242

Pay a Visit to This Famous
Sportsmen's Rendezvous

CHARLES HARVEY and His EUROPEAN BOXERS

BILLY WELLS

GEORGE WEST

JOEY FOX

Extend Yuletide Greetings To Their Friends

Manager of

JOHN BROWN—Bantamweight Champion of Europe
JOHNNY BASHAM—Former Welterweight Champion of Europe
JOEY FOX—Featherweight Champion of England
BERMONDSEY BILLY WELLS—142-147
MICKY McADAM—Scotch Featherweight
GEORGIE WEST—155-160

Address—1402 Broadway, New York City

Telephone—Fitzroy 6870

Tunney Regained Title from Greb in Close Decision

GENE TUNNEY, idol of Greenwich Village and a product of Uncle Sam's Marine Corps, regained the American light-heavyweight championship from Harry Greb of Pittsburgh in a spectacular fifteen-round bout, which had a crowd of about 15,000 people in a continuous uproar of excitement at Madison Square Garden on Feb. 11.

Tunney carried off the decision of Judges Charles E. Miles and Charles Meighan and Referee Patsy Haley after one of the stormiest light-heavyweight battles seen in a Garden ring since the revival of boxing in New York State. The verdict carried with it the title which Tunney lost to Greb on May 23, 1922, in the Garden.

The fight by rounds follows:

ROUND ONE—Greb took the aggressive and they came to close quarters, Tunney getting home with the first clean blow, a left to the jaw. Gene also put a right to the body. Greb came at him fast and landed a good right to the head as he leaped. Both played for the body at close quarters and a good exchange of punches followed as the round closed.

ROUND TWO—They came to a clinch and Greb slipped to the floor, but was up at once. Tunney put a corking left to the body, after which Greb mauled him about and kept him off balance with a flock of fast punches, but Gene got his bearings and drove his man to the ropes under a shower of head and body blows.

ROUND THREE—Tunney met Harry's usual rush with lefts and rights to the head and then, shifting to the body, drove his man clear across the ring. Gene got home a stiff right to the stomach that made Greb jump, and the latter was forced to break ground, but he hooked a hard left to the body at the bell.

ROUND FOUR—Greb ran into a left to the jaw at the start, but leaped in and countered with a wicked left to the stomach. Greb missed a right and Gene countered with a stiff blow to the body and then drove Greb half across the ring with a shower of punches.

ROUND FIVE—Tunney ripped in a lusty left to the body that started Greb hopping around like Johnny Dundee. He started mauling in his usual busy style, but was well peppered about the body for his pains. Greb shot a left to nose and uppercut the chin with his right. Tunney sent a hard left to chin and a right to body. Greb swung a right to the neck and Tunney landed on Greb's ribs with right and left. Tunney repeated the body blows and forced Greb against the ropes.

ROUND SIX—Tunney landed a left to stomach and Greb shot a solid right to ear. There was some acrobatic work by both without any damage. In a clinch both landed rights on face. Greb shot a hard right-hander to Tunney's ear. Greb missed with a right and Tunney countered to body with a left. Greb hooked a solid left to the pit of the stomach and followed with a left-hander that sent Tunney's head back.

ROUND SEVEN—Greb gave Tunney a terrific punch on the nose with his right and followed with same hand to the ear. Greb shot a right to ear which nearly upset Tunney. Greb swung his left on Tunney's neck. Tunney landed a left to face and Greb retaliated with a right to jaw. Greb missed a right-hander for face and Tunney countered with a left to jaw. Greb swung a right to ribs and followed with a right to neck. Greb jabbed Tunney in nose with left and swung a right to neck. Tunney landed a left on Geb's body and Greb swung a right on Tunney's neck.

ROUND EIGHT—Greb swung a right to Tunney's neck and at close quarters hit Tunney on the ear. He repeated with another left to the neck and right to the body. Greb then hit Tunney on jaw with a straight right. Greb followed with another right-hander under Tunney's ear. Greb shot another right-hander to Tunney's chin at close quarters. Greb pounded the body. Greb swung right and left to Tnnney's face and Tunney countered on body with right and left. At the bell Tunney's head was under Greb's arm. Tunney complained about Greb's rough work. Referee Haley went to Tunney's corner to find out what the complaint was.

ROUND NINE—Greb opened with a right-hander to Tunney's face and at close quarters beat Tunney on the face with right and left. Greb uppercut Tunney on chin with his right and Tunney countered to ribs with his left. In a clinch Greb beat Tunney in face with both hands. Greb shot a heavy left to Tunney's stomach and Tunney pounded the body with both hands. Tunney forced Greb in a corner, holding him there, pounding him on body. Greb hit Tunney in ribs with right and Tunney tried for the body with both hands. Greb missed a right swing and Tunney hooked him in mouth with a right.

Greb Staggers Tunney

ROUND TEN—Greb reached Tunney with a right on face and staggered the Greenwich Village man with a right to jaw. Greb poked another left hand in Tunney's stomach and at close quarters banged Tunney on ear with a volley of right-handers. Greb was reaching Tunney on face with a long, swinging right every few seconds. Greb poked a left into Tunney's face and a right to ear. They came to close quarters and pummeled each other furiously. Greb grazed Tunney's jaw with a left hand just before the bell.

ROUND ELEVEN—Greb reached Tunney on face with right and followed with a left-hander to stomach. Greb hit Tunney in face twice with his left and Tunney, using his weight, forced Greb against the ropes. Greb forced Tunney against the ropes and pummeled him with left and right. Tunney caught Greb in the mouth with a straight left. This round was a series of clinches in which Greb did the greatest execution.

ROUND TWELVE—Greb led with his right and was countered in face with Tunney's right. Referee Haley warned Greb about holding. Greb rushed Tunney across the ring, banging him in face with rights and lefts. Greb reached Tunney in body with left and Tunney countered with left and right in ribs. Greb swung with a right to Tunney's face, and Tunney in a clinch twisted Greb's neck. Haley again cautioned Greb. Greb swung right and left to Tunney's face and Tunney hammered the body with both hands. Haley went to Greb's corner and gave him another warning.

Referee Warns Tunney

ROUND THIRTEEN—Greb shot a right to Tunney's neck and brought a left to Tunney's nose. Greb hooked a left to the pit of Tunney's stomach, and at close quarters pounded Tunney with a left to the body and swung same hand to neck. Greb landed a right on the ear and Tunney banged the body with both hands. Greb rushed and landed a heavy right on Tunney's ear. Greb sent a heavy left-hander to Tunney's jaw, staggering the Greenwich Village man, and Tunney tried to wrestle Greb to floor, for which he was warned by the referee.

ROUND FOURTEEN—Greb opened with a left to Tunney's face and at close quarters pounded Tunney with rights and lefts to face. Greb shot left and right to face and Tunney countered on body. Tunney reached Greb on jaw with a right-hander and staggered the champion. Greb fought desperately and Tunney rushed him to a corner and pounded him on body. Tunney hammered in ribs with both hands and forced him all about the ring. Greb landed a right to jaw and then they came to a clinch. They were shooting at the air when the bell ended the round.

ROUND FIFTEEN—Greb reached the face with his left and Tunney pounded his body with right. Greb landed a heavy left on Tunney's face and Tunney hammered the body with both hands. Greb landed left and right to Tunney's face at close quarters. Greb uppercut Tunney on chin. Greb landed a heavy right on Tunney's face and repeated the same dose. Tunney landed left and right to face and forced Greb against the ropes At close quarters they both hammered the body with rights and lefts. They were clinched at the bell.

New York City Boasts of Three World's, Two U. S. Champions

NEW York City holds a unique distinction in the field of pugilism. For the first time in the history of the sport five local boys are crown bearers, three international or world champions and two American title holders. The defeat of Pancho Villa by Frankie Genaro, and Gene Tunney's victory over Harry Greb, gives New York City two American title holders, and in the international class of champions New York has Benny Leonard, world's lightweight king; Johnny Dundee, world's featherweight champion, and Joe Lynch, who ranks supreme among the world's bantamweights.

GIVE US YOUR OPINION

THE RING is YOUR magazine. It is published for the betterment of boxing, the greatest of all sports. If you have any suggestions as to how this book may be improved, write to us. We welcome suggestions as well as criticisms.

Johnny Wilson Relieved of Crown by Harry Greb

IN a messy fifteen-round contest, consisting largely of holding, pulling and mauling with the half Nelson frequently used by both boxers, Johnny Wilson was relieved of his world's middleweight championship by Harry Greb at the Polo Grounds on September 1. The bout was slow and uninteresting.

Only toward the last with the title gone from him did Wilson, the title holder, make a few wild rushes. The last round found him holding on instead of trying to make one desperate effort to keep the championship to which he had clung by the simple process of not fighting anybody.

In that last round Wilson was a very dejected spectacle. His right eye was closed, his nose, which jutted out from his face like a promontory, was bulbous and swollen. There was a trickle of blood from his bruised lips.

The fight by rounds follows:

Round One

Greb rushed out of his corner in the first round. Wilson met him with left to head and right to body. As Greb went into one of those tigerish clinches, Wilson ripped a hard left to body. Greb retorted with a right to the jaw and rushed Wilson to the ropes, where he landed another hard right to the head. Wilson rushed, landing two lefts in rapid succession, one to the head and one to the body.

Three times they rushed into clinches and in the last one Greb shot a hard uppercut to Wilson's jaw. Again in a clinch, Greb held Wilson's head with his left and hammered away with his right.

Round Two

Wilson came out eagerly for the second, but ran into a right hook. Greb tried to get in close, but Wilson lashed him back. Greb sent Wilson's head back with a hard right uppercut. As Greb rushed, Wilson drove him back with a stiff left. Greb wavered, but came on, driving Wilson to the ropes. Another left hook from Greb jolted Wilson considerably. As Wilson missed a long swing, Greb grinned and hooked a left to the champion's jaw. Greb seemed to have a shade of the second round.

Round Three

Greb came out smiling in the third and drove Wilson into a neutral corner. Greb seemed all confidence, while Wilson looked harassed and worried. Greb shot a hard right to Wilson's body, causing the champion to clinch. Wilson swung a hard right to Greb's jaw, but the only sign Greb gave was a grin. Greb landed a left low and was warned by Referee O'Sullivan. A moment later Wilson landed a low left. Both were playing for the body and were hitting dangerously close to the foul line.

Round Four

Greb started the fourth by landing a right over Wilson's heart. Greb drove Wilson to the ropes, landing solid rights and lefts to the face. At this point a fight in the crowd in the left field bleachers drew all attention from the ring. Greb continued to force the fighting and Wilson's very prominent nose became bulbous and swollen. Wilson landed a left to the body, but Greb immediately rushed him to the ropes. As they came out Wilson landed a long left to body, but Greb only grinned.

Round Five

Greb came out of his corner to begin the fifth wearing the same scornful smile. After a series of brief clinches he rushed Wilson to the ropes and almost threw him. Greb began to walk around the champion as though looking for an opening. Wilson seemed utterly bewildered. Greb showered Wilson's head with rights and lefts and again jammed him against the ropes. Referee O'Sullivan had plenty of work prying them loose from the clinches.

Round Six

They started the sixth by exchanging rights and lefts at long range and then went into the inevitable clinch. Greb finally measured Wilson and brought over a hard right to the jaw, but the blow seemed to make no impression. Wilson's seconds shouted for him to step in; he did, but it was into a clinch. Every time Greb shifted his feet Wilson covered in bewilderness.

Round Seven

They opened the seventh by peering intently at each other at long range, then the clinching started as usual. Wilson landed his left to the body twice and Greb ducked under a left swing and swung a right to Wilson's body. There was a loud smack as Greb hung a hard right on Wilson's jaw, but it seemed to make no impression. Wilson retorted with a left to Greb's jaw and another left, hard, to the body as the bell rang.

Round Eight

Greb rushed out at the start of the eighth and planted a hard left to Wilson's ribs. Just before they rushed into a clinch Greb hung a right on Wilson's eye, which began to swell. Greb quickened the pace and shot a volley of rights and lefts to Wilson's head. Wilson was just a little short with a right uppercut to Greb's jaw. Greb hammered two rights to the body and shot a right uppercut to the jaw. He followed this with more rights and left that had Wilson bewildered at the bell.

Round Nine

Greb started the ninth with a right to the jaw and Wilson went into a clinch. The champion seemed very depressed. Greb drove him to the ropes with a right to the body and a left to the head. Greb missed a lunge with his right and slipped to his knees. He was up in an instant. Greb landed another hard right to Wilson's ribs and it sounded like the beat of a bass drum. Wilson landed two light lefts and received a very healthy right to the head from Greb as the bell rang.

Round Ten

There was a loud howl from the multitude as Greb landed a hard right to Wilson's overhanging nose. Wilson held on as Greb showered the champion's beak with rights and lefts. At this point Wilson seemed very content to cover up. Suddenly Wilson came to and landed two straight lefts to Greb's jaw.

Round Eleven

The taunts of the crowd seemed to rouse Wilson and he shot two more lefts to Greb's body. Greb seemed to become more deliberate in his punching. He moved around Wilson looking for a chance to land one that would end it. Wilson landed a very low left, but Greb made no complaint. Instead he measured Wilson and shot a hard right to Wilson's jaw.

Round Twelve

Wilson's seconds shouted, "Let's go!" as the twelfth started, but Wilson did not go very far, as Greb hung a hard right on Wilson's sore eye. The champion was fighting very sluggishly. If he realized that his title was slipping he did not appear to care very much. One clinch followed another, and Greb had all the better of the in-fighting. The round, like the rest of the fight, was just one clinch after another.

Round Thirteen

The pair started the thirteenth with impersonations of Strangler Lewis. Suddenly Wilson seemed to show a flash and rushed in, planting two lefts to Greb's ribs. Greb quickly evened this up during the in-fighting and Wilson became listless and bewildered again. Toward the end of the round Wilson rammed a hard left to Greb's ribs. Wilson tried to lash himself into a fury, but Greb forced him into a neutral corner with lefts and rights to the head.

Round Fourteen

Wilson came out for the fourteenth with his left eye practically closed. Greb ran in, shooting rights to the body and whipping more up to the sore eye, with a hard right to the jaw. Greb continued to do all the landing in this round. They seemed to realize in Wilson's corner that the title was passing and were shouting hysterically to their man.

Round Fifteen

Wilson seemed ready to take a desperate chance in the fifteenth, but was met with a hard right to the head. Greb followed this with another right and left to the body. Greb was fresh and alert, while Wilson still seemed bewildered. There was a smile of confidence on Greb's face. He seemed to feel that he was a winner. Greb landed a hard right to the body and Wilson held him convulsively. Greb continued to press in and now it was Wilson who seemed to be doing the holding. The champion threw a hard right to Greb's head at the end. Greb threw his arms around Wilson's shoulders at the end. He seemed to know that he had won.

VILLA ELIMINATES MASON BY SCORING K. O. IN FIFTH ROUND

Pancho Villa, Filipino fighter, eliminated one of the flyweight championship contenders when he knocked out Frankie Mason of Fort Wayne, Ind., former holder of the title, in the fifth round of a bout on February 13.

Except for a short storm which Mason forced on him in the fourth round, Villa was a little brown master throughout. Mason had by far the worst of the first three rounds and the fourth was going against him when he sent home several rights to the body to gain honors in that one round.

The sting from these proved a spur to Villa's mastery. The fifth round was only a few seconds along when he jolted Mason with a right to the head and caught him short with a stiff left.

Mason was down sprawling in his own corner, but came up after a count of nine. The champion was on him with both hands and, swinging hard on head and body, sent Mason against the ropes and to the floor under a rain of blows. The Hoosier was game and tried to rise, but was unequal to it and fell back.

24 One-Round Knockouts Prove Dempsey's Punching Power

By LIEUT. HEINIE MILLER

JACK DEMPSEY, the Manassa Mauler, said by most experts to be the greatest and hardest hitting heavyweight in the history of the modern ring, stands supreme in his division, and, it is safe to predict, will continue in the role of champion for at least five more years. Dempsey's position today as undisputed heavyweight champion may be traced back to the afternoon in Harrison, N. J., when he crashed over a punch to Fred Fulton's jaw which dropped him for the long count in eighteen seconds. Up to that time Dempsey was just one of the group of contenders for Willard's crown. The workman-like way in which he performed sent his stock soaring and he was made right then. His knockout of Fulton was scored by a clean punch.

During his rise to the championship there is only one man whom Jack met more than once who did not succumb to a knockout blow, and usually in jig time. "Fat Willie" Meehan, of San Francisco, has this distinction. Meehan was always a puzzle for Dempsey. They met four times and Willie got a decision over the champion in a four-round bout out on the Pacific Coast five years ago. Jack drew twice with this pudgy puzzle and got a four-round decision. Jack Downey is the only other boxer to get a decision against Dempsey. This was in one of those four-rounders.

Dempsey knows what it is to be knocked out. Jim Flynn performed that operation in one round in 1917, but Dempsey returned the compliment in the same time the following year.

What a real hitter the champion is may be judged from the fact that in his career he has scored twenty-four one-round knockouts. To be sure, a lot of these bouts were against fourth-raters, but at the time Jack was doing this he was not considered any world-beater himself. The year before he won the title, Dempsey put eleven rivals to sleep in the first. Every man he has met since 1918, with the exception of Tom Gibbons, has been knocked out.

Andy Malloy has the distinction of going the longest distance with Jack. He lasted twenty rounds and the bout was a draw. Previous to that Dempsey had knocked out Malloy in three rounds. As this happened in the champion's "ham-and" days, that twenty-rounder might have been "one of those things." Only eleven of his bouts have gone as many as ten rounds. That should not be very nourishing information for Firpo's admirers.

Usually any one who stayed with the champion in their first encounter was dropped in the return engagement. Billy Miske was an exception, for it was not until their third meeting that Miske was given the quietus. Bill Brennan did not fare so well, being finished in six the first time and in twelve when they met again.

It surely was a surprise to the sporting world the way Jack sailed into Jess on July 4, 1919. He practically won this bout in the first round, too. It was really one of the miracles of the ring that big Jess was able to come to scratch after the seven knockdowns that occurred in the opening session there.

It was more than a year after the Willard contest that Dempsey defended his honors. He took on Billy Miske for the third time at Benton Harbor, Mich., Labor Day, 1920. Once more Dempsey came within an ace of settling matters in the first round. The two had been going along only a few seconds when Jack sank a terrific right under Miske's heart and his grunt could be heard all around the ringside. By holding on grimly Miske managed to weather the storm. He never recovered from that punch, but he hung on for another round and a half before he was counted out.

It was a right to the body that started Miske going in the third, followed by another to the same spot. Billy staggered back and fell full length. He struggled to his feet at "nine." A right to the side of Miske's head dropped him for the full count.

Then came Bill Brennan at Madison Square Garden, on December 15, 1920. That deadly right to the body was again much in evidence. After a clinch the champion hooked a right under Brennan's heart and it bent him like a jack-knife. Bill tried to clinch, but Jack stepped back and swung a left to the ribs with all his power. He crumpled up, fell to his knees, and was counted out. As the count ended he staggered to his feet and fell into the ropes and was carried to his corner.

When Dempsey flattened Georges Carpentier in "The Battle of the Century," at Boyle's Thirty Acres, he removed any question that might be raised as to whether or not he was champion of the world. Jack apparently had a close call in this bout in the second round, when the Frenchman sent a crashing right-hander to the champion's jaw. The punch rocked Dempsey, and to the majority of the record-breaking crowd Jack seemed on the brink of defeat. Georges danced in and out, eager to land a finishing blow, but the title-holder was too shifty and made the Frenchman miss. This was the sole flash of Carpentier.

It was the same old story—crushing body blows and then the finishing rap to the jaw. A description of that famous fourth round in Jersey City is the tale of so many of his previous fights. It goes as follows:

"Dempsey crowded Carpentier about the ring and finally cornered him, digging his right with full force into the lighter man's mid-section. Dempsey worked both hands to the stomach. As they broke, Carpentier attempted to side-step. Like a flash Dempsey's right crashed against his jaw. Carpentier crumpled and fell face forward on the floor of the ring. The mighty shouts of the crowd were hushed. A great fighter was going down to defeat. Carpentier lay still and then at the count of "nine" leaped to his feet with the quickness of a cat, ready to resume battle. Carpentier tried to guard against the blows he knew must come, but he was too weak. Dempsey, confident now, held his right poised for the finishing blow. He brushed aside a feeble left, sent a right to the challenger's ribs and followed with his famous blow—a right under the heart. He crashed a right to the jaw and Carpentier was through."

It was Tom Gibbons who surprised the world by remaining fifteen rounds with Jack in their famous battle at Shelby in which a fortune was lost by the promoters and which cost the failure of three banks. Dempsey declares that the worry attached to the uncertainty of the contest was responsible for his poor condition, yet the fact remains that Gibbons fought a good battle and deserves all the credit that goes with the feat of staying with Dempsey for the duration of the bout.

The more recent knockout of Firpo in two rounds by Dempsey needs no rehashing, as it is fully covered in another story in this issue.

CABLE ADDRESS
JIMBROW

PHONE
CHICKERING 7282

JIMMIE LOU
BRONSON & BROWN
Managers and Promoters of Sports Events
SUITE 301 GAIETY THEATRE BUILDING
1547 BROADWAY
NEW YORK CITY

DIRECTING

BOB MARTIN
A. E. F. AND INTER-ALLIED HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION

JEFF SMITH
UNCROWNED KING OF THE MIDDLEWEIGHTS

EDDIE BURNBROOK
UNITED STATES ARMY WELTERWEIGHT CHAMPION

JACK ZIVIC
FORMER WORLD'S AMATEUR LIGHTWEIGHT CHAMPION

PADDY RYAN
1923 NATIONAL AMATEUR LIGHTWEIGHT CHAMPION

JOHNNY LEONARD
CONTENDER FOR WORLD'S 130-POUND CHAMPIONSHIP

BOBBY GARCIA
UNITED STATES ARMY FEATHERWEIGHT CHAMPION

PETE ZIVIC
FORMER WORLD'S AMATEUR BANTAMWEIGHT CHAMPION

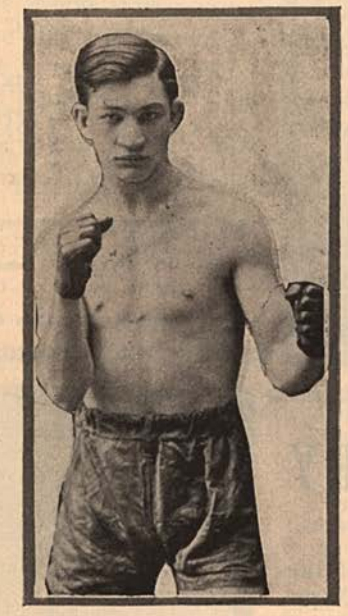
TERRY McHUGH
CONTENDER FOR WORLD'S BANTAMWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP

With Sincere Christmas Greetings and Best Wishes for the New Year

PROMOTERS

When you seek boys who possess ability and color, don't hesitate to sign members of the Bronson and Brown troupe.

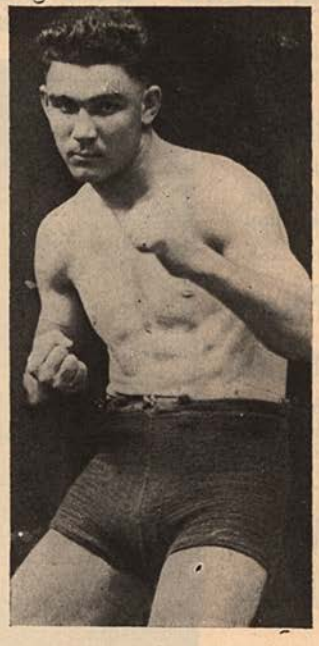
CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S GREETINGS



EDDIE (Kid) WAGNER
130 Pounds
Conqueror of Johnny Dundee

MAX (Boo Boo) HOFF

Manager of Boxers Who Always Please



AD STONE
Philadelphia's Great "Fighting Marine," Light Heavyweight

Other noted fighters in the Hoff stable include: BUD CHRISTIANO, lightweight; JOE STANLEY, junior lightweight; AL GORDON, featherweight, and HENRY (KID) WOLFE, Flyweight.

Address: Estey Building, 17th and Walnut Streets, Philadelphia **Phone: Spruce 5583**

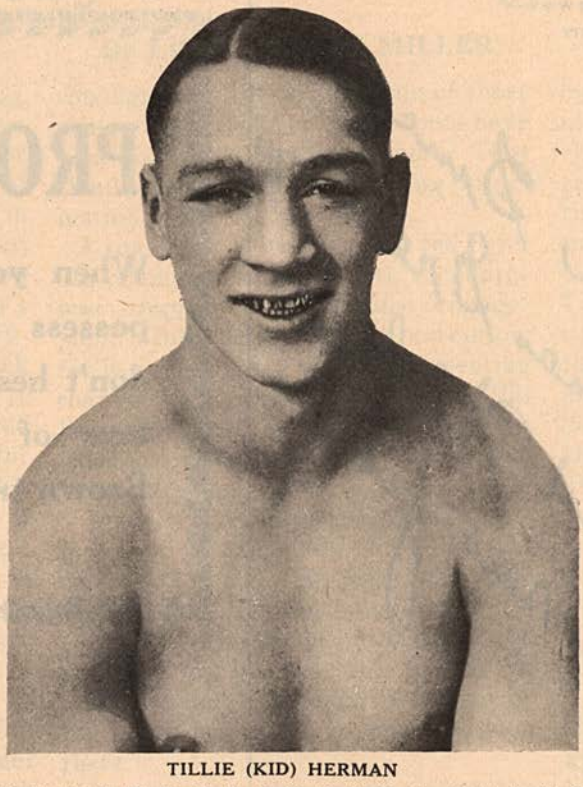
CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S GREETINGS

LEO FORNACIARI and GEORGE SWEENEY

SUITE 212 CRILLY BUILDING, 35 SOUTH DEARBORN STREET Telephone: Dearborn 7697 CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

GEO. SWEENEY

Jimmy Ryan, Bantam
Joe Ketchel, Bantam
Al Metz, Fly
Al Hale, Bantam
Johnny Heidler, Light
Henry Leonard, Fly
Stanley Smith, Jr. Welter



TILLIE (KID) HERMAN

LEO FORNACIARI

Tillie (Kid) Herman, Welter
Jimmy Nikol, Welter
Jabber Young, Welter
Harry Schuster, Welter
Charley Trembley, Welter
Bob Devine, Middle
Chas. Anderson, Heavy

Compliments of the Season

FRANK CHURCHILL

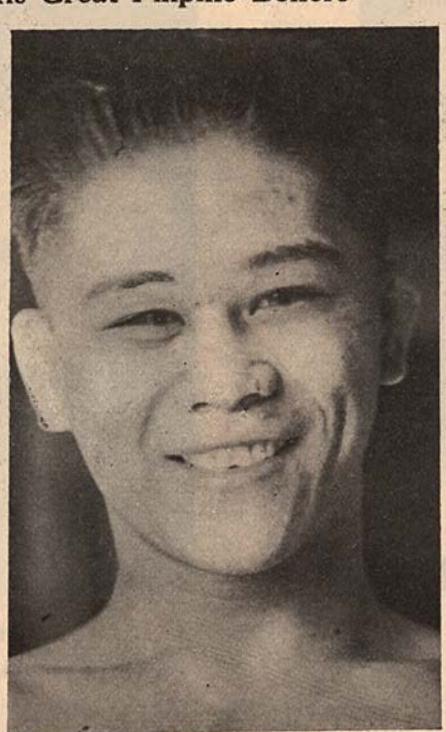
And His Great Filipino Boxers

Pancho Villa
World's Flyweight Champion

Pete Sarmineto
Featherweight Champion of the Orient

Mike Ballerino

Elino Flores



PANCHO VILLA

Address—1540 Broadway, New York City
Telephone—Bryant 4611

SAMMY VOGEL

"pocket edition of Benny Leonard"

Predicted by many as the likely successor to the crown that adorns the head of Leonard.

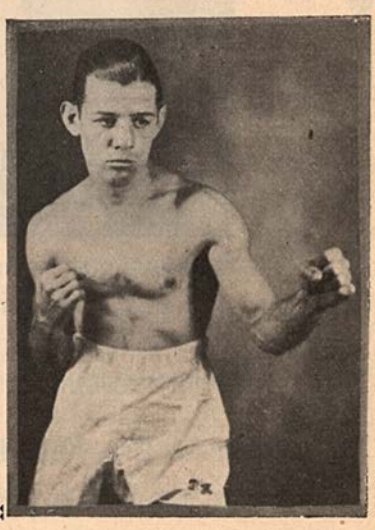
MANAGER "DOC" ROB
Care of Stillman's Gymnasium
918 8th Ave., N. Y. C.
Telephone: Columbus 4991

BILL HENRY

Chicago's Featherweight

Who has boxed Mike Dundee, Sammy Mandell and Micky O'Dowd of Muncie, Ind.

Under the Management of
JACK O'KEEFE
10427 HOXIE AVENUE
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
Phone: South Chicago 3817



Genaro's Strong Finish Earned Title in Bout with Villa

FRANKIE GENARO, New York Italian, dislodged Pancho Villa, spectacular little Filipino, as American flyweight champion on Mar. 2, in an exciting fifteen-round battle at Madison Square Garden before a crowd of 13,203 spectators, who paid $50,207 to witness the championship struggle. When the final bell clanged, announcer Joe Humphries, reading the voting slips of Referee Andy Griffin and Judges Kid McPartland and Harold Barnes, announced the verdict in favor of the clever little Italian. The decision met with a reception of mingled applause and disapproval.

A great effort in the closing rounds undoubtedly swung the decision in Genaro's favor. The lad who formerly held the Olympic flyweight title finished strongly in the closing three rounds and had Villa missing badly. In the first round, and in the third and sixth, Genaro likewise appeared to advantage. The second was about even.

When the decision was announced Villa stood as if dazed in his corner. The little Filipino's face bore a look of surprise which gradually developed into a scowl as the realization dawned upon him that he had lost his title.

Regardless of the merits of the decision, the bout will be remembered as one of the most spectacular between flyweights ever seen here. The lad from the Philippines pitted his aggressiveness, speed and punching ability against the remarkably cool defensive skill and flashing boxing ability of Genaro.

The story of the fight by rounds follows:

First Round

Genaro jabbed a left to the face to start the fight. Villa hooked a left to the stomach. Genaro rushed Villa to the ropes, landing a left to the stomach and a left to the face. Villa drove a right to the face. Genaro hooked a left to the face and they clinched Genaro hooked a left to the body. They exchanged left hooks to the jaw. Genaro jabbed a left to the face and they clinched. Genaro hooked a left to the stomach and took a left to the face in return. Genaro drove a left to the face.

Second Round

Villa was short with a left jab. Genaro jabbed a left to the face. Villa ducked a left hook for the face. Villa leaped in with a left to the body and drove a right to the jaw. At close quarters Villa drove a left and right to the body. Genaro was short with a left to the face, but quickly crossed a right to the jaw. They exchanged lefts to the face. Genaro drove a left and right to the stomach, but took a right on the jaw in return.

Third Round

Genaro jabbed a left to the face, then hooked a left to the body. Genaro twice jabbed his left to the face and they clinched. In a spirited exchange they traded blows to the body and face. A backhand left on the jaw by Genaro made Villa mad and he complained to the referee. Villa was warned for wrestling in the clinches. They exchanged lefts to the face and had a spirited rally in Genaro's corner, in which honors were about even.

Fourth Round

They exchanged lefts to the face and body. They sparred cautiously at close quarters. Villa was wild. Genaro was cautioned for using his head in the clinches. Villa twice drove Genaro back with rights to the jaw. Villa rushed Genaro to the ropes and drove home a left to the body and a left to the jaw. Villa slipped through the ropes as he retreated before Genaro's rush. Villa several times ripped his left to the stomach. Villa hooked a left to the jaw.

Fifth Round

Each was short with a left for the face. Villa missed a hard right for the jaw. They exchanged left jabs to the face. Genaro jabbed a left to the face and made Villa miss a right. Villa drove a right and left to the body. Genaro chased Villa to the ropes with lefts and rights to the body and face. Villa drove a left and right to face. Genaro drove a right to the jaw. Villa twice reached the jaw with a right. Genaro hooked a short left to the jaw. Genaro drove a right to the ear. They exchanged lefts to the face.

Sixth Round

Villa leaped in with left and rights to the body. Villa drove rights and lefts to the face in a fast mix-up. Villa grazed the jaw with a right. Genaro drove a left jab to the face, but took a left hook in return. Villa caught Genaro with a right that grazed the chin. Villa hooked a left to the jaw, and Genaro replied with a right cross to the jaw. Genaro had Villa missing in a wild exchange. Villa was short with a right for the jaw. The crowd hissed Villa when he landed a backhand left.

Seventh Round

Villa was short with a heavy right for the jaw. Genaro twice poked his left to the body. Villa missed lefts and rights for the face. Villa planted a left hook on the face. Genaro jabbed a left to the face, and Villa missed with a right and left. Villa right-crossed to the face, and followed with a left to the face. Genaro hooked a left to the body. Genaro, in using a backhand left, drove his elbow into Villa's face and the crowd booed him.

Eighth Round

Genaro opened with a left to the face, but took a right and left to the jaw in return. As Genaro jabbed his left, Villa drove his right and left to the face. Villa leaped in with a left hook to the body. Genaro jabbed a left to the face and then hooked a left to the face. Villa missed with a right and left for the jaw. Genaro jabbed his left to the face. Villa rushed Genaro to the ropes. They exchanged lefts to the face. Genaro sent a stiff left jab to the face.

Ninth Round

They ran into a clinch to start the round. Villa grazed the jaw with a right at close quarters. Genaro jabbed a left to the face and took a left hook in return. Villa stepped inside Genaro's left jab with a right cross for the jaw which was high. At close quarters Villa drove his left and right to the body. Villa drove his right and left to the face. They exchanged lefts to the face. Villa missed the mark with a right for the jaw.

Tenth Round

The lads sparred. They exchanged lefts to the face. Villa drove a right to the heart and Genaro hooked a left to the face. Villa grazed the jaw with a right and hooked a left to the body. Genaro jabbed a left to the face. Villa countered with his left and right to the body. A right opened a cut under Genaro's left eye. As Genaro jabbed a left to the face, Villa crossed a right to the jaw. Genaro rushed Villa to the ropes. They exchanged lefts to the face. Villa hooked a left to the jaw at the bell.

Eleventh Round

Genaro jabbed a left to the face. Villa crossed a hard right to the jaw. Villa almost upset Genaro with a left hook to the jaw. They exchanged lefts to the face. Villa drove a left and right to the face. Genaro jabbed his left to the face and took a left hook to the jaw in return. Villa hooked a wicked left to the body. Genaro grazed the face with a right uppercut. They exchanged rights and lefts to the face. Villa drove a left and right to the face. They exchanged left jabs to the jaw.

Twelfth Round

They went into a clinch. Villa leaped in with a left to the face. Genaro hooked a left to the jaw but was driven to the ropes when Villa landed a left and right to the jaw. Villa stung Genaro with a right to the jaw. Genaro rallied and drove his left and right to the face. The little Italian missed repeatedly as Villa ducked under his blows. Villa drove a right to the ear. They exchanged lefts to the face. Genaro drove a right to the face and Villa replied with a left hook to the face. Villa hooked a left to the face at the bell.

Thirteenth Round

They exchanged left hooks to the face. Villa rushed Genaro to the ropes and landed a left hook to the face. Villa hooked a left to the face. Genaro drove a left to the face as Villa missed with his left and right. Genaro again countered with his left when Villa missed at close quarters. Villa drove rights and lefts to the body and face. Genaro jabbed a left to the face. In a furious mix-up Villa drove Genaro to the ropes with rights and lefts to the body and face. Villa drove a left and right to the body at the bell.

Fourteenth Round

They exchanged left hooks to the face. Genaro twice drove a left to the face. Villa drove a right to the body. Genaro had Villa missing as the Italian jabbed and hooked his left to the face. Genaro hooked a left to the body and took a light left to the face in return. Genaro drove his right and left to the face. Genaro had Villa missing badly.

(*Continued on page* 59)

McTigue Won Crown From Siki Amid Battle Ground Scenes

ONE of Ireland's first home-made fighters stepped into the pugilistic throne room last St. Patrick's Day, when Mike McTigue won a twenty-round decision from Battling Siki, the Senegalese wild man, in Dublin, and became the world's light-heavyweight champion.

It is doubtful whether a boxing contest was ever staged under such conditions as this one. Spectators walked to the theatre between rows of guards. Armored cars loomed around corners. Machine guns poked their noses from points of vantage.

During the fight the spectators had their attention divided between the proceedings in the ring and rumors that a battle had started outside the theatre where the contest was held.

The only thing that happened to make it look like a fight occurred in the eleventh round, when one of Siki's wild swings found its target and opened McTigue's right eye.

The Senegalese seemed to go back to the primitive state with the sight of blood, and he tore into the Irishman furiously.

McTigue kept his head, however, and jabbed the champion away with his left hand.

Siki did all the leading for fifteen rounds, McTigue seeming to be content with staying away and relying on his superior boxing and speed afoot to tire out his opponent. In the fifth McTigue was warned for holding.

Siki's steam went out of him at the end of the fifteenth round. He was very weary and he had to be pushed out of his corner.

McTigue's seconds sent him out to fight in the seventeenth and he swarmed all over Siki, punching him with all his strength for the first time and trying for a knockout.

Three hard right-hand swings to the jaw in the eighteenth rocked Siki to his heels and made him hang on. He was in trouble and he had the greatest difficulty lasting out the round.

McTigue was still fresh and he continued a furious attack in the nineteenth and twentieth rounds. He punched Siki dizzy and it was only an unsuspected and unfigured ability to take punishment that enabled Siki to be on his feet when the last bell rang.

The crowd went into frenzied cheering even before the decision was announced. When the verdict of the referee, naming McTigue the winner, was announced, the roof was nearly rocked off the building with the volume of the noise.

Floyd Johnson Knocked Out By Renault in Thrilling Bout

THE championship aspirations of Floyd Johnson, young Iowa heavyweight, were crushed in the dust of defeat on November 3 by Jack Renault, Canadian boxer, before a crowd of 13,000 in Madison Square Garden. After one of the most spectacular heavyweight battles ever seen in this city, a clash that was punctuated with enough thrills and exciting moments to satisfy even the most exacting fan, Johnson was knocked stone cold in the fifteenth round, two minutes and twenty-nine seconds after the final session started.

Manager Charley Cook tossed a soggy towel into the ring in token of defeat for Johnson after the Iowan had been floored twice. The ring's token of surrender, however, did not come in time to save Johnson from a third knockdown. He crumpled under the terrific driving power of Renault's right-hand uppercut.

It was fully ten minutes before Johnson could be revived sufficiently to leave the ring. He had taken an unmerciful beating without a backward step, without even a whisper, through the last half of the battle. Renault's decisive punches rendered Johnson in a precarious condition.

Johnson answered the bell for the last round weary and dog tired. He was hurt, too, but he went in gamely, though blindly, at Renault.

The Canadian bided his time, looking for an opening, and when it came, a left hook swung Johnson's head into position for a crack of the right on the jaw. Johnson crumpled but struggled to his feet at the count of four. He was immediately floored again, and again it was with a left hook to the jaw, followed by a right uppercut. This time Johnson dragged himself erect by gripping the middle ropes of the ring and pulling himself up. He was helpless and in no condition to continue.

The fight should have been stopped then and there, but Referee Lou Magnolia signaled a resumption of hostilities and Renault sailed in to complete his task. Johnson was rushed to the ropes near Renault's corner and then a towel was tossed into the ring from Johnson's corner as a token of defeat, but Referee Magnolia's back was to Johnson's corner, as was Renault's. Neither saw the towel and in the hubbub of excitement they could not hear the warning cries of the ringsiders.

Renault crashed home a final right to the jaw and Johnson went down in a sitting position in the Canadian's corner. Then Johnson's seconds leaped into and across the ring and dragged their beaten idol to his chair.

DUNDEE FLOORS FLORES FOUR TIMES WHILE DEFENDING TITLE

JOHNNY DUNDEE, veteran Italian boxer, defended his 130-pound championship belt against Elino Flores, Philippine challenger, in a fifteen-round bout on February 1 in Madison Square Garden before a crowd of about 12,000 which paid $31,723 for the privilege of seeing the Italian champion administer a boxing lesson to Flores.

After leading his rival easily on points for ten rounds, Dundee closed with a furious rally in which he floored his rival four times, twice in the thirteenth round and twice in the fifteenth, having the Philippine boxer groggy and helpless at the finish.

When the final bell rang the judges Billy McPartland and Tommy Shortell, and Referee Patsy Haley, voted their decision in favor of Dundee. The verdict drew forth a wild burst of applause, both for the victor and the vanquished.

Only Dundee's charitable instincts saved Flores from a crushing knockout defeat. The Italian marvel, in his closing five-round assault, cut loose at a pace and with a viciousness which startled the crowd out of its lethargy and dispelled memories of the comparatively unsatisfactory previous ten rounds.

Veteran Wilde Dethroned by Villa in Thrilling Battle

LITTLE Pancho Villa, dark-skinned Filipino who early last spring lost his American fly-weight title to Frankie Genaro, gained greater laurels than he previously held when he knocked out Jimmy Wilde, veteran English world's flyweight champion, in the seventh round of a fifteen-round battle at the Polo Grounds of New York City on June 18. Age was beaten by youth, Wilde being 31 to Villa's 21. Frank Churchill's great little fighter conquered the thirty-one-year-old title holder before 40,000 persons and showed at all stages that he was his veteran opponent's master.

Wilde was battered into insensibility in one minute and forty-six seconds of the seventh round after putting forth one of the gamest exhibitions ever seen in Gotham. The little Welshman had to be assisted to his corner.

Wilde went down as a champion should. He went down fighting, still trying to trade blows with his rival.

The story of the battle by rounds follows:

First Round

At the start of the first round both were cautious. Wilde missed two lefts to the head but scored with a straight left. Villa hurt the champion with a left swing to the body and Wilde covered up. Villa scored with a right to the ribs and a left to the jaw and followed it with a left to the body and another left to the head. Wilde sent a straight left to the face, trying to feint Villa into position. The Welshman missed with a right hook to the jaw. Villa scored with a left to the head and two rights to the jaw just before the bell rang. It was Villa's round.

Second Round

Villa drove a left hook to the pit of the stomach which hurt. He missed a right swing and took a short right cross in exchange. Wilde scored with a light left to the head. Both were cautious. Villa landed a glancing right to the chin, which caused Wilde to back up. Wilde staggered. A left hook to the nose caused Wilde's nose to bleed. Villa forced him into a corner and scored with lefts and rights to the face. Wilde was giving ground. As they came into the centre of the ring, Villa forced him to the ropes with rights and lefts to the jaw. Wilde scored with a left uppercut but did no damage. As the bell rang Villa crossed a right to the jaw and Wilde went down. There was no count because the clang of the gong sounded simultaneously with the landing of the punch.

Third Round

Wilde came out still a bit unsteady on his feet. Villa was cagey. Wilde led with two lefts that were blocked and then Villa cut loose with a whirlwind attack. Wilde, however, crowded Villa to the ropes and they traded lefts and rights. Villa scored with three left hooks. Wilde missed with a right. His nose was bleeding freely. They traded rights and Wilde scored with a straight left to the face. Wilde's punches apparently had no effect. Wilde crowded Villa to a neutral corner and landed with short rights and lefts, but Villa fought his way out and when the round ended the little Filipino was doing all the work.

Fourth Round

Villa and Wilde met in the middle of the ring and they traded rights and lefts. Villa scored with a right to the jaw, but it was a glancing blow and failed to shake Wilde. Wilde's nose was still bothering him. A back-handed left punch scored for Villa. Wilde backed Villa against the ropes and they traded rights and lefts. Villa scored with a left to the jaw, and again with two more rights and a straight left. A right to the nose caused Villa's nose to bleed. A right to the jaw staggered Villa, but at the bell he swung a vicious left that missed.

Fifth Round

Villa landed a left hook to the jaw and a left to the body, blows that had no effect. Villa scored a left to the ribs. He covered up as Wilde crowded him against the ropes. Wilde drove three lefts and two rights to the jaw without a return, but they did not bother the little Filipino. Villa sent a left to the head which cut Wilde under the right eye. He sent two rights to the body and they exchanged long lefts. Villa drove a right to the head and Wilde was bleeding freely from his nose and a cut under his eye. At the bell they were standing toe to toe in the center of the ring, trading blows.

Sixth Round

The sixth round started with Villa working on the head and body with rights and lefts. Wilde missed with a right. Villa sent a left to the chin, which staggered Wilde. Wilde finally forced Villa into the center of the ring and backed the little Filipino against the ropes. Villa landed a back-handed left punch and Wilde complained to the referee, but it was a legal blow and there was no warning. Two lefts to the jaw staggered Wilde. Villa sent rights and lefts to Wilde's jaw. Villa forced him in a neutral corner and punched him at will, when the bell sounded. Wilde went to his corner in a groggy condition. He had given a game exhibition. He had taken everything Villa had.

Seventh Round

Wilde's right eye was almost closed, and a cut under his eye was bleeding freely. Villa met him with a series of left hooks to the jaw, but Wilde kept boring in. The Welshman was game and refused to quit. Then his left ear started to puff and his left eye started to close, but he still kept piling in. Then came a short right hook to the jaw and Wilde fell on his face in a neutral corner. No count was necessary. His handlers jumped into the ring and carried him to his corner, a beaten champion. The round had just gone 1 minute and 46 seconds.

BUGLER LAKE DEFEATS HARRISON FOR BRITISH BANTAMWEIGHT TITLE

Bugler Lake won the bantamweight championship of Great Britain on Feb. 27 by defeating Tommy Harrison in a twenty-round bout at the National Sporting Club. Lake won the decision by a wide margin on points.

GENARO'S STRONG FINISH

(*Continued from page* 57)

Villa drove a left to the body and hooked a left to the face. Genaro crossed a right to the face. Villa hooked a left to face. Villa missed several rights and lefts for face.

Fifteenth Round

The men shook hands. Genaro drove his left to the face and Villa hooked a left to the body. Villa smothered Genaro with rights and lefts to the body and face. Genaro crossed a right to the jaw. Genaro almost floored Villa with a right to the jaw. Villa drove lefts and rights to the stomach. Villa hooked a left to the jaw and Genaro crossed a right to the jaw. Villa stung Genaro with a right to the jaw. Villa drove a hard right to the body. In a fast mix-up each landed a right to the face.

LEONARD WHIPS TENDLER

(*Continued from page* 50)

severely with rights and lefts about the head, having him in a bad way at the bell.

Fourteenth Round

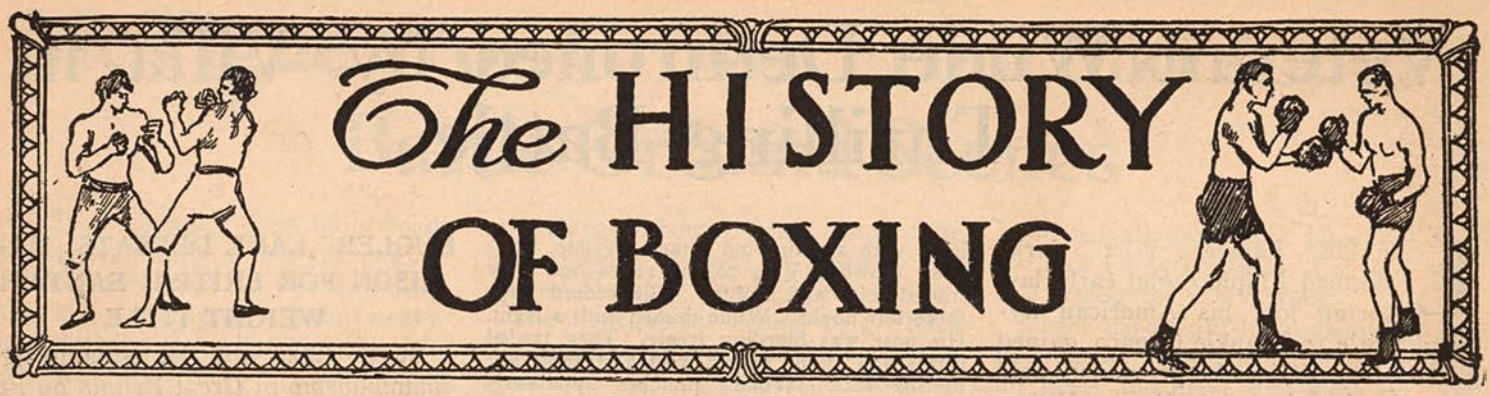
Tendler stepped into a clinch. Tendler put right to mouth. Leonard was looking for an opening for his right. Tendler put right to body in close. Lew pumped Benny on the back with his left but took two rights to the ear. Tendler sent right to the nose. Tendler missed a right and ran into a hard right that swung him around.

Benny followed up his advantage, landing to the head with both hands. Leonard slid a left off the nose. Leonard sent in hard right and left to body and repeated to the head. Benny uppercut twice to the chin. Tendler fought fiercely but was wild and took several jarring rights and lefts to the face. He was wabbly as he went to his corner.

Fifteenth Round

Leonard put left to head. They sparred carefully. Tendler missed right and left for head. Leonard shot left to body and rushed Lew to the ropes, but did not land. Benny staggered Lew with left to mouth and rushed him about the ring, landing freely with both hands to the face and body, until they clinched.

Leonard staggered him with right and left hooks to the jaw. Tendler appeared very weak. Leonard landed a dozen punches to the jaw with both hands and Tendler swayed like a reed in a storm. Lew flashed momentarily with left and right to jaw, but as the round ended was virtually out on his feet from another fusillade.



How the Careers of Jem Ward, "The Black Diamond"; Simon Byrne, "The Emerald Gem"; and Jem Burke, "The Deaf 'Un," Were Linked in the Ring—A Pioneer to America—Early Fistic Fatalities

By NAT FLEISCHER

UP to the present time in our review little mention has been made of America in connection with the ring game. England was still the hotbed of the fistic art. From the viewpoint of American fistic fans the career of Jem Burke, called the "Deaf 'Un," is of more than usual interest, for he was one of the pioneers who crossed the Atlantic to seek his fortune with his fists in the United States.

Burke came undisputably by the heavyweight championship through a victory over the "Emerald Gem," Simon Byrne, an Irishman, who was the successor of Jem Ward, the "Black Diamond." The contest between Burke and Byrne resulted in the death of Byrne. Ward had announced his retirement from the ring in June, 1832, and expressed his willingness to turn over the belt to the fighter whom he considered most worthy of the emblem.

Ward's last battle was against Byrne. A brief mention of this is necessary in dealing with the career of Burke as there are many incidents in the actions of Ward which lead up to the acquisition of the championship by Burke and his invasion of America. One of the strange turns of fate is that Byrne, who died after his battle with Burke, had previously been engaged in a contest which resulted in the death of one Sandy McKay on June 2, 1830. This took place in Selcey Forest, Northamptonshire, and forty-seven rounds were fought in fifty-three minutes for a purse of 200 pounds.

Ward and Byrne had been matched to fight after the affair with McKay, but this was called off following the unfortunate climax. Byrne was acquitted of the manslaughter charge, and when the matter had blown over Ward renewed his challenge.

After months of correspondence a battle for the championship of England was arranged for July 12, 1831, between Byrne and Ward for 200 pounds a side. The hitch had been because Ward kept insisting that the stake should be only half of that. Tom Cribb was the stakeholder, and it was agreed to hold the battle 100 miles from London on the Liverpool road. Each had been out of training for a long time, and the Irishman had been leading a particularly fast life.

Jem Ward

Byrne's trainers physicked him a lot to get him down to weight, and this weakened him considerably. Furthermore, a couple of days before the battle he was exposed to a thunderstorm and caught a heavy cold. Ward was trained to the last ounce, and was never in better condition for any of his fights. The police interfered at the original scene of action, and a change had to be made to a site near Stratford-on-Avon, the birthplace of Shakespeare.

On the morning of this battle a drizzling rain was falling, which soon turned into a downpour. In spite of these adverse circumstances there was a crowd of 15,000 around the ring, among whom were the Marquis of Queensberry, Marquis of Worcester, the Duke of Beaufort, Lord Kilburne, Lord Kennedy, Sir Tatton Sykes, Lord Dewhurst, Lord Wilton, Henry Temple (afterwards Lord Palmerston), Richard Tattersall, and a host of others whose names have been noted ones in British sporting annals.

To those of a superstitious turn of mind may be mentioned an incident on the way to the ringside, which, in view of subsequent events, was a rather ominous one. Behind the rig in which Byrne sat came a mourning coach, drawn by a pair of long-tailed blacks. In this, the only available vehicle in Warwick that morning, sat four heavy backers of the Irishman.

Byrne's lack of condition was apparent from the beginning, and he was eventually a mere chopping block for the Englishman, who was "fit as a stag." After the thirty-third round Tom Spring, chief second for the "Emerald Gem," threw up the sponge. This left no question as to his title as champion of England. Ward was ranked with Jem Belcher, Tom Spring and Jem Mace as one of the most scientific and natural fighters who ever won the belt.

Three days after this battle Ward issued a challenge to fight any one in the world for from 100 to 500 pounds a side. Young Dutch Sam was the only one to accept the defi, but his terms were ridiculous in that he demanded the champion's making twelve stone (168 pounds), about fourteen pounds below his real fighting weight.

A year later Ward made public announcement that he had acquired the Belt Tavern at Liverpool and would relinquish the emblem to any one able to prove himself a worthy holder.

Behind the gig on which Byrne sat came a mourning coach, drawn by a pair of long-tailed blacks

Deaf Burke declared that he was willing to try conclusions with the champion, but nothing came out of this; and, although he refused to fight, he held on to the belt until the summer of 1839, when he was nearly forty years old. Then, at the Queen's Theatre in Liverpool, he made his last farewell, and handed a facsimile of the trophy to Bendigo.

It was evident that Ward had no relish for Burke's fistic wares. When Ward refused to meet Burke for less than 200 pounds the latter was unable to raise that amount. He was determined to have a crack at the title, so he started off on a tour of the provinces.

From town to town he traveled, giving exhibitions of boxing, and saved every sovereign he could lay hands on. He even accepted an engagement in Sheffield to play in the pantomime of "Valentine and Orson," impersonating the latter character very well. This was a quite unusual thing for a fighter to do in those days.

Eventually Burke returned to London with the coveted 200 pounds, but Ward was not disposed to fight and raised the ante to 500 pounds. Thus it may be noted that the champions of a century ago were not at all unlike some of those of the twentieth century.

Ward's tactics proved disgusting to the leading British sportsmen and a meeting was held at Tom Spring's tavern, the Castle, where a resolution was made that in the future the maximum stake for a championship should be 200 pounds and it was further proposed and unanimously

Jem Burke crossed the Atlantic to seek his fortune

carried that "if Ward refuses to fight Burke for 200 pounds a side he shall no longer be considered the champion of England; but that Burke shall assume the title till compelled to yield it to a man of greater merit."

Some of the distinguished sportsmen of the time who were present and voted were Lord Longford, Sir Bellingham Graham, Tom Belcher, Ned Painter, Colonel Neil, Fulwar Craven, Major Revell, Harry Harmer and Tom Duncombe.

In this action may be noted the germ of the ruling of the New York State Boxing Commission of modern days which placed a limit of fifty per cent of the receipts as the share of contenders in championship bouts. Quite a jump from a $1,000 limit to one of a million!

In passing on to the career of the "Deaf 'Un" in his rise to the championship it may be mentioned that Ward also visited America. He was a rolling stone and gathered no moss as a tavern keeper

Some first-class seascapes came from Ward's brush

so he determined to come to America in 1858. Here he was taken in tow by John Morrissey, the great American champion, who arose to the heights of a seat in Congress. He was lionized along Broadway, in Central Park and at the Jerome Park races. He was petted by artists, men of letters, politicians and sportsmen and a huge benefit was arranged for him.

Outside of pugilism Ward had a real taste for art and music and some really first class seascapes came from his brush. His daughter, Eleanor, became one of the foremost pianistes of her day.

Ward's end came in the Licensed Victuallers' Asylum, off the Old Kent Road, on April 3, 1884, in his 84th year, back in the land of his birth.

Simon Byrne had been considered next to Ward after their battle but Burke's career finally brought him recognition. It is a mighty interesting chapter in the history of the ring and will be dealt with more fully in the next installment.

Have you any old time fight scene photos you want to sell? Let me buy them from you.

Address R. J. THOMPSON, The Ring 16th St. and Seventh Ave., New York City

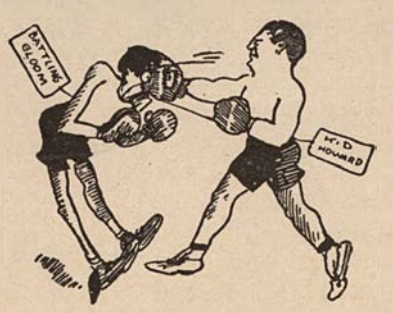
WHEN IN CHICAGO

All out of town boxers are invited to train at **Ferretti's Loop Gymnasium** free of charge.

Sanitary, with daylight and fresh air, four large skylights and twenty windows, two handball courts.

175 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill. Phone Franklin 3041

When in Chicago



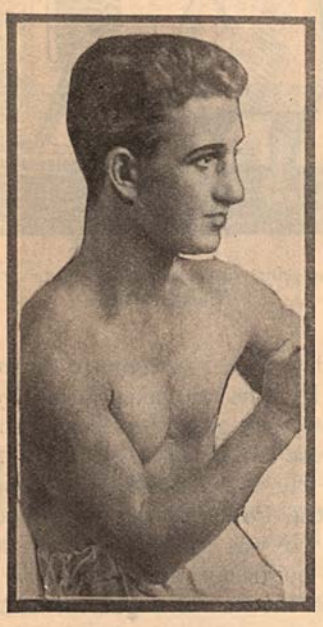
Out - of - town boxers are invited to train at Kid Howard's Famous Arcade Gymnasium.

32 South Clark St. Phone Dearborn 6280

Compliments Of The Season

HENNY CATENA

Flyweight Champion of the National Guard



JIMMY TOMASULO

LEE WEDO

130 Pounds

JIMMY TOMASULO

120 Pounds

MORRIS MEOLA

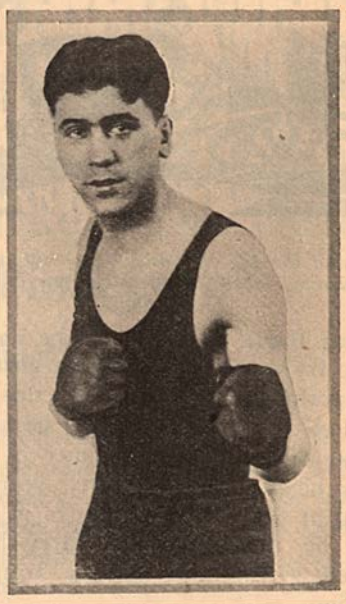
145 Pounds

Under Management of

LAURIE BERTINI

27 CARMINE STREET

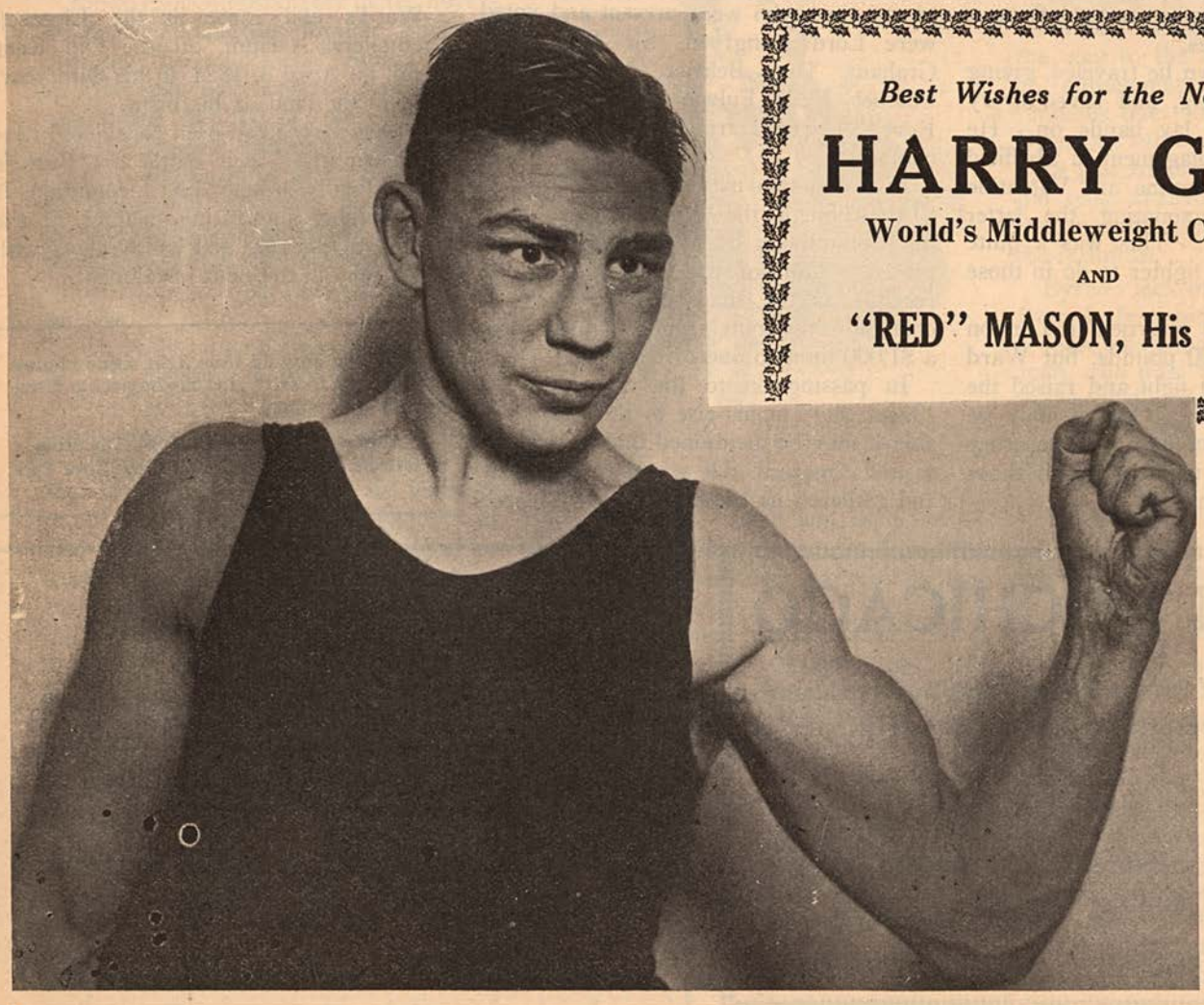
NEW YORK CITY



HENRY CATENA

Telephone: Spring 4241

Trainer: MICHAEL RUBINO, JR.



Best Wishes for the New Year

HARRY GREB

World's Middleweight Champion

AND

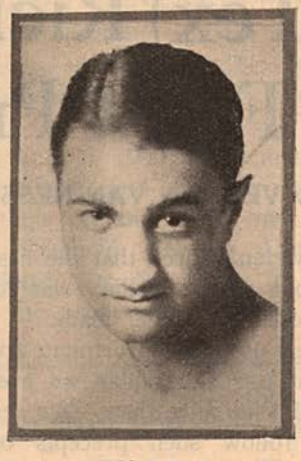
"RED" MASON, His Manager

A Champion Who Never Fails to Please the Public

SCOTTY MONTIETH and His Famous Stable EXTEND Greetings To Their Friends

JIMMY HUTCHISON
128 Pounds

JOHNNY CLINTON
Brooklyn Lightweight



VIC BROG
Star Pittsburg Welter

RED CAP WILSON
Junior Lightweight
130 Pounds

JOE RYDER
Brooklyn's Star Bantam
Who scored victories over
Harry Gordon and Carl Tremaine

There's some hae meat that canna eat,
An' some would eat that want it.
But we hae meat,
An' we can eat,
Sae let the Lord be thank it.—Bobby Burns.

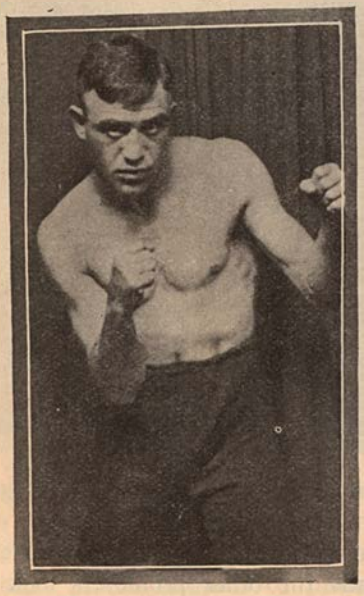
For Fighters Who Give Their Patrons Complete Satisfaction.

Address, **SCOTTY MONTIETH**

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN **Telephone: Madison Square 6475**

Babe Mullaney and George Butch

Extend Heartiest Greetings



St. Louis has a Featherweight in George Butch who is the sensation of the Middle West. Butch is on the trail of Johnny Dundee.

Butch has met such boys as Sammy Mandell, Joe Burman, Patsy Flannagan, Irish Johnny Curtin and other lesser lights. He is a pleasing fighter and a fine drawing card.

Under the Management of

BABE MULLANY

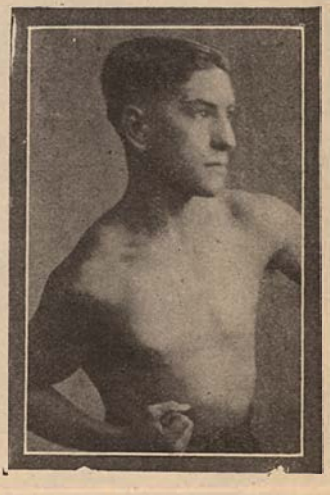
1701 W. Madison Street **Chicago, Ill.**

Phone West 5730

"CANNONBALL"

EDDIE MARTIN

Brooklyn's spectacular and most sensational prospect, discovered since the days of Terry McGovern.



Direction of

Mike—DOHERTY & COOKE—Mel

363 Fulton Street, Suite 5, Triangle 6236

Brooklyn, N. Y.

How to Make a Million Dollars as Told by George L. (Tex) Rickard, World's Greatest Fight Promoter

By VERNON VAN NESS

THAT'S an alluring subject.

Just think what you can do with a million.

Well, we figured out what we could do with our million, had about half of it spent and the other half put away in U. S. bonds, where it would always be safe, when we started out to get the million.

We had heard about Russell Sage, the late J. Pierpont Morgan, yes, and John D. and Henry Ford, and their systems didn't appeal to us much. It seemed as if it would be pretty hard for us to do

Tex Rickard, World's Greatest Boxing Promoter

what these multi-millionaires had accomplished.

It also occurred to us that some one of these men had made the remark—or it may have been some other fortunate person, we weren't sure—that the first perquisite to a million dollars was to save the first dollar you ever made.

That left us in an unfortunate fix. We had spent the first dollar we ever had made and a lot since then. We certainly couldn't follow such precepts on the record we already had made. But we were determined to get that million. In fact we already had obligated ourselves to purchase a lovely country estate, several automobiles, a lot of fine clothes (we had the tailor measure us for half a dozen suits and a couple of overcoats) and we felt it was our duty to get that million.

But after we went over the list of successful men (and a few successful women) and looked up their systems we scratched off the list entirely; just scrapped it as unfit for our purposes and started out to hunt up someone who could tell us how to make a cold million without going through all the rigamarole that millionaires insist must be gone through.

Now it is pretty hard to find a person who can tell you how to make a million dollars and give you proof that it can be done. We fought shy of those dreamers and psychists. We went right out to get hold of a person who could show us his system and wouldn't be so hoggish as not to wish to let us in on the trick.

That's how we ran into Tex Rickard. He signs his checks George L. Rickard, but he is called Tex. There may be a lot of other Texes, but when you mention a man under the name of Tex, it is inferred you mean Tex Rickard. That's the kind of a fellow he is.

We went right at the subject:

"Tex, tell us, how can a fellow make a million dollars."

"Easiest thing in the world," said Tex. "Want to know?"

We said yes.

And this is the secret:

Serve the public!

Yes, sir, just serve the public. That's all that Tex ever did. To be sure, he started gold mining in Alaska, then turned to running a gambling house, "where the square shooter was allowed." He also did a little saving, but not too much. He never got into the habit of saving where spending would bring better results. That's the backbone of his system.

The year 1923 finds Rickard the most successful fight promoter in the world, bar none. He promoted the biggest and best fight of 1923, and he reaped a nice snug fortune for himself and his associates.

Of course 1923 was a freak year. But Tex knew the psychology of the public and when the year started he felt, he says, that it was going to be a big year, so he stepped right out and MADE it a big year.

No promoter of things spectacular, pugilistic or otherwise, had more success

Frank Flournoy, Matchmaker of Madison Square Garden

than did Tex during 1923. Fistically, he made the other promoters look like pygmies.

Everyone knows what Tex did this year—Dempsey and Firpo, Firpo and Willard, Firpo and Brennan, Wilson and Greb, Greb and Tunnay, and many other big fights, and with them a couple of cool millions taken in at the gate.

But Tex didn't start reaping this year.

This wasn't the year in which he inaugurated his system of making a million dollars in a fistic environment. As a matter of fact he began with the Gans-Nelson fight in Goldfield, Nev., in 1906, and kept rising in leaps and bounds. He kept taking chances, spending money instead of saving it, until in 1910 when he put on Jim Jeffries and Jack Johnson at Reno and brought the world to the realization that big money was in the boxing game.

"I'll tell you," quoth Tex, "making a million is easy if you just sit down and think things out right. Folks want amusement. They love fighting. Give them the right kind of fights and they will pay high for them.

"You have to learn the psychology of folks. You must give them their entertainment THEIR way, not yours.

"You have to spend money to make money, though you may not always have money to spend. But you can establish credit. Folks can get credit on big ideas —if they're honest ideas and the man is honest.

"When you put one thing across big the rest is easy—if you don't let down in the class of stuff you give the public.

"You have to be something of a mind reader, a visionary, but not a dreamer.

"You have to put your stuff into concrete form and make it stick.

"If you see you are going to lose, you have to take your loss, that's all.

"You much never welsh, Many a show has cost me big money that could have been saved by calling the show off. But that would have made the public peevish and in the end I would have lost a dozen times as much as on the one venture.

"There is no monopoly on brains in this world. Everyone with good common sense, honesty, will to go through with things, imagination, a sense of humor and the ability to take a rough turn with a smile, can make money.

Maybe not a million, for that's a lot of money. But making a million, or just making money is all the same.

The same recipe must be followed. Luck plays a part in the chase for fortune. I've had my share of luck. I wasn't ever afraid of taking a chance and when I did take a chance I made up my mind that I'd make good or if I didn't that I'd be the only one to lose.

"Well, Tex," we said, "we are going out and start in the business of promoting boxing because we need half a million in ready cash and half a million in U. S. bonds, pronto and now that we have your secret we are going to put it to work."

"Hold on," cried Tex. "Don't be foolish. Don't get into the boxing game. It's a tough one. Just think of the chances you take on the weather and broken hands that fighters get. Think, man, think!"

So we didn't go into the promotion business, after all, but before we have to pay the first instalments on that country estate, those autos and the suits, we may, because we feel sure Tex has the right idea about how to make a million dollars.

It was back in 1906. on September 3, that Joe Gans and Battling Nelson fought their famous forty-one round battle at Goldfield, Nevada. Little did Tex Rickard that day figure he would take up the promotion of fights for a living. He had been a cowboy in his home town, Henrietta, Texas, a miner in Alaska, and a proprietor of many noted gambling houses in the Northwest and West.

But the fight bug gave Tex an awful sting that day in September, 1906. Tex promoted that fight, his first in fisticuffs and he took in $69,715 at the gate and paid the fighters $33,500.

"Soft dough," Rickard probably said to himself, as he counted the profits. But Tex didn't have much luck in getting matches until July 4, 1910, when he put on the Jim Jeffries-Jack Johnson battle at Reno. His "gate" that day was $270,-715 and he paid the fighters only $125,-000.

Since then Rickard has promoted about 130 fights. Boxing fans have paid $9,709,887.19 to see these fights, which is proof that he stands out as the greatest fight promoter of all time. And Tex hopes to reach the $20,000,000 mark before he retires from the game.

Rickard has paid out in Federal and State taxes from these fights a total of $1,312,659.22. The fighters have received close to $4,600,000 from Rickard since he began promoting bouts.

Tex is the king of 'em all.

Receipts and Uncle Sam's 'Rake-Off' in Fights Promoted by Tex Rickard

Name of Contestants.	Gross Receipts.	Federal and State Tax.
Dempsey-Carpentier	$1,626,580.00	$292,978.66
Willard-Dempsey	496,310.00	67,680.00
Leonard-Tandler	363,033.15	65,713.00
Jeffries-Johnson	270,715.00	No tax
Gans-Nelson	69,715.00	No tax
Leonard-Mitchell	136,408.36	6,404.18
Brennan-Dempsey	162,760.20	24,298.30
Leonard-Kansas	126,767.75	17,504.45
Willard-Moran	152,000.00	.....
Wilson-O'Dowd	108,619.65	15,713.25
Gibbons-Greb	118,762.25	6,105.55
Britton-Leonard	131,198.65	18,248.15
Dundee-Welling	51,749.50	7,306.75
Lynch-Sharkey	38,803.80	4,678.40
Noble-Murray	21,074.90	3,012.25
Sharkey-Ledoux	43,103.50	6,162.55
Cross-Bogash	25,010.90	3,657.75
Jackson-Fitzsimmons	68,873.30	9,758.40
P. Moore-Montr'l	31,186.40	4,647.55
Britton-Lewis	66,910.90	9,706.65
Seiger-DeFoe	42,585.75	6,077.25
Brennan-Martin	51,597.65	7,635.45
Bogash-Bartfield	21,375.45	3,289.35
Jackson-Dundee	51,836.70	7,607.55
Loadman-Beecher	28,085.95	4,098.45
Jackson-Kansas	86,362.60	3,954.15
Seiger-Chaney	75,384.85	10,810.50
Harman-Buff	66,819.85	9,699.70
Jackson-Hartley	29,712.70	4,391.41
Lynch-Goldstein	28,851.15	4,171.95
Smith-O'Dowd	50,127.30	7,218.60
Leonard-Welling	99,750.00	14,548.05
Sharkey-Lynch (2d)	46,774,40	6,839.05
Lynch-Herman	82,683.10	11,889.70
Moore-Sharkey	17,998.50	2,859.85
Jackson-Mitchell	45,807.70	6,818.25
Chaney-Beecher	32,155.05	4,640.50
Smith-Burman	37,612.25	5,406.40
Shade-Keiser	21,780.10	3,192.40
Tendler-Kansas	57,437.50	8,061.10
Rice-Friedman	26,751.50	3,717.85
Smith-Hill	14,465.55	2,067.91
Greb-Weinert	48,604.95	6,862.90
Buff-Sharkey	51,998.20	7,432.30
G. Chaney-Dundee	32,185.10	4,641.25
Smith-Lynch	34,719.55	4,968.85
Leonard-Ward	48,222.00	2,481.60
McTigue-Smith	10,958.25	665.19
Tendler-Friedman	39,680.05	5,696.20
Herman-Smith	46 848.60	6,665.05
Jackson-Dundee	45,363.70	6,409.45
B. H'man-Chaney	25,985.25	3,615.12
Tunney-Levinsky	44,817.90	6,189.00
P. H'man-Reisker	14,345.50	2.030.17
Dundee-Benjamin	43,280.00	5,977.30
Britton-Shade	42,381.30	5,946.90
White-Jackson	39.354.55	2,084.10
Tendler-Gold	30,319.85	4,234.75
Willis-Norfolk	56.115.75	7,768.35
Wilson-Downey	54,410.20	9,737.80
Dundee-White	40,247.95	5,600.50
Smith-Burman	35,933.15	4,969.55
Herman-Martin	34,938.75	4,849.25
Tendler-Dundee	52,976.05	7,875.10
Tunney-Greb	65,322.43	9,150.89
Brennan-Tracey	18,618.75	2,640.70
Lynch-Smith	17,907.80	2.519.70
Buff-Lynch	48,475.25	6,757.90
Dundee-Martin	45,763.35	6,375.40
Krug-Rosenberg	22,255.65	3,130.30
White-Barrett	26,126.35	3,665.50
Seiger-Sullivan	10,311.95	1,457.95
Lynch-Wolfe	24,296.10	3,395.15
Wills-Johnson	20,793.55	2,927.85
Johnson-Martin	17,574.80	2,592,60
Miske-Gibbons	39,392.50	5,479.40
White-Marks	41,550.95	5,769.65
Britton-Walker	54,957.55	7,616.10
Villa-Goldstein	51,268.00	7,796.00
Kaplan-Sullivan	27,716.70	3,779.55
Heavyweight Show	7,891.40	1,071.10
Tunney-Weinert	14,705.60	2,009.40
Bernstein-Wagner	37,421.90	3,729.35
White-Mitchell	42,904.40	5,850.60
Lynch-Smith	26,616.70	6,620.55
Villa-Martin	35,788.00	4,880.25
Martin-Bernstein	46,785.00	6,362.50
Johnson-Brennan	60,500.00	8,250.00
Tendler-Moran	58,988.00	8,043.90
New Talent Show	6,915,40	943.61
Greb-Loughran	24,879.80	3.392.70
Dundee-Flores	38,272.30	5,218.95
White-Kansas	53,204.80	7.255.20
Tremains-Curtin	47,658.60	6,498.90
Heavyweight Show	4,936.14	673.61
Greb-Tunney	59,241.60	8.078.40
Villa-Genaro	61,561.50	8,394.75
Firpo-Brennan	50,755.10	6,921.15
Flores-Noble	15,601.00	2,127.45
Jackson-Ward	6,083.00	882.45
Milk Fund	350.037.00	18,570.20
Willard-Firpo	430,939.30	78,352.60
Dempsey-Firpo	1,188,525.80	162,531.20
Dundee-Bernstein	41,084.85	5,729.65
Kaplan-Latzo	5,878.65	875.95
Martin-Beecher	9,921.53	1,448.13
Duane-Ryckoff	5,926.55	846.90
White-Mitchell	30,647.95	4,284.02
Shade-Doyle	23,774.90	3,332.02
Bernstein-Moran	22,518.15	3,157.90
Flores-Tiplitz	11.332.60	1,605.55
Villa-Feldman	8,035.75	1,170.10
Jerome-Duane	24,317.10	3,386.70
White-Moran	20,365.65	2,860.80
Bernstein-Kansas	13,112.55	1,867.40
Shade-Wells	20,487.95	2,881.00
Johnson-Renault	56,148.40	7.656.60
Siki-Norfolk	66,337.55	9,160.40
Jerome-Duane	32,630.80	4,495.05
Tremaine-Genaro	20,860.00	2,897.55

Total gross receipts, $9,709,887.19.
Total Federal and State tax receipts, $1,312,659.22.

COMMONWEALTH SPORTING CLUB

135th St. and Madison Ave.

New York City

The Home of
High Class Boxing Attractions

Boxing Every Saturday Night

Matchmaker JESS McMAHON

Telephone: Harlem 2517

Merry Christmas
and Happy New Year
to the Ring

Silvey Burns

Harry Lenny

Pete Stone

Compliments of

PIONEER ATHLETIC CLUB

155 EAST 24th STREET
NEW YORK CITY

Greetings To All Our Patrons

HIGH CLASS TALENT

A Club Where Champions Are Made

The Place Where Sizzling Bouts Keep Fight Fans on Edge

A Thrill in All Our Contests

Matchmaker: JAMES D. BRUTON
Advisory Matchmaker: JOHNNY ATTELL

BOXING EVERY TUESDAY EVENING

CARL DUANE

Bronx Steam Roller

Foremost contender for featherweight title.

JOE SCAPPATONE

130 lbs.

New York's latest fistic sensation.

Under the management of

MIKE VALENTINE

2307 BATHGATE AVENUE
BRONX, NEW YORK CITY
Tel. Fordham 9509

When You Are in New York
Pay Us a Visit

Russian and Turkish

BATHS

FORSYTHE BUILDING
79-81 Forsythe Street
New York City
Telephone Orchard 3290

Sleeping Accommodations for 600

Plunge in Steam Room and 50-Foot Swimming Pool

Continuous Fresh Water System

EUGENE COATES
High Class

Signs and Show Cards

Portable Booths to Hire for Bazaars, Fairs, Lawn Fetes, Block Parties and Refreshment Stands for Balls.

No Screws—No Nails.
960 Pacific St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Tel. 6986-R Main
Also
20 Putnam Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Tel. 7948 Prospect
Established 1878

EDITORIAL COMMENT— (*Continued from page 17*)

when he was on his hunting trips he always used his left hand to pull the trigger.

Jack Dempsey is a great left-handed hitter, too, but his right is really more powerful, as it is with the majority of human beings. Those who have seen Luis Firpo in action have been convinced that if his left hand was worth anything, he would be a very dangerous person for Dempsey.

The above, by way of introduction to the fact that reports from the West declare Tex Rickard has asked Jim Jeffries to become trainer of Luis Firpo for a period of six months, to teach Luis the use of the left. There may be some truth in this, as Rickard is very fond of Jeffries, but we doubt if anyone wise in ring lore could figure on the once great champion being of much assistance to Firpo at this date.

It is more than thirteen years now since Jeffries fought his last battle against Jack Johnson and in that fight his once great left was not of much account. Jeff is too old physically to undertake the training of Firpo at this stage.

It was with the left that Jeffries beat Fitzsimmons, Sharkey, Ruhlin and Corbett. It was a straight left to the chin that started Fitz going, in their memorable fight at Coney Island. Ruby Robert managed to last nine rounds after the first knockdown but anyone else would probably have managed to remain down after that first terrific punch.

It is probably too late in the day for Firpo ever to develop a great left hand. He might improve a whole lot with his southpaw, but what he needs for that is plenty of work in the ring. The Argentinian has a lot to learn about the game and the best way for him to do so is to get the experience by actual fighting. He cannot afford to lay off and bask in the plaudits of his countrymen, then expect to come back and after a siege of training expect to make good against Dempsey.

We can hardly imagine Firpo keeping in proper condition down in South America where he is more or less of a national hero. Unless he has sense enough to let some real trainer take him in tow and is ready to obey his instructions, a meeting between Luis and Dempsey in 1924 will probably end as quickly as did the Polo Grounds affair on July 2.

AN IDEAL

Training Camp

Supervised by the World's Famous Jimmy Deforest

• • •

Train in the Country
Among the Pines
Regular Training Table
Reservations Limited

• • •

Apply to
Prof. JIMMY DEFOREST
Allenhurst, N. J.
Telephone: Allenhurst 2276

Telephone: Jerome 3105

JOHN ZOLLER

Official Decorator
Madison Square Garden

Artistic Decorations Supplied for All Occasions

1239 WEBSTER AVENUE
(The Bronx)
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Compliments of the Season

GEORGE LAVIGNE

GEORGIE MARKS

Address
195 West End Avenue
Night Telephone
Columbus 0959
Day Telephone
Bryant 5878

Under the Management of
CHARLEY COOK

FLOYD JOHNSON—HEAVYWEIGHT
TOMMY ROBSON—MIDDLEWEIGHT
GEORGE LAVIGNE—LIGHTWEIGHT

GEORGIE MARKS—BANTAMWEIGHT
JACK TILYOU—WELTERWEIGHT
JOHNNY CONEY—FEATHERWEIGHT

A SHAWANAGA CHRISTMAS

(*Continued from page* 11)

answered. "And Christmas Eve here in this bunkhouse if Paul Lecroix, the bully boy o' Camp No. 2 on the other side of the Arrer will, if he is willin', fight you for a hundred purse an' the championship o' the Shawanaga."

"If Lecroix is willin' I am," calmly acqueised young Murphy. "Sure it'll be a pleasure to put the big Parley-voo on his back, as Finn McCool said when he chased the divil through Athlone. For a hundred dollars for me own sweet Mary, the darlin', I can lick any French-Canuck son-of-a-gun that ever swung an ax or rode white water."

It was spoken in true woods fashion and a wild admirin' yell went echoing over the pines, scaring the wolves back in the coulee and bringing back as defiant a challenge from a bull moose down in the spruce slashings.

At chow in the mornin' there was no more moanin' an' grumblin' and longin' to get home. The big fight for the champeenship o' the Shawanaga was the only thing on anyone's mind.

Pierre LaChance, the boss of Camp 2 over on the Arrer had been just as much worried by the Christmas moanings as I had. But when I hiked over to let him know what was up, I found the blues had disappeared. The news had preceded me. The cuttings of the two camps joined on the Arrer and our boys passed the word along.

"Hah! So you theenk your Pat Murphee she leeck our beeg Paul Lacroix?" queried the first man of No. 2's Camp I met on the trail. "Sacre! Paul, the Moose, he smash two-inch board wit' hees fist. She keel your Murphee. She keel him! Pouf! Joost like dat! She keel him!"

The boss of Camp No. 2 was just as enthusiastic when I met him superintendin' the loading at the next skidway.

"You make the fight between Murphee and big Lecroix, eh?" Pierre LaChance questioned. "It is good. The men are glad. No more the cry and homeseeckness. See, they laugh, they seeng, they raise hell! They are wan good lumberjack wance more."

"Sure my beeg Paul shees meet your Murphee," went on LaChance. "Sure she take heem on. An' the night before Christmas over we come, wan hundred strong, mon brave Frenchmans from Camp No. 2 to see our Paul leeck him. Hah, you an' me, Billee, juost a leetle bet on zee champayongship of Shawanaga? Joost a leetle bet?

"A hondred dollar, two hondred dollar, t'ree hondred dollar, I have. Oui, wan dousand dollar if you wait till ze logs are in the booms an' I cash heem money," exclaimed LaChance, racial and camp loyalty bubbling warm. "Dat say our Frenchmans, Beeg Paul Lacroix, shee ween the champayonsheep of the Shawanaga!"

I couldn't go back on Camp No. 1. I couldn't go back on Murphy. I couldn't go back on the Irish. So I covered five hundred dollars of LaChance's money. And I promised myself half of it would go to Murphy if young Pat won.

That night 'Poleon Babeche brought the boxing gloves into the bunkhouse. They were wonderful creations. They looked like a cross between a balloon and a catcher's mit. The darn fool never had seen a boxing glove. He made huge half shoulder long caribout mittens and stuffed them all around, filling in palms as well as back.

I roared as I drew one of them on. My fist ain't no babies size but it was lost in the mitten. I burrowed my fist into it until it reached half way to my shoulder. It was a good six inches thick. It looked more like a punching bag than a boxing glove.

As I sat there laughing, Old Maje, the b'ar, waddled down in front of me and stood up waving his paws in the usual challenge. I swatted him with the balon like mitten. He swatted me back.

"Put the boxin' gloves on Maje" begged the men. "Put 'em on Maje. They'll just fit him.

We strapped the contraptions over the b'ars paws and for more'n an hour Old Maje went up and down the room, exchanging' swats with first one lumberjack an' then another. If you ever see a critter laff and enjoy hisself it was ol' Maje. An every once in a while in the midst of the swatin' he would lay down, roll over on his back an' act as if he was just dyin' from laffin.

He's my sparrin' partner," exclaimed Murphy as he stood up cuffin' with Old Maje. "Look at him! Begorrah just look at him sock!"

Old Maje thought a lot of Murphy. It was young Pat who had found him a little soft fluffy blubberin' whimperin' lost cub an' brought him into camp an' nusses him. And it was Murphy who when Old Maje grew up and got to be kinds of an expense got me to 'ficially list him on the Comp'ny books as "Maje Board and Lodgings."
Murphy, Bull Cook's Assistant. Pay. Board and Lodgings."

Well I showed Poleon Barbeche how to make regular boxing gloves, smaller, shorter and stuffed only on the back. Poleon had a couple o' sets for Murphy and the boys to practice on the next evenin'. Mike Murphy, Ole Nelson, Scotty Newcomb and Big Larry Reardon all put up their dukes against Murphy but young Pat handled 'em all with ease.

Three days before Christmas word was brought me LaChance had been giving Lecroix time off from logigng to practice with his mits and fit himself for the big scrap. What's fair for one is fair for the other, thought, I, so I told Pat there wasn't enough snow to sled on rightly anyway and that he and Murphy and Nelson might as well take a couple of hours each afternoon and practice with the gloves.

"No need of takin' any men off the job, Boss," answered Murphy. "Sure an' I knocked out Ole's teeth an' blackened Mike's two eyes yisterday. Ol' Maje is the best sparrin' partner I've got. He's makin' me step around lively. I can't hurt him, sock as hard as I can, an' he won't hurt me."

I thought of my five hundred dollar bet with LaChance and I told Murphy no b'ar could train a man for a ring fight.

"Boss," young Pat says, "there's no gosoon in the North Woods can stretch me on my back with gloves on or gloves off. You just let me an' Maje work along. I've got three hundred dollars of me own bet on this fight. If Lecroix wins Mary and me will have to wait some

(*Continued on page* 76)

FALL OF TURKISH DEMON

(*Continued from page* 18)

tween Greece and Turkey. In prison this fellow I fight to-night is a guard. Friends help me escape. This Turk he follow me. I shoot him in knee. Bullet still there. I know it hurt him for anybody to touch him where bullet is. I grab this knee to-night and he holler. I hit him when he try to take my hand away from place where bullet is. I say to myself, 'Greek must whip Turk to-night.' I whip him good, don't I, Harry?"

The Last Word in a Billiard and Bowling Institution

Rational Recreation, Inc.

398-406 FULTON STREET
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

MERRY CHRISTMAS and HAPPY NEW YEAR

JOE BURMAN

Chicago's Leading Bantamweight Contender

Matched five times to box Joe Lynch for the bantamweight championship, but on each occasion Lynch ran out of the match. Their last match was to have been held in Madison Square Garden, in New York City, on October 19th, but Lynch called off the bout, claiming that he hurt his shoulder when he tripped over a dog.

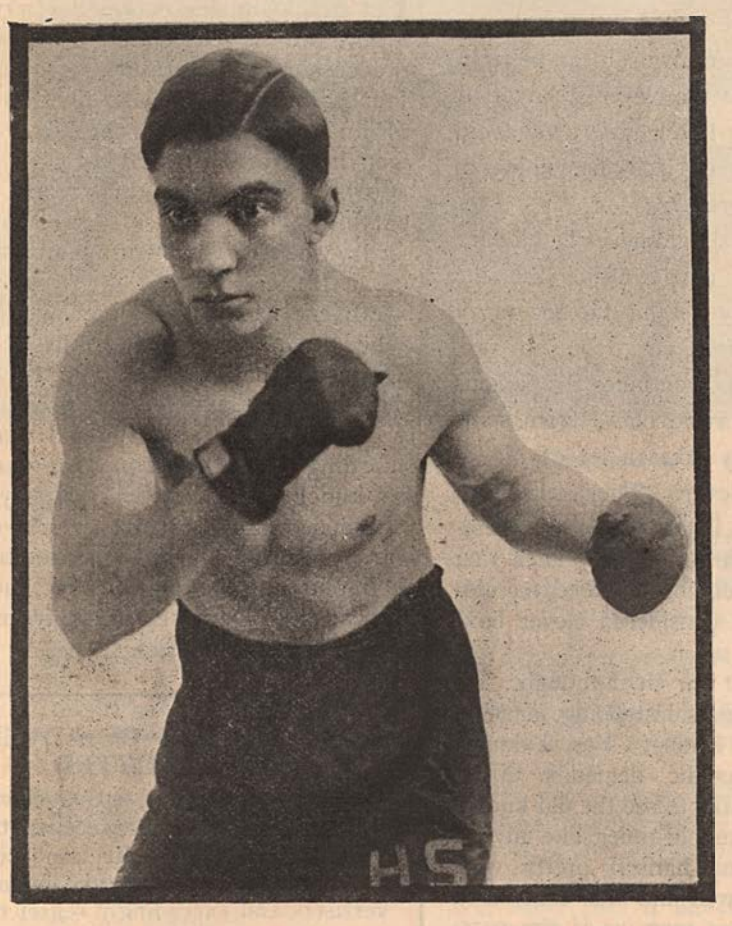
The boxing fans throughout the country are wondering if Lynch fears Joe Burman, and attribute the "accident" to a case of cold feet.

Burman now his own business manager. For bouts, address

JOE BURMAN

care Kid Howard's Arcade Gym., 32 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

Telephone: Dearborn 6280



HAROLD SMITH

Chicago's sensational bantamweight contender, who recently defeated the Bantamweight Champion, Joe Lynch, at Aurora, Ill.

Smith won every one of the ten rounds, giving the champion the worst lacing ever a champion received from a contender. Smith then invaded the East and made his debut against Danny Lee on Oct. 5th in the Madison Square Garden, New York City. He went like a house afire and gave Lee a lesson in boxing that he will never forget.

Smith took the Garden crowd by storm, and it was a good thing for Lee that Smith turned his ankle in the third round or Lee never would have gone the distance.

Smith since then has been laid up with his ankle in a cast, and has to turn down many tempting offers, but he soon again will appear in Eastern bouts.

Harold Smith is under the direction of Buck Montgomery, 175 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill. Phone Franklin 3041.

Jim Jeffries' Business Failure Gains World Sympathy

By PATSY HALEY
World Famous Referee

PERHAPS of all the shocks sustained by millions of fight followers throughout the world in the year just passed, a year in which more thrills, more deaths of famous ring characters and more loss of championships were crowded in a period of twelve months than in any previous year since the Corbett-Sullivan bout, none brought on more sympathy than the announcement from the Coast that the great Jim Jeffries, the man who was battered into helplessness when he attempted a come-back and tried to regain the championship for the white race in a bout with Jack Johnson in 1910, was flat broke and went into bankruptcy.

Big Jim Jeffries, rated by many as the peer of all modern heavyweights, who wrested the title from Bob Fitzsimmons in 1899 and amassed close to $1,000,000, filed a suit in bankruptcy in Los Angeles last summer, and the one-time king of heavies and man of wealth, informed a gasping public that he now owed the world close to $150,000. To-day, Jeffries, close to the half century mark, must start anew while the present champion is hoarding up a fortune and investing it soundly to provide against just such a predicament as that in which his predecessor finds himself.

For defeating Bob Fitzsimmons for the title, June 9, 1899, Jeffries was paid about $15,000; it was before the day of big purses, and in his last ring appearance, which was the fight with Jack Johnson, on July 10, he was paid over $100,000.

Between the years of fights that made and unmade him as the king of heavyweight fighters, Big Jim licked every contender of prominence with the exception of his conqueror, not once, but twice. His ring earnings were probably in all not less than $300,000, less than what Dempsey now receives for one fight.

He starred in a melodrama known as "The Man From the West," also in "Davy Crockett," and with burlesque and vaudeville shows, and before the meeting with Johnson made a tour of the theatrical circuit. It is said he gathered a huge sum from his stage earnings. After his first retirement from the ring he had a saloon on Spring street in Los Angeles, that was a big money maker and that brought a good price (Jeffries never cared for the saloon business) when he disposed of it. Jim put much of his earnings into alfalfa farms and apparently prospered.

Yes, it is safe to say that Jim Jeffries has earned not less than a million dollars; not so many years ago he was reputed to be worth close to $500,000 and to-day he is broke.

Business reverses are given as the reason for Jeffries' bankruptcy proceedings. He was not the type to squander his money and while at times he was said to have been given to drinking, it was usually found that stories of the ex-champion's dissipation, even when he was a saloonkeeper, were unfounded.

What a picture of a man was Jeffries when he first came to New York to show his fistic prowess in the East. Six feet, 1½ inches tall and slightly over 200 pounds, of bone, muscle and sinew. He was supposed to box three men, this was in August, 1899. But he only took on Bob Armstrong and made a poor impression on the whole. But a few months later he came back and against Bob Fitzsimmons proved to New Yorkers and the rest of the world interested in doings of the prize ring that he was a great fighter and a champion.

Jeffries was a champion, one of the greatest the ring has ever known, but business was not his game.

To-day, the great champion of former days is devoting himself to farming and preaching. He has joined an evangelistic order.

AN OLD-TIMER YOU KNOW, YOUNG GRIFFO, SPEAKS UP

CAN it be possible that Young Griffio, once considered the cleverest boxer in the world, can be right when he says that the cleverest boxer of today does not know how to avoid punches and thereby lacks something to make him truly great?

"A good boxer should never be hit very often and never dangerously. But the best of 'em today get hit far too many times," says Griffo.

"Even Leonard," continues the famous old-timer, "can't avoid blows from some boxers. Dempsey takes a lot of blows. They are not clever. They out-punch their opponents but they leave themselves open to the one lucky punch that may bring them down. No siree, the old-timers who were considered clever boxers never got hit often.

"Hitting wasn't our chief thought. He looked at ducking, sidestepping, dancing as important as hitting. Yes, I know, styles change, public demands differ. Nowadays folks like to see the old knockout. But take an old-timer like myself who could defend himself pretty well, could hit pretty well and was considered clever, and it does seem as if the passing of the old era is a sad thing."

CHAMPS THAT HAVE KEPT CROWNS UNTIL PAST 30

THE knockout of Luis Firpo by Jack Dempsey makes it a certainty that the present champion, like his predecessors, will retain his crown until he passes his thirtieth birthday.

John L. Sullivan was thirty-four when he lost to Corbett.

Corbett was thirty-one when Fitz beat him.

Fitz was thirty-seven when he fell before Jeffries.

Jeffries was thirty-five when he cashed in his crown to Johnson.

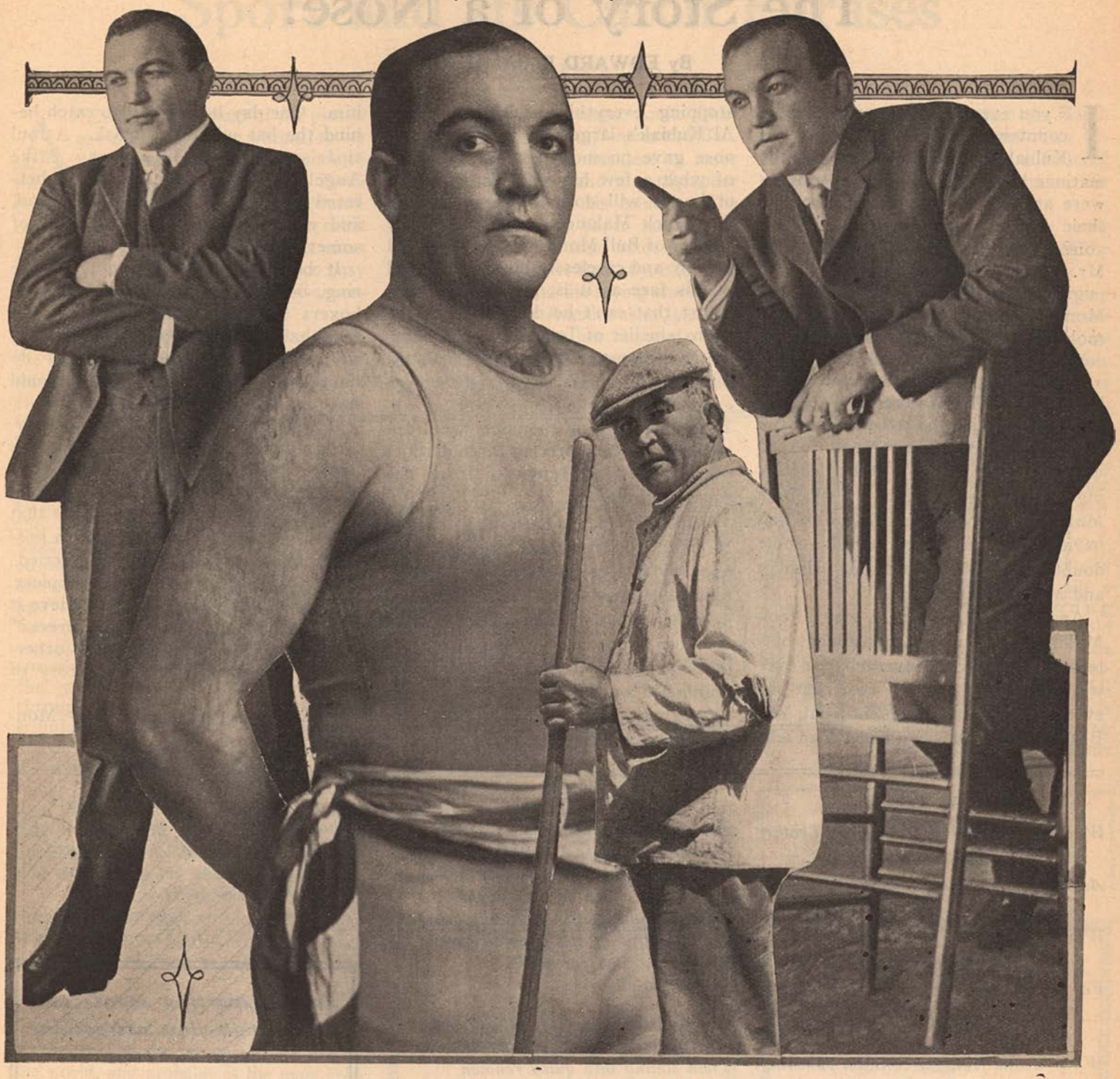
Johnson had turned thirty-seven when he was flattened out at Havana by Jess Willard and Willard was 36 according to best information, when he was knocked kicking by Dempsey.

Dempsey now is but twenty-eight years of age, And there seems no likelihood any boxer can be located who can take Dempsey's title from him in the next two years.

ELEVEN PAGES OF ADVERTISING OMITTED

Owing to lack of space eleven pages of advertisements received too late for publication in this issue have been omitted. We thank the advertisers and exceedingly regret the necessity to omit their copy.

GREAT FIGHTER, BANKRUPT, TURNS EVANGILIST



As he looked when in his prime and as he looks today in the garb of a farmer

Two Fighters

By DAMON RUNYON
(In the New York *American*)

Now Liverfoot Coke was an awful Magee;
His boxing would make you cry.
His right was a joke, his left just a poke,
And he had no judgment or eye.
But any old time they started him off—
(And he never knew who they'd picked—)
He went ripping, and tearing—
Head down, and daring—
For Coke never knew he was licked!

Well, Lightning Lou had a wonderful left,
And a right like a battering ram.
He was clever and quick, knew many a trick,
And carried a terrible slam.
But somehow he seldom came home in front;
His chin seemed easily nicked—
He was fancy and dashy,
His form was quite flashy—
But Lou knew when he was licked!
No, there isn't a moral I'm seeking to point,
But fate plays many a prank.
There's Liverfoot Coke half daffy and broke,
While Lou has dough in the bank.

The philosophy of this verse is not uplifting.

It is merely true.

That is all—it is true.

The writer saw two former fighters on Broadway the other night that it fits—who prompted the verse.

One, remembered for his clumsy, honest, head-on gameness, is down and out. The other, who would be recalled as a great boxer, none too courageous, looks fat and prosperous.

That is life—sad, but *LIFE.*

The Story of a Nose!

By EDWARD R. JAMIESON

IF you ever looked upon the noble countenance of Kid Broad or Al Kubiak, or Bull Montana, the matinee hero of the screen, you never were at a loss to explain how it was their faces were so disfigured, were you? Recalling how Mr. Broad and Mr. Kubiak made their living in the pugilistic business and how Mr. Bull Montana was a "rassler" before he took up histrionic art, you have no doubt concerning the subject.

Yet it is barely possible you might be wrong. We say that with the full knowledge of just how the faces of the three gentlemen mentioned looked when at their "best." But also having looked upon the face of Mr. Jock Malone, the St. Paul phantom, and having heard his story, we have some doubt about Mr. Broad, Mr. Kubiak and Mr. Bull Montana.

And this is the reason why: Jock Malone has as nicely a flattened, battered, bulged, disarranged nose as ever we looked upon. It is a nose that has every classic disfigurement that Kid Broad's nose had when Kid Broad was stopping everything with his nose. Al Kubiak's large and well spattered nose gave no more convincing proof of what a few hundred blows on the proboscis will do to reshape it than does Jock Malone's. And that noble smeller of Bull Montana's, as loose and wobbly and carelessly hung and sewed on his face as it is, presents nothing in art that can't be discovered in the flashy smeller of Jock Malone.

But for all that Jock did not have his nose so twisted and deformed through experience in the ring. Not at all. That delicately mismoulded facial appendage was acquired in three distinct occurrences far removed from the squared circle.

While playing on a football team in St. Paul Jock was one day trampled upon by five members of the visiting team, each of whom took particular pains to rest a number eleven cleated foot on Jock's nose. That bent it a bit and spread it out, but left it an unfinished work of art.

Jock graduated from football to professional baseball. Art overcame him. One day he essayed to catch behind the bat without a mask. A foul tip! swish! just like that. Mike Angelo himself could not have bettered the artistic touch of this foul, and yet there was just a wee bit of something lacking.

It bothered Jock. He entered the ring, became one of the cleverest of boxers and held in high esteem—the fact that no boxer ever socked him in the nose. Jack would deny art its hour while in the ring, but he would have his art just the same.

Rushing to catch a train one day, Jock slipped (we have no doubt it was upon a banana peel) and fell against a baggage truck, his nose colliding with an iron projection. They say that when Jock came to he called for a mirror, and surveying himself in it cried: "At last, my nose is a masterpiece, but, who, oh! who, will ever believe it is not a heritage of my ring career?" And who, alas, ever did think otherwise? But that is the true story of Jock's nose.

Now let us hear from Bull Montana.

Can He Take It?

When the Knights of the Padded Leather
Step, at the bell, to the ring,
And the seering stab of the left-hand jab
Is met with the right-hand swing;
Who then has eyes for the footwork,
Or looks to the feint and the block,
For the question comes, "Can he take it?"
And the echo rings, "Can he sock?"

When, drunk from the constant punching,
And dazed by the drive and smash,
A fighter gropes for the swaying ropes
And drops to the floor with a crash;
Who then has thought of the tumult
As the raging galleries stamp,
For this question is, "Will he stay there,
Or rise to his feet like a champ?"

When, battered and bloody and broken,
You quail from the fierce attack,
And you reel and sway and your knees give way
And you sink, unnerved, to your back;
Can you clear your brain of the tangle,
And steel every nerve—and then—
Call forth all the best that's in you
And rise—e'er the count of ten?

—*H. Frick, N. Y. Evening Journal.*

The Winner

The cove who never kids himself,
Who looks at facts without a frown,
Who knows that life is full of knots,
And not a bed of eiderdown—
Who does his stuff against the breaks,
Unmindful of the yapping throng,
With little time for alibis—
Will get along.

The cove who knows the uphill road
Is better training for the fray
Than sliding into quick renown
Along the somewhat softer way—
Who throws self-pity to the gales
And knows that life is mostly fight,
Who chirps, "What of it?" in defeat—
Will do all right.

The bloke who knows the world is rough,
And not a clover bed of rest;
Who takes his fortune as it comes
And promtply counters with his best—
Who slogs along through fogs of doubt,
Fear, pain and envy and despair,
With clear eyes fixed upon the goal—
Will get somewhere.

The bloke who chucks aside pretense
And stands four-square with what he has,
Who still can take a sock or two,
Nor crumble up before the razz—
Who doesn't sour on the scrap
Because his luck is badly frayed,
But plays the game out to the turn—
Will make the grade.

GRANTLAND RICE,
In New York Tribune.

For all sporting events and other high-class attractions obtain tickets at

JACOBS'

NORMANDIE HOTEL

38th Street and Broadway

New York City

Telephones: Fitzroy 4188 4189 4190 6442

Newsdealers Attention!!

If The Ring is not sold in your city, write for terms to the Hotaling News Agency, 308 West 40th Street, New York City

Sport and Its Catch Phrases

By A. D. PHILLIPS

AMERICA is the land of the phrase and the home of the wheeze, so we have been informed from time to time by the witty paragrapher. However that may be, it is certain that American sporting folks do take kindly to catch phrases of one sort or another. It often has been said that Americans are too busy even to waste time in the use of superfluous words.

Certain it is that in the sporting world the catch phrase has a wide vogue. Our slangisms may not make a hit with the dignified foreign visitor, but we notice he takes back to his dignified land many of our choicest slang words.

The origin of certain slang words is obvious, but the origin of some of the most expressive is lost in our speedy endeavor to create new ones. Not so long ago it was our good fortune to meet the cause, as one might put it, for slangism that has traveled over the world and has lived through many years of tribulations.

You know, of course, if a sporting editor friend gives you a free ticket for a fight that you have received an Annie Oakley. Ever stop to wonder how free tickets, passes, complimentaries came by that name? Or, if you have ever tried to crash the gate (how the slang will come out) and you are told to do a Dan O'Leary, did you pause to contemplate the origin of this expressive bit of philosophy?

Annie Oakley, who in private life is Mrs. Frank Butler, is, as most everyone knows, one of the greatest rifle shots in the world, and probably is the most celebrated of the world for that matter. For nearly half a century Annie Oakley's name has been a household word, and for probably half that time her name has been synonymous with a free ticket to some amusement.

It was Byron Bancroft Johnson, president of the American League, who tacked Annie Oakley's name to complimentary tickets. Standing at the gate at the White Sox Park in Chicago one day, Ban and Charley Comiskey saw a fellow hand up a ticket for admission that had been punched so full of holes that there was little left but holes. Punching holes in the free ticket is the method employed to tell them from paid tickets.

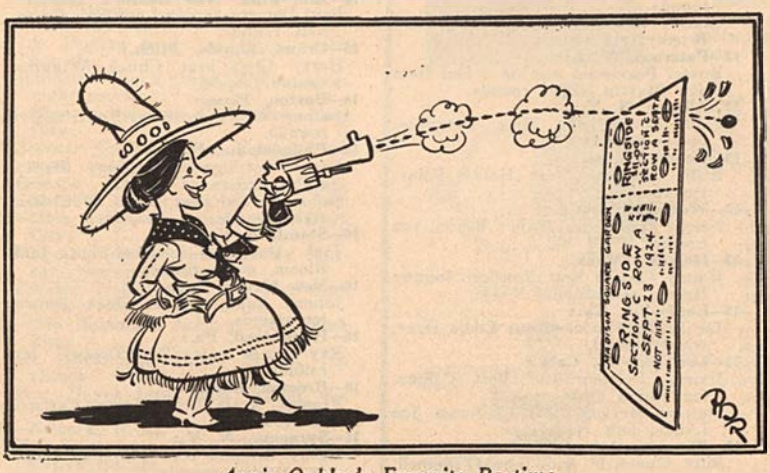
"That looks like a target Annie Oakley had been shooting at," remarked Ban. Comiskey told of the incident to some newspapermen later, and a paragrapher pulled the wheeze in his column. The similarity between a paper target shot full of holes and a free ticket punched with little round holes instantly caught on with the public, and the saying stuck.

Mrs. Butler, or Annie Oakley, came to fame when she met her husband. She was fourteen and a crack shot of the neighborhood out in Ohio. Frank Butler was a crack shot himself and went from place to place shooting in matches. He was a professional. One day he had an engagement to shoot against "The woman champion of Ohio." He didn't know who she was, but just before the match he noticed a girl driving into town behind a fine horse attached to a battered old buggy. The girl's appearance intrigued Butler.

"Who is the girl," he asked the hotelkeeper as he noticed everyone greet the lass in a familiar way.

"Why, she is the girl you are going to shoot against," replied Mine Host. Annie beat Frank in that match, but before he had grown much older she was Mrs. Frank Butler. After forty years or more of married life this famous showwoman and her showman husband are happily married and still touring the country. And Annie still can beat Frank shooting, he admits.

The yarn about Dan O'Leary, who is eighty odd years old now but still a mighty sprightly young fellow, is worth being told in conjunction with some reminiscences about himself and his great rival, Albert Pason Weston, who is eighty odd years young himself. We'll tell it some of these days.



Annie Oakley's Favorite Pastime

Newsdealers Attention!!

If The Ring is not sold in your city, write for terms to the Ilotaling News Agency, 308 West 40th Street, New York City.

Yuletide Greetings To All

LEW RAYMOND

Christmas and New Year's Greetings from

DUQUE and SOL

Promoters in Panama

Boxers Seeking Engagements Write or Cable—Box 76, Ancon, Canal Zone

GOOD INDUCEMENTS FOR BOYS WHO WILL FIGHT

Results of Boxing Bouts

NOVEMBER

6—Dayton, O.:
Jimmy (Young) Godfrey and Kid Whitney, six-round draw.

7—San Francisco, Calif.:
Sunny Jim beat Eddie McGovern, four rounds.
Roy Riley beat Pedro Villa, four rounds.
Joe Roach beat Mason Griffin, four rounds.
Pep Webster beat Johnny Walker, four rounds.
Sailor Newton beat Bud Fisher, four rounds.
Soldier Norfolk knocked out Young Domingos, second round.
Mickey Sullivan knocked out Pete Smith, second round.
Johnny Farr knocked out Teddy Silva, three rounds.
Jack Silver beat Tommy Cello, four rounds.
Teddy O'Hara beat Joe McCabe, four rounds.
Dynamite Murphy beat Teddy Seidman, four rounds.
George Gibbons knocked out Johnny Rustig, two rounds.
Eddie Phillips beat Art Simmons, four rounds.
Eddie Hadden knocked out Tommy Simms, three rounds.

7—Modesto, Calif.:
Willie Meehan and Willie Keeler, four-round draw.

7—Tacoma, Wash.:
Jimmy Rivers and Morgan Jones, six-round draw.

9—San Francisco, Calif.:
Sailor Ashmore beat Young Papke, four rounds.
Mike O'Leary beat Billy Gordeau, four rounds.
Billy Springfield beat Lew Dennison, four rounds.
Tommy Comiskey and Min Minnick, four-round draw.
Ben Demske and Jack Inman, four-round draw.
Harry Wallace beat Johnny Martin, four rounds.
Al Williams and Jim Moser, four-round draw.

9—Sacramento, Calif.:
Young Corbett beat Tommy O'Leary, four rounds.

9—Los Angeles, Calif.:
Jimmy Sacco beat Phil Salvatore, four rounds.

10—Des Moines, Iowa:
Harold Plude beat Kid Morley, eight rounds.
Roscoe Hall beat Reddy Blanchard, eight rounds.
Buddy McDonald beat Kid Socklyn, eight rounds.
Kid Mack beat Speedy Moulden, six rounds.

10—East Chicago, Ind.:
Kid Washington knocked out Ted Ross, second round.

12—Memphis, Tenn.:
Frankie Garcia knocked out Brookie Stephens, eight rounds.

12—Salt Lake City, Utah:
Johnny Adamson lost to Frankie Darren, six rounds.

12—Shreveport, La.:
Warnie Smith beat Frankie Murphy, fifteen rounds.
Crady Franklin beat Young Stanley, ten rounds.
Johnny Leapy Williams beat Red Graham, six rounds.

12—New Orleans, La.:
Kid Carlin knocked out Ray Rose, nine rounds.
Charley Rodirquez beat Percy Vinet, six rounds.
Billy Brown and Al Jachim, ten-round draw.
Joe Beall beat Tony Frisch, six rounds.

12—Seattle, Wash.:
Vic Foley and Johnny Farr, six-round draw.
Walter Rollo and Fred Walsh, six-round draw.
Roy Small knocked out Bert Dunbar, third round.

12—Broadwav Exhibition Assn., Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Eddie Martin knocked out Harry London, first round.
Joe Brady beat Joe Glick, six rounds.
Sammy Markowitz beat Ernie McCarron, six rounds.
Max Rosenblum beat Young Frankie, six rounds.
Joey Werner and Eddie Whotestock, six-round draw.

12—Troy, N. Y.:
Johnny Nichols beat Sailor Darden, ten rounds.

12—Pittsburgh, Pa.:
Jack Zivic beat Joe Tiplitz, twelve rounds.

12—Jersey City, N. J.:
Harry Martone knocked out Joe Senter, two rounds.

12—Lynn, Mass.:
Vic Hirsch beat Jack Schoendorf, ten rounds.

12—Manchester, N. H.:
Frankie Quill and Billy Woods, ten-round draw.

12—East Chicago, Ind.:
Ernie Goozeman beat Holly Levine, ten rounds.

12—Dayton, O.:
Jimmy (Young) Godfrey beat Johnny Lucas, six rounds.

13—Pioneer Sporting Club, New York City:
Sammy Mandell beat Babe Herman, twelve rounds.
Joe Werner beat Marty Snello, twelve rounds.

13—47th Regiment Armory, New York City:
Ray Bennett and Rough House Ware, ten-round draw.
Joe Zink beat Eddie Clifford, ten rounds.
Charley Frisco knocked out Charley Brophy, six rounds.

13—Paterson, N. J.:
Yussel Pearlstein won on a foul from Sailor Martin, eight rounds.

13—Albany, N. Y.:
Paul Doyle beat Mike Dempsey, twelve rounds.

13—Boston, Mass.:
Eddie Williams beat Harry Foley, ten rounds.

13—Worcester, Mass.:
Scoops White beat Sailor Byron, ten rounds.

13—Holyoke, Mass.:
Jimmy Cooney beat Newport Johnny Brown, ten rounds.

13—Louisville, Ky.:
Joe Paglina knocked out Eddie Dyer, second round.

13—Los Angeles, Calif.:
Jimmy Delaney and Bert Colima, four-round draw.
Stewart McLean beat California Joe Lynch, four rounds.

13—Phoenix, Ariz.:
Billy Hunefield and John O'Donnell, ten-round draw.

13—Edmonton, Alberta, Canada:
Jackie Neuman beat Sammy Hager, fifteen rounds.

14—Lenox Sporting Club, New York City:
Eddie Fitzsimmons beat Sammy Berne, ten rounds.
Jimmy Kelly knocked out Buddy Ryan, one round.
Joe Stossell knocked out Phil Reynolds, one round.

14—Boston, Mass.:
Tommy Loughren beat Ted Moore, ten rounds.

14—Mariesville, R. I.:
Joey Sanger beat Providence Terry Martin, ten rounds.

14—San Francisco, Calif.:
Jimmy Duffy beat Eddie Roberts, four rounds.
Dynamite Murphy and Eddie Kelly, four-round draw.
Sunny Jim knocked out Jack Inman, second round.
Johnny Cardinet beat Teddy Seidman, four rounds.
Johnny Burns beat Blackie Rice, four rounds.
Minn Minnick beat Johnny Marvin, four rounds.
Luis Campia beat Bobby Buens, four rounds.

14—San Francisco, Calif.:
Chick Roach and Pep Webster, four-round draw.
Roy Wiley beat Jackie Flynn, four rounds.
Bud Nolan beat Johnny Mullin, four rounds.
Johnny Lamar beat Art Emery, four rounds.
Sailor Newton beat Mickey Sullivan, four rounds.
Soldier Norfolk beat Lyle Williams, two rounds.
Earl Klan and Young Carter, four-round draw.

15—San Mateo, Calif.:
Tom King beat George Shade, four rounds.
Eddie Hadden beat Willie O'Keefe, four rounds.
Dan Needham knocked out Joe Hart, two rounds.
Young Kid Carter knocked out Mickey White, first round.
Vic Morrison beat Al Anderson, four rounds.
Mike Dempsey and Young Russell, four-round draw.
Al Cordosa knocked out Frank Norton, first round.

15—San Pedro, Calif.:
Ray Long and Sailor Billy Vincent, four-round draw.

15—Tacoma, Wash.:
Dode Bercot won on a foul from Johnny Trambitas, five rounds.

15—Pupelo, Colo.:
Don Terror Long beat Joe Coffee, ten rounds.

16—Rink Sporting Club, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Georgie Marks beat Buck Josephs, twelve rounds.
Lew Goldberg beat Gus Marino, twelve rounds.
Tony Vaccarelli beat Al Dubeck, six rounds.
Midget Irla knocked out Willie Tucker, second round.

15—102nd Medical Regiment Armory, New York City:
Wildman Gould beat Charley Murray, twelve rounds.
Joe Eppy and Billy Walker, eight-round draw.

15—Elm Rink, New Bedford, Mass.:
Paul Demers knocked out Ray Lucas, four rounds.

15—Grand Rapids, Mich.:
Harry Greb beat Chuck Wiggins, twelve rounds.

16—Boston, Mass.:
Johnny Wilson beat Pal Reed, twelve rounds.

16—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Larry Estridge beat Jerry Hayes, eight rounds.
Sailor Darden beat Sailor McClellan, eight rounds.

16—Stamford, Conn.:
Jack Douglass knocked out Jack Bloom, eight rounds.

16—New Haven, Conn.:
Johnny Shugrue beat Chick Brown, ten rounds.

16—Homestead, Pa.:
Ray Pryel beat Tim Droney, ten rounds.

16—Brocton, Mass.:
Francis Rossi beat Harry Carlson, ten rounds.

16—Syracuse, N. Y.:
Bushy Graham beat Frankie Mozardy, twelve rounds.

16—Souix City, Idaho:
Jack Clifford knocked out Wayne Munn, second round.
Glenn Mulligan beat Jack Carter, ten rounds.

16—San Francisco, Calif.:
Sailor Ashmore and Jack Silver, four-round draw.
Billy Stearns beat Young Papke, four rounds.
Billy Springfield and Eddie Doody, four-round draw.
Young Nationalista beat Harry Wallace, four rounds.
Crab Jones beat Al Williams, four rounds.
Earl Eddy knocked out Teddy Burnett, one round.

16—Stockton,
Gene Cline beat Jimmy Duffy, four orunds.

16—Sacramento, Calif.:
Jack Shirley and Frankie Denny, four-round draw.

17—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:
Ansell Bell beat Midget Smith, twelve rounds.
Bobby Ruttenberg knocked out Joe Dundee, second round.

17—Ninth Regiment Armory, New York City:
Pete Hayes knocked out Sid Brenner, two rounds.

17—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, New York City:
Sonny Smith beat August Pisano, six rounds.
Willie Mack beat Willie Spencer, six rounds.

19—Lenox Sporting Club, New York City:
Sammy Nable beat Frankie Fasano, twelve rounds.
Sid Terris beat Bud Dempsey, twelve rounds.

19—Broadway Exhibition Assn., Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Charley Goodman beat Dutch Brant, six rounds.
Sammy Bienfeld beat Emil Paluso, six rounds.
Joey Silvers beat Jackie Coburn, six rounds.
Frankie Albano beat Paulie Porter, six rounds.
Vincent Salvatore knocked out Govina Lavia, two rounds.
Patsy Iodice knocked out Frank Grehan, one round.
Arnold Ryan knocked out Joe Paladino, two rounds.

19—Hoboken, N. J.:
Hoboken Joe Celmars beat Skelly Lewis, eight rounds.

19—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Lew Tendler beat Jack Palmer, eight rounds.
Pete Sarmeinto beat Bobby Wolgast, eight rounds.
Frankie Kramer beat Joe Marks, eight rounds.
Danny Cooney beat Lew Kid Lewis, eight rounds.
Mike Ballerino beat Al Markie, eight rounds.

19—Detroit, Mich.:
Pancho Villa beat Joey Schwartz, ten rounds.

19—Baltimore, Md.:
Bobby Garcia won on a foul from Frankie Rice, nine rounds.

19—Trenton, N. J.:
Wildman Gould beat Bud Spratley, ten rounds.

19—Columbus, O.:
Bud Christano beat Johnny Rini, twelve rounds.

19—Buffalo, N. Y.:
Lee Anderson beat Wild Burt Kenny, six rounds.

19—Lynn, Mass.:
Joe Curry beat Jack Kid Williams, ten rounds.

19—Nashua, N. H.:
Frankie Quill beat Al Sears, ten rounds.

19—Manchester, N. H.:
Henry Ford beat Johnny Harko, ten rounds.
Rockey Scott beat Young Kenyoer, ten rounds.

19—Manila, Philippines:
Elino Flores beat Silvio Jamito, fifteen rounds.

19—Atlantic City, N. J.:
Eddie Ochs won on a foul from Harry Mulcahy, fifth round.
K. O. Leonard beat Tommy Salson, eight rounds.

19—Scranton, Pa.:
Ty Coleman beat Frankie Murray, ten rounds.

19—Bridgeport, Conn.:
Steve Smith beat Willie Angelo, ten rounds.

20—Madison Square Garden, New York City:
Kid Norfolk beat Battling Siki, fifteen rounds.
Eddie Burnbrook beat Harry Galfund, twelve rounds.
Vic Brog beat Georgie Lavigne, six rounds.
Georgie West beat Irish Fagan, four rounds.

20—212th Regiment Armory, New York City:
Georgie Brown knocked out Tommy Fay, sixth round.
Bobby Wagner knocked out Young Ryan, two rounds.
Kid Willie beat Ivanhoe Hawes, eight rounds.
Jack Rafferty beat Murray Bressner, eight rounds.

20—47th Regiment Armory, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Ruby Stein beat Bobby O'Neill, eight rounds.
Eddie Benson knocked out Jerome Bard, one round.
Joe Eppy beat Joe Petio, eight rounds.

20—Albany, N. Y.:
Vic McLaughlin and Italian Joe Gans, twelve-round draw.
Otto Johnson beat John Johnson, ten rounds.

20—Boston, Mass.:
Frankie Schoell beat Jack Britton, ten rounds.

20—Atlanta. Ga.:
Tim O'Dowd beat Joe Ritchie, twelve rounds.

20—Paris, France:
Edouard Mascert knocked out Billy Mathews, fourteen rounds.

20—Los Angeles, Calif.:
Johnny O'Donnell beat Phil Savatore, four rounds.
Bud Hamilton beat Young Farrell, four rounds.

21—London, England:
Frank Goddard won on a foul from Jack Bloomfield, two rounds.
Harry Mason beat Ernie Rice, twenty rounds.

21—Brussels, Belgium:
Henri Hebrans beat Arthur Wyns, fifteen rounds.

21—Mariesville, R. I.:
Billy Defoe beat Mickey Travers, twelve rounds.

21—Allentown, Pa.:
Pal Reed beat Allentown Joe Gans, ten rounds.
21—Baltimore, Md.:
Joe Dundee beat Joe Welling, twelve rounds.
22—Madison Square Garden, New York City:
Carl Duane beat Frankie Jerome, fifteen rounds.
Mickey Brown knocked out Willie Davis, twelve rounds.
Jack Synder beat Willie Suess, six rounds.
Jimmy Hutchison beat Frankie Ritchie, four rounds.
22—Peoria, Ill.:
Joe Lynch knocked out Frankie Murray, five rounds.
Harry Kabakoff knocked out Joey Silvers, two rounds.
22—Hamilton A. A., Passaic, N. J.:
Vincent Salvatore beat Petey Mack, ten rounds.
Spark Plug Russell beat Johnny Lucas, ten rounds.
22—Minneapolis, Minn.:
Fred Fulton knocked out Farmer Lodge, one round.
22—Rochester, N. Y.:
Paul Doyle knocked out Vince Coffey, four rounds.
22—Norwalk, Conn.:
Johnny Leonard and Jimmy Cooney, ten-round draw.
22—Worcester, Mass.:
Johnny Drew beat Mickey Travers, ten rounds.
22—Perth Amboy, N. J.:
Charley Ryder knocked out Frankie Sinclair, two rounds.
22—Troxler's, Newark, N. J.:
Freddie Mays knocked out Ed Springler nine rounds.
22—York, Pa.:
Tim Droney beat Billy Angelo, ten rounds.
22—Portland, Ore.:
Rocky Strambo knocked out Jim Tracey, one round.
Nig Yeager and Fred Welsh, ten-round draw.
23—Rink Sporting Club, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Tommy Milton beat Henny Catena, twelve rounds.
Frankie Pitcher knocked out Buddy Wallace, five rounds.
23—102nd Medical Regiment Armory, New York City:
Tommy Chip beat Jimmy Ryder, eight rounds.
Bobby Green beat Vincent Peppe, eight rounds.
Billy Wells beat Babe Orlando, eight rounds.
23—Laurel Gardens, Newark, N. J.:
Spencer Gardner and Larry Goldberg, twelve-round draw.
23—Columbus Sporting Club, Yonkers, N. Y.:
Paul Fargo knocked out Eddie Crozier, two rounds.
Emil Morro and Willie Dillion, ten-round draw.
23—New Bedford, Mass.:
Frank Moody knocked out Leo Leonard. one round.
24—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:
Larry Estridge knocked out Willie Walker. three rounds.
Tommy O'Brien and Willie Herman, twelve-round draw.
24—9th Coast Regiment Armory, New York City:
Lee Wedo knocked out Mickey Grey, two rounds.
Billy Brown and Lester Hummell, ten-round draw.
24—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, New York City:
Willie Herman beat Johnny Summers, twelve rounds.
Johnny Hamm knocked out Midget Irla, two rounds.
26—Lenox Sporting Club, New York City:
Harry Battling Leonard beat Danny Lee, twelve rounds.
Johnny Green beat Herman Silver, six rounds.
Joe Scappone knocked out Frankie Barrick, three rounds.
Charley Hahn won on a foul from Tony Sirrocco, three rounds.
26—Broadway Exhibition Association, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Sammy Nable and Charley Kid Kohler, six round draw.
Happy Mahoney and Sammy Markowitz, six round draw.
Jack Brady beat Willie Garber, six rounds.
Pete Scarano beat Al Pollio, six rounds.
Murray Layton knocked out Joey White, third round.
26—Boston, Mass.:
Young Stribling beat Joe Egan, ten rounds.
26—Pittsburgh, Pa.:
Pete Zivic beat Brickey Ryan, ten rounds.
Bobby Garcia beat Curley Wilshur, ten rounds.
26—Troy, N. Y.:
Marty Summers beat Sailor Darden, twelve rounds.
Paddy Ryan beat Joe Burton, ten rounds.
26—Pittsfield, Mass.:
Charley Arthurs beat Al Nelson, ten rounds.
26—Toledo, Ohio:
Eddie Ketchell and Red McDonald, fifteen round draw.
Johnny Popke knocked out Frankie Brown, one round.
Al Corbett knocked out Johnny Horvath, two rounds.
26—New Orleans, La.:
Young McGovern beat Alex Horvecky, fifteen rounds.
26—San Antonio, Texas:
Johnny McCoy beat Jackie Feldman, twelve rounds.
26—Milwaukee, Wis.:
Pal Moran beat Johnny Mendelsohn, ten rounds.
26—London, England:
Johnny Brown beat Bugler Lake, twenty rounds.
26—Lynn, Mass.:
Tommy Nee beat Johnny Sheppard, ten rounds.
26—Louisville, Ky.:
Joe Paglina beat Joe Pick, twelve rounds.
Kenneth Shuck beat Willie Long, eight rounds.
27—Pioneer Sporting Club, New York City:
Spencer Gardner beat Young Montreal, twelve rounds.
Georgie Marks beat Wee Willie Spencer, twelve rounds.
27—212th Regiment Armory, New York City:
Tommy McAleer beat Charley Murray, twelve rounds.
Charley Picker won on a foul from Henry Shaw, sixth round.
27—27th Regiment Armory, New York City:
Joe Glick beat Harry Sutton, ten rounds.
Pete Hayes beat Emil Morro, ten rounds.
27—Newark, N. J.:
Phil Krug beat K. O. Phil Kaplan, twelve rounds.
Harry Martone beat Al Wortman, two rounds.
27—Boston, Mass.:
Jock Malone knocked out George Ward, three rounds.
Bob Sage knocked out Jack McClallan, two rounds.
27—Albany, N. Y.:
Red Mack beat Johnny Donnelly, twelve rounds.
Jimmy Ryder beat Lew Gates, ten rounds.
Georgie Bender knocked out Young Rogers, seventh round.
27—Reading, Pa.:
Joe Coletti beat Young Denico, eight rounds.
27—Scranton, Pa.:
Billy Wells-Frankie Schoell, no contest, three rounds.
27—Springfield, Ill.:
Lee Anderson beat Jamaica Kid, twelve rounds.
27—Atlanta, Ga.:
Tiger Flowers and Georgie Robinson, twelve round draw.
27—St. Louis, Mo.:
Pal Moore beat Joe Lynch, ten rounds.
Eddie Kid Wagner beat Andy Chaney, ten rounds.
Johnny Curtin beat Joe Burman, ten rounds.
Pee Wee Kaiser beat George Butch, ten rounds.
28—San Francisco, Cal.:
Gene Cline knocked out Billy Stearns, fourth round.
Billy Springfield knocked out Tommy Comiskey, third round.
Soldier Norfolk and Soldier Jimmy Carter, four rounds, draw.
Charley Simms beat Joe Lannon, four rounds.
George Decker beat Jack Downs, four rounds.
Jack Murray beat Earl Klan, four rounds.
28—Phoenix, Ariz.:
Billy McCamm beat Roughhouse Burns, ten rounds.
28—Tacoma, Wash.:
Ted Krache beat Bobby Harper, six rounds.
29—Rink Sporting Club, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Archie Walker vs. Mel Coogan, twelve rounds.
Sid Terris beat Dutch Brandt, twelve rounds.
29—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Danny Kramer beat Basil Galiano, eight rounds.
Alex Hart beat Sailor Friedman, eight rounds.
Bobby Barrett beat Ray Mitchell, eight rounds.
Tommy Murphy beat Benny Bass, eight rounds.
Cuddy DeMarco beat Tommy Noble, eight rounds.
29—Madison Square Garden, New York City:
Frankie Genaro beat Carl Tremaine, twelve rounds.
Eddie Martin beat Charley Phil Rosenberg, six rounds.
Red Cap Wilson beat Billy Brown, six rounds.
Luis Vincentini knocked out Jimmy Carroll, three rounds.
Lew Perfetti beat Lew Goldberg, six rounds.
Willie O'Connell beat Emil Paluso, four rounds.
29—102d Medical Regiment Armory, New York City:
Paul Berlenbach knocked out Charley Hoffman, one round.
Jack Douglass beat Bob Grant, eight rounds.
Mickey Taylor knocked out Jimmy Collins, eight rounds.
Charley Costello and Danny Lyons, eight rounds, draw.
29—Buffalo, N. Y.:
Teddy Meyers beat Jimmy Goodrich, ten rounds.
29—New Bedford, Mass.:
Al Shubert beat Johnny Dundee, twelve rounds.
29—Lewiston, Me.:
Ruby Levine beat Andy Martin, twelve rounds.
29—Mariesville, R. I.:
Sandy Taylor and Jack Green, ten rounds, draw.
29—Indianapolis, Md.:
Anthony Downey beat Roy Wallace, ten rounds.
29—Lowell, Mass.:
Billy Murphy beat Jimmy Fruzzetti, ten rounds.

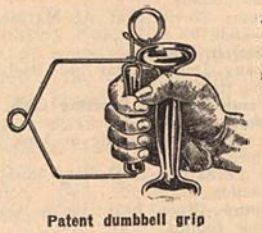
WILLIE HOPPE

Billiard Champion, Says:

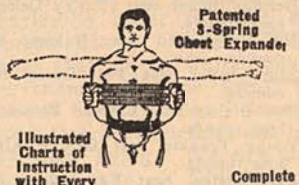
"IN developing absolute control of the fingers and wrists so necessary for any billiard player, I have found that my arm, shoulder and leg muscles must be in the very best of physical condition, as well as the less important parts of the body. Considerable physical strength is really necessary to obtain this perfect control, and the special apparatus built by Moosehead Manufacturing Company has proved to be the best for this purpose. I therefore take pleasure in telling the readers of The Ring how strongly I recommend the products of the Moosehead Manufacturing Company to them."

You who know the great importance of consistent daily exercises and how difficult it is sometimes to obtain them, will find Moosehead Exercisers have been developed by years of study and experimentation to perfectly fulfill the requirements of the body.

You require no special hooks or fasteners to the walls or ceiling—although you can attach the machine to the wall if so desired. Moosehead Exercisers can be used any time, any place, and always with the greatest possible results.



Patent dumbbell grip



Patented 3-Spring Chest Expander

Illustrated Charts of Instruction with Every Apparatus

Wall Exerciser

Complete combination as shown, $5.00

Without patent dumbbell grip—only $3.50

For consistent daily development we especially recommend the combination of exercisers shown on this page. This combination, together with complete instructions for exercising every muscle of the body, is offered for $5.00 for a limited time only. This offer includes patented grip machine attachment as well as the patented dumbbell grip as illustrated. If only the three exercisers without the dumbbell grip are desired the complete set is only $3.50.

Send 10c for Booklet

With our years of experiment and study of the development of the human body to its greatest possible efficiency we have been able to prepare a most valuable booklet entitled, "How to Exercise With and Without Apparatus." Every form of exercise and how to apply it is described. You should send for it today.

Free Illustrated Catalog

Our illustrated catalog shows 50 different styles of apparatus and will be sent you free of charge upon your request, together with any special advice which you may request, telling you just how to achieve the greatest success in any line of physical endeavor.

Pair Wrist and Forearm Exercisers

Moosehead Manufacturing Co.

1139 Tiffany Street Dept. R-4 New York City

28—Phoenix, Ariz.:
Billy McCamm beat Roughhouse Burns, ten rounds.
28—Tacoma, Wash:
Ted Krache beat Bobby Harper, six rounds.
29—San Francisco, Cal.:
Stewart McLean and Jimmy Farra, four rounds, draw.
Chick Roach and Gene Cline, four rounds, draw.
Teddy Seidman beat Cap Nelson, four rounds.
Jack McPartland beat Min Minnerick, four rounds.
Mack House knocked out Danny Needham, second round.
Joe McCabe beat George Gilmore, four rounds.
Eddie Phillips beat Danny Martin, four rounds.
29—San Bernardino, Calif.:
Ad Rubidouz and Tovy Hontoy, ten rounds, draw.
29—Aberdeen, S. D.:
Gus Nelson knocked out Jack Root, third round.
30—San Francisco, Cal.:
Mike O'Leary beat Jack Griffin, four rounds.
Pete Daley beat Sailor Walters, four rounds.
Red Uhlan beat Jack Inman, four rounds.
Young Nationalista beat Art Springer, four rounds.
Martin O'Shea knocked out Johnny Cunningham, first round.
Battling Firpo knocked out Charley Simms, first round.
Sailor Hickock knocked out Portland Jimmy Duffy, first round.
30—Sacramento, Cal.:
Sammy Compagno beat Dynamite Murphy, four rounds.
30—Fall River, Mass.:
Frank Moody knocked out Jeff Clarke, seven rounds.
Ted Mervant beat Johnny Wilson, ten rounds.
30—Providence, R. I.:
Chuck Suggs won on a foul from Moe Ginsberg, sixth round.

DECEMBER

1—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:
Jack Bernstein won on a foul from Charley Pilkington, five rounds.
Bobby Dastillion beat Hoboken Joe Celmars, twelve rounds.
1—Ninth Regiment Armory, New York City:
Joe Kestner beat Jimmy Tomasulo, ten rounds.
Jimmy Foley and Joe Petio, ten rounds, draw.
1—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, Brooklyn:
Hilly Levine beat Buck Josephs, twelve rounds.
Johnny Vestri beat Frankie Curley, six rounds.
1—Rome, Italy:
Erminio Spalla knocked out Mariano Barbaresi, fifth round.
1—Paris, France:
Quintin Romero knocked out Marcel Nilles, two rounds.
3—Pittsburgh, Pa.:
Harry Greb Beat Bryan Downey, ten rounds:
5—Troy, N. Y.:
Johnny Leonard beat Ruby Stein, twelve rounds.
5—Hartford, Conn.:
Larry Goldberg knocked out Frankie Curley, four rounds.
5—Broadway Exhibition Association, Brooklyn:
Charley Goodman and Joe Ryder, twelve rounds, draw.
Bobby Ruttenberg beat Sammy Bienfeld, twelve rounds.
Patsy Iodice and Billy Noylor, six rounds, draw.
Mike Durano beat Patsy Rago, four rounds.
Sammy Morgan beat Sol Manus, four rounds.
5—Lenox Sporting Club, New York City:
Lew Hurley knocked out Leo Huggins, three rounds.
Harry Gaba knocked out Ivy Schuler, fifth round.
Nick Quagerelli knocked out Bobby Walker, sixth round.
Sid Rabin beat Joey Meinhardt, six rounds.
Murray Layton knocked out Jim Basil, third round.
Joe Scogni beat Nick Scanlon, four rounds.
Sammy Schact beat Al King, four rounds.
4—Pioneer Sporting Club, New York City:
Ad Stone beat Mike Burke, twelve rounds.
Jimmy Goodrich beat Sammy Vogel, twelve rounds.
4—Ninth Regiment Armory, New York City:
Henny Catena knocked out Murray Bressner, two rounds.
Lee Wedo beat Harry Nelson, eight rounds.
Vincent Peppe beat Jackie Cronin, eight rounds.
4—212th Regiment Armory, New York City:
Pete Hayes beat Emil Morro, eight rounds.
Johnny Breslin beat Jack Rafferty, eight rounds.
Leroy Powell knocked out Ivan Hawes, first round.
4—47th Regiment Armory, Brooklyn:
Al Greenberg beat Red Levagne, six rounds.
Kid Bates beat Teddy Bacon, six rounds.
Charley Frisco beat Marty Murphy, six rounds.
4—Albany, N. Y.:
Jack Palmer beat Rocky Smith, twelve rounds.
4—Boston, Mass.:
Abe Friedman beat Tommy Nee, ten rounds.
4—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Rosey Stoy and Jack West, ten rounds, draw.
Bobby Barrett beat Johnny Donnelly, ten rounds.
Sammy Novia beat Al Markie, ten rounds.
4—Detroit, Mich.:
Johnny Dundee beat Sid Barbarien, ten rounds.
5—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:
Joe Stossell knocked out Jack Sabo, third round.
Joe Leonard beat Herman Rose, four rounds.
Johnny Green beat Jackie Gordon, four rounds.
Herman Singer beat Charley Delcarti, four rounds.
Joe Recht and Joe Malone, four rounds, draw.
Sam Cherin beat Phil Scuza, four rounds.
Dan Hickey beat Carman Passerella, four rounds.
Young Frankie beat George Kirch, four rounds.
Joe Harelion beat Ed Carlow, four rounds.
Harry Gorsky and Matty Strauss, four rounds, draw.
5—Toronto, Canada:
Pancho Villa knocked out Donnie Mack, fourth round.
Harry White beat Frankie Mack, six rounds.
5—Terre Haute, Ind.:
Bud Taylor beat Roy Moore, ten rounds.
5—Dayton, Ohio:
Joey Fox and Blockie Richards, ten rounds, draw.
5—Baltimore, Md.:
Ted Marchant won on a foul from George K. O. Chaney, third round.
5—Wilkes-Barre, Pa.:
Jimmy O'Gatty beat Jay Lanahan, eight rounds.
6—Rink Sporting Club, New York City:
Cannonball Eddie Martin beat Tommy Galston, six rounds.
Jack Snyder beat Billy Ryckoff, six rounds.
Tony Palmer beat Al Dubeck, six rounds.
Ruby Levine beat Johnny Vinney, six rounds.
Fred Mace knocked out Jimmy Clyde, one round.
August Pisano and Izzy Cooper, six-round draw.
Charley Benyo and Carroll Setti, four-round draw.
6—102nd Medical Regiment Armory, New York City:
Joe Kestner beat Frankie Coster, ten rounds.
Bobby Risdon beat Kid Rash, ten rounds.
Charley Picker beat Jimmy Ryder, eight rounds.
Johnny Reynolds beat Ritchie Martin, four rounds.
Billy Barrison beat Joe Marino, four rounds.
6—Columbus Sporting Club, Yonkers, N. Y.:
Billy Fitzsimmons beat Bobby Dastillion, ten rounds.
Lew Goldberg beat Bobby Bolin, six rounds.
Tom Wint knocked out Billy Riniller, six rounds.
Pete Burt knocked out Johnny Olantock, second round.
Frankie Harris beat Mike Sergeant, four rounds.

A SHAWANAGA CHRISTMAS

(*Continued from page* 68)

more weary years afore gettin' hitched up. No, that ain't goin' to happen. Boss. That ain't goin' to happen. Just leave it to Pat Murphy."

I still has misgiving. But I let the lad have his way.

Well, day before Christmas broke clear and cold. LaChance and I both had agreed to turn in the men at four o'clock, so all hands to have plenty of time to prepare for the big fight, which wit' no preliminaries or fol de rols preceeding was to go on about eight. We in Camp No one had finished chow and were fixin' up the big bunkhouse for the evenin' shindy when up the trail through the pines we heard Camp No 2's crew a-comin,' singing 'Marie Chambeau,' cheerin' Lecroix an' yellin' defis at our outfit.

I reckon there never was a fight, never a scene, never a crowd quite like the one in the big bunkhouse that Xmas Eve on the Shawanaga.

On the floor of the big cabin Yank, Mick, Scot, French-Canuck, Injun, Half Breed, Swede and Pole milled together like steers in a roundup pen. The big room was lined on three sides with double tiers of bunks. And in both upper and lower bunks the lumberjacks were rollin', squattin' and sittin' all over each other like logs in a jam. The lanterns hung from the rafters threw a weird light over the place. The woolen socks and pants drying on the lines cast strange and grotesque shadders.

The ring itself, a bare spot roped off on the pine floor, was lit by the glare of the flaming birch logs from the open door of the big stove, causing the shiny pine planks to stand out from the general murkiness and fog banks raised from scores of pipes, as if illuminated by a search light.

Big Lecroix, naked from the waist up, black-haired, black, bearded, black-eyed, b l a c k - browed, a shaggy thatch covering his chest like a doormat and blackening his knotted arms till they looked like a b'ars, as menacin' a man as you ever sot your eyes on. 6 feet 3 inch in his socks if he was an inch, 225 pounds of him an' most of it above the waist, vaulted over the ropes and the yells of the Frenchies from Camp No. 2 shook the building.

From the opposite side Pat Murphy, stalwart as a bullmoose but as springy as a sapling and lithe as a panther, touching no hand to the ropes leaped gracefully over them.

As he landed there was a snap like a tree cracking from the frost.

Murphy, giving an agonized grunt, fell in a heap, clutchin' at his right leg.

I jumped into the ring and grasped holt of it. The leg, dangled limp in my hands. It was broken in two places below the knee.

The handle of a canthook, sticking out from under a bunk, had protruded a few inches into the ring and poor Pat landed on it.

Pat Murphy would not fight for the champeenship of the Shawanaga that night. The black curse of Sheilah upon the misfortune of it all!

"So sorre-e-, M'seu Murphee," sneered big Lecroix, thrusting his shaggy, sneering face over my shoulder as I was cuttin' the moccasin off poor Pat. "So sore-e-e. But Parbleau! A bet ees a bet. T'ree hondred dollar, if you please. T'ree hondred dollar."

"Hold on Lecroix," I interposed. "The likes of you ain't going to get out of this as easy as that. We're here to see you fight. An' you're goin' to fight even if I have to fight you myself."

"Fight, Lecroix!" roared the men of both camps. "Fight! Fight!"

"Sure, fight me, ye yellow livered Parley-voo!" bellowed Mike Mulroy, thrusting his Celtic mug over the ropes.

"Oui, fight me, Lecroix," volunteered Gene Barbeau, our own boss teamster. "Wan Frenchmans fight anoder, Lecroix, to see weech best mans. Voila! Prenez garde!"

"Ay bane fight him," calmly, yet belligerently, put in Ole Nelson suiting the action to his words by pulling off three thicknesses of shirts, baring his mighty shoulders and back, and attempting to clamber through the ropes.

"Some oder time, all of you, perhaps, messieurs," sneered Lecroix. "That fight she be for pleasair-re. Thees fight she be for mon-ee. I agree to make fight with M'seu Murphee for t'ree hondred dollar. Now M'seu Murphee she no fight. I ween my bet."

"Win your bet, hell," exclaimed poor Murphy, sitting there with the cold sweat breakin' out on his forehead and bitin' back the pain. Like hell you win your bet! Not ye!"

"You agreed to meet Murphy of Camp No. 1, ye blackguard, Lecroix, didn't ye?" queried poor Pat.

"Oui," tantalized Lecroix. "Oui I agree to make ze fight with Murphee of Camp No. 1."

"An begorrah ye're goin' to fight Murphee of Camp No. 1," snapped poor Pat. We all thought him gone loony from the pain

Pursing his lips, Pat gave a peculiar whistle and called "Maje! Here, Maje!"

There was a commotion back among the men and around from behind the stove ambled Old Maje, pushing through the rest of the lumberjacks and comin' straight to Murphy. Sensing something was wrong with poor Pat, Maje commenced to muzzle him and lick his face and hands. Murphy gently but firmly pushed Maje aside and turning to Lecroix said:

"Here, Lecroix, ye scum o' the woods, here's Murphy. Here's Murphy that ye're goin' to fight!"

"Wat's a matter, M'seu, you craze?" asked Lecroix. "She aint no Murphee. She's a b'ar."

"Boys," called poor Pat, raising

(*Continued on page* 87)

Minute Rests Between Rounds

By EDDIE BORDEN

There will be little chance of any titles changing hands in 1924 if the present title holders continue to hide behind the no-decision bouts. At that it is poor business for the champions, for instance, Mickey Walker, welterweight champion, could have made at least $100,000 had he entered into decision contests and it is the general opinion that no welter in the world at present has a chance to take the title from him.

With Pennsylvania passing a decision law with a few other states following suit and the New York commission passing a rule forcing champions to box to a decision every six months under the penalty of suspension, the holders of titles are in a bad fix and will be seen boxing to a verdict more often in the coming year.

Jack Dempsey was the biggest money getter during the past

EDDIE BORDEN

year, gathering in the neighborhood of $1,000,000. Jack drew down $300,000 for his bout with Mike Gibbons at Shelby and $450,000 for the Firpo match. Aside from these purses Jack made up the difference in theatrical work and advertising rights. Firpo was second with $200,000, Willard third with $185,000 and Leonard fourth with $155,000.

Starting with the Milk Fund show at the Yankee Stadium May 12th, topped by Willard and Johnson, the fans paid over $2,000,000 to witness six battles, Dempsey-Firpo, Leonard-Tendler, Firpo-Willard, Criqui-Kilbane, Criqui-Dundee and Villa-Wilde.

By the time the big summer bouts are ready to go through, Tex Rickard, the daddy promoter of the mall, will have an open-air arena with a seating capacity of 125,000. Even this will be hardly big enough to hold another Dempsey-Firpo crowd.

Three boys from the ranks of the younger talent who showed in the Garden and are sure to make headway in their divisions the coming year are Harold Smith, bantam of Chicago, Eddie Martin, bantam of Brooklyn and Luis Vicentini, lightweight of South America. All three have championship calibre and are bound to be in the big money this Summer.

There is a good chance for boxing to open up again in Cleveland, as the powers that be are for it. Cleveland is one of the best fight towns in the country, next to New York and Chicago, and with the new auditorium seating 14,000 available for sports the town should get back on the map as one of the big boxing centers before long.

Harry Greb and Bryan Downey engaged in the first championship bout to a decision in Pennsylvania on December 3rd.

Charles Messenger, the son of the well-known local sporting man, Tom Messenger, is manager of Mickey Taylor, who claims that he is going to fight his way right through to a bantam title. Messenger is looking for some action for his boy in Newark, and suggests bouts with Battling Peach, who met Taylor recently at a Broad A. C. show; Jimmy DeLucca or anybody near his weight.

Jackie Feldman, the Jersey City flyweight, recently made a sojourn to Hot Springs, with Ex-Champion Johnny Buff. While there Jackie was offered an opportunity to meet Johnny McCoy of Cleveland in a ten-round bout somewhere in Texas. McCoy had previously shown there against Claude Wilson, and scored an easy victory. Feldman arrived, unknown, and unheralded, but made an instantaneous hit when he emerged the winner over his better known foe.

Johnny Vinney, claimant to the bantamweight championship of the U. S. Navy, although only a newcomer around these parts, has engaged in battle with the better class of bantams, and has never failed to make good. Vinney claims the distinction of spoiling the knockout record registered by "Cannonball" Eddie Martin, the new sensation of Brooklyn. Martin was the possessor of eleven straight knockout wins when he bumped against the aforementioned Vinney. After six cyclonic and spectacular rounds of constant fighting Martin was declared the winner. Johnny is anxious to meet him in a return engagement.

There will be five big open air arenas around New York this Summer and the promoters, battling for the good cards will not make the boxers feel badly. It means more percentage. The clubs will be the Polo Grounds, Yankee Stadium, Rickard's new arena, location not announced; Boyle's Thirty Acres and the Queensboro Club, Long Island City, to be enlarged to a 20,000 capacity.

It looks like a sure thing that Leonard and Tendler will never make the lightweight limit again and the boys will have a merry battle in the 135-lb. division for the crown which Leonard must give up sooner or later.

The lightweights in line for a crack at the crown are Pal Moran, Charlie White, Joe Dundee, Sammy Vogel, Jack Zivic, Tommy O'Brien, K. O. Jaekle, Sid Barbarian, Teddy Meyers, Basil Galiano, Frankie Bull, Sammy Mandell, Sid Terris, Jack Bernstein, Charley O'Connell, Joe Benjamin, Rocky Kansas, Johnny Dundee and Alex Hart.

Charley Rose, the veteran handler of near-champions, has assumed the management of Bartley Madden, the Irish heavyweight champion. Madden has withstood the assaults of Tom Gibbons, Fred Fulton, Billy Miske, Bill Brennan, Charley Weinert, and Harry Greb, without hitting the canvas, and Charley is eager to have him combat Harry Wills. "Wills claims that all the white heavies are running out on him," exclaimed Charley, "but I want to assert that Madden does not fear any man living. We are prepared to take on Wills at any time, and for any number of rounds."

Joe Ryder, that rough and combative Brooklynite, who is one of the toughest bantams around these parts, and capable of extending anyone, gained a notable victory over Harry Gordon in a twelve-round bout recently. Gordon leaped into the limelight when he whipped Carl Tremaine, which makes Joe's victory more impressive.

Benny Gould, the Canadian Flash, added another feather to his cap when he won the featherweight championship of Canada from Curley Wilshur, former titleholder, in a ten-round scrap at Toronto several weeks ago.

Gould at one time looked like a mighty promising piece of material, especially after he knocked out Charley Beecher, but was forced on the sidelines when he suffered a broken jaw in a contest with Mike Dundee of Chicago.

John Slatick, a newly arrived heavyweight prospect from Italy, has a mighty impressive record to recommend him. He has a record of fourteen straight knockout victories, and will be looked after by Henry Olsen.

Phil Prichard, who is the matchmaker of a boxing club situated at West Palm Beach, Fla., would like to have various managers communicate with him.

Jack Snyder, former amateur star, who is a reformed southpaw, that is, switching from his regular left-handed stance to that of the orthodox method, finds that things are considerable of an improvement in his new style. Jack remains undefeated. He was held to a draw in one bout with Jack Snyder.

Artie Rose, genial handler of first-class pugilists, will handle the training of Johnny Clinton, East Side lightweight, in the future. Clinton, although a veteran in ring service, is going better than ever. Artie also trains Harry "Battling" Leonard, Philadelphia bantam.

Herb Brodie, the globe trotter, who is now residing in Brooklyn, has shown startling improvement in his last few contests. He disposed of Pat Mills through the knockout route in one round,

BOUND VOLUMES NOW READY

Bound volumes of THE RING for the past year, in beautiful black, red or green leather, firm or flexible, ready for immediate delivery. Keep up with boxing history. Add this interesting book to your sporting library

Price, $5.00.

Only limited number for sale.

Place your order now.

and Johnny Donnelley in seven rounds. Brodie packs a terrific wallop in his right mitt, and the fight is considered finished when he connects. Paddy Mullins, the pilot of Harry Wills, has assumed the management of Brodie. He vows that he will make Brodie an established factor in the lightweight class.

K. O. Phil Kaplan, Harlem's pride in the welterweight division, is fighting his way to the foremost rung of the welter class and it won't be long before he will be combatting Mickey Walker or Dave Shade. Kaplan possesses one of the most dangerous left hooks in the business. His knockout victims include the names of Jack McFarland, Frank D'Annunzio, Jimmy O'Gatty and the conventional others.

Sammy Bienfeld, East Side product, who has fought in the flyweight class for the past year, is of the opinion that he is getting heavier, and in the future will do his battling against the bantamweights. Bienfeld last Winter only scaled 109 lbs., but at this writing tips the beam at 115 lbs. His last fights resulted in victories over Emil Paluso and Vincent Salvatore.

PHILIPPINE BOXING NOTES

By CARMELO P. JACINTO

On Sept. 30, 1923, at the Olympic Stadium, Manila, P. I., an amateur card was staged, headed by a main event between the Australian, Syd Keenan, and B. Katahan, bantams. This headliner was an eight round bout and lasted the limit. Keenan, by superior punching and cleverness, won all the rounds (except the seventh), and the decision to boot. It was a popular victory.

This Keenan feller is a star but for the lack of ambition and a little initiative to "finish home strong, and bring home the bacon." He is remarkably clever, fast and scientific. He is game and can take 'em like a whale. His punches are fairly strong, but not enough to put the other fellow to sleep. That's one of his defects. He has had several chances to win a title, but in each test he failed at the crucial moment.

The amateurs furnished plenty of thrill, action and blood, and laughter. All of the boys willing mixers. Some of the boilermakers made a hit with the fans by their antics. The results of the amateur bouts follow:

B. Villegas won on a K. O. over A. Dolman in four rounds.

Fighting Lorenzo outpointed Joe Plata in four rounds.

M. Ranada and G. Flores fought to a draw in four rounds.

Kid Bautista won over Strong Bestre in the only slow four-rounder on the card.

J. Paguia won on foul over Rush Gorio in two rounds.

M. Ramire outslugged Scientific Louis in four rounds.

Kid Limbaco defeated C. Smith via the K. O. route in two rounds.

Star Cosio won over Kid Raymond in four rounds.

The return of Elino Flores from the States drove boxing fans into a state of frenzy. He is so popular with the Manileans that if he stays at home long enough to await Villon's, Pandong's, T. Santos', S. Flores' and Kid Pelky's arrival from the Antipodes and the Federated Malay States, boxing will surely be revived here as it never has been before. Matches between Elino and Villon, Villand and Pandong, Tenebro Santos and Pandong, Elino and Jamito, Pelky and I. Flores, etc., will prove real attractions and draw packed houses—they certainly will. Flores' first bout here brought forth a throng.

We think that we, Filipinos, have an unequalled boxing record at present. F. Pilapil, Filipino bantam slugger, won his first 27 fights—all of them, mind you—via the knockout route. About fourteen of these ended in the first round. Some K. O. artist, eh? Falling some for his opponents.

Two months ago, for reasons known only to himself, Macario Villon, then featherweight champ of the Orient, made a second tour to the land of the Kangaroo. Many believed at the time that Villon was hitting the toboggan and that he was sure to meet defeats at the hands of Australian stars in the feather division. But Mac proved his mettle, for in his first fight in the Antipodes, he knocked out Digger Evans in twelve rounds. In his next appearance Villon again won by a K. O. This time Bert McFarland was the victim, and he K. O'ed this fellow in an earlier round—the fifth of a scheduled 20-round encounter. Mac Villon is now slated to meet Bert Spargo on October 20.

Mariano Adriano, the Baclaran Bear, outpointed Young Volaire, bantam, in 10 rounds of the hottest milling seen for some time in the Olympic on October 6. It was a whale of a fight, the contestants going at it with hammer and tongs from the initial bell to the last. Adriano proved to be the better man, and emerged a popular winner.

Rufe Canon K. O'ed F. Cabrera in the fourth round of an eight-round semi-windup. Two snappy lefts and a right turned the trick.

The prelims were characterized by honest slugging and highly pleased the public.

More news comes heralding the rumored returns of Kid Pelky and Cowboy Reyes from the Malay states, and of Mac Villon, Terry Pandong and Irineo Flores from the Antipodean Commonwealth. When they come——.

The boxing public wants to see clever Sencio in action again. This heady flyweight is some hustler and if matched against little Joe Suzara, will make him step some to register a win.

Tenebro Santos, local bantam promise, is another star of the always-hit kind. He has raised a riot among the bantams by his recent victory over the tough Adriano.

Young Patpat, crack Cebu flyweight, created quite a sensation among Manila and Cebu fans by pulling a draw with the tough Joe Suzara. It was a fast, clean draw. A return match between Suzara and Young Patpat is expected.

The news about Pete Sarmiento's K. O. of Dave Rogers, Philly bantam, in three rounds, in his very first start in the U. S., has started comment among boxing circles here. The general opinion is that Sarmiento may prove himself a second Pancho Villa.

MICHIGAN BOXING NEWS

By BEN L. POLLINGER

Pancho Villa, world's flyweight champion, proved beyond a doubt he is a hard hitter when he easily outpointed Joey Schwartz in a fast ten round bout November 29. Villa took eight of the ten rounds by his fast stepping and hard hitting. In the first round both boys mixed freely, Villa having the better of the initial session. In the second stanza Villa again was the agressor landing many solid blows to the body and face, clearly demonstrating to the Detroit fans that he packs a hard wallop in either mitt.

Schwartz, in the third round, managed to land a few blows but they lacked steam and were without effect. The third round went to Villa, who was fast piling up points on the Detroiter. The fourth and fifth sessions were fast and furious with both boys fighting like bulls in hope of landing a K. O. punch.

The sixth and seventh rounds were the same as the preceding rounds, the diminutive Villa landing his blows at will while Schwartz vainly tried to stave off defeat if it were humanly possible. The eighth and ninth rounds held plenty of real action as both fighters battled in the center of the ring furiously.

The tenth round went to Schwartz, who appeared to have a lot of stamina left, although he took a hard beating from Villa. In this round he put over some hard blows to the body. After the fight Schwartz was given a brief ovation by the fans who were well pleased with the bout which was one of the best seen in Detroit in a long while.

Homer Smith, the only American fighter to stay ten rounds with Luis Angel Firpo, met a tough opponent when he stacked up against Bud Gorman at Kalamazoo, November 29.

Smith, in his last battle, was knocked out by Harry Wills, who put him away in the second round. Smith gained fame when he lasted ten rounds with Firpo.

"Kid" Jap, bantamweight, shaded Homer LeBlanc in a fast ten round bout which was the main event of the Fairview A. C. boxing show, November 23.

Jap, at the outset, went after his man, landing many blows before LeBlanc could get started. The second and third rounds went to Jap as he was the agressor throughout. The fifth and sixth sessions also went to him as he tore into his opponent with malice. The seventh, eighth and ninth rounds went to the olived-skinned boy who proved he was the master of the former amateur bantamweight champion.

The tenth round was fast and furious with Jap holding his man off and landing his blows at will.

In the semi-final, which also was a good bout, Steve Dempsey defeated Bernie Tremaine. From the start Dempsey had the better of the go, as he was the agressor throughout the fast bout which held plenty of real action.

In the third and fourth rounds, which were Dempsey's, he got in some hard blows, but could not put Tremaine away, who withstood the hard punishment meted out to him.

OHIO BOXING NEWS

By GEORGE LEVECQUE

Ohio boxers are in for some good big matches during the coming winter months. During October the boxing game was rather quiet and few bouts of any importance were held here, but with the coming of the winter months business has brightened and things are going along merrily.

Columbus promoters are figuring on using K. O. Mars in a match that will decide the junior lightweight championship of the Middlewest. Mars is conceded to be the best of the 130 pounders and there is some chance that Blockie Richards may be picked to meet Mars. Richards has thus far shown no great desire to meet the Cincinnati battler, and it is possible that Bud Christiano may be pitted against the K. O. battler. Mars has gained referee decisions over Christiano in previous bouts and another meeting would hardly decide anything. Harry Kabakoff, of St. Louis, is also mentioned as a Mars opponent.

Another match in which Columbus promoters are interested is one between Anthony Downey and Harry Simmons. Simmons was given a decision by two judges over Downey in a six-round match here at Columbus July 30 and Downey was never convinced that it was a just verdict. A match between Downey and Simmons would be sure to pack any arena in Columbus.

Several other big matches are spoken of around the state. Blockie Richards and Joey Fox may meet at Dayton, Sammy Sandow and Joe Paglina may box at Louisville, Ky., and Billy Ryan may soon be matched to meet Mike Dempsey, of Rochester, N. Y.

A match has been arranged at Indianapolis that has attracted attention of Ohio boxing followers. It is between Anthony Downey and Roy Wallace. Wallace is a product of Indiana and has proven a sensation. He has had 31 contests and has won every one of them on knockouts. He stands over 6 feet tall, weighs 160 pounds and is but 19 years of age.

Recently at Indianapolis Wallace stopped Soldier Buck, Tommy McFarland, Billy Weeks and four other opponents within three weeks' time.

The contest at Dayton, O., November 12 between Blockie Richards and Red McDonald was won by Richards after 12 rounds of interesting milling in which Richards displayed all his old form.

Jimmy Dunn, the Cleveland promoter, says he is anxious now to match his star bantamweight,

Carl Tremaine, with Sammy Sandow. Sandow says he has been after Tremaine for some time and that Tremaine has dodged him repeatedly. However, now that Tremaine's manager is ready and willing to make the match, Ohio promoters will no doubt get busy with offers for these two sterling bantams.

Biddy Bishop, Cincinnati manager of boxers, has opened a fine gymnasium and school of boxing at 30 Opera Place, Cincinnati. He says he will teach boxing to boys and young men, train his boxers and personally direct the work of coaching his men.

In conjunction with his gymnasium he has his private office where most of the fistic business of Cincinnati will be transacted in the future.

Bishop's gym is considered to be the most up-to-date place for a boxer's training in the Middlewest.

A match in prospect that will probably be held at Cincinnati or Columbus is between Frankie Genaro, flyweight champion, and Jimmy Katz, of Toledo, who is now under the management of Biddy Bishop, of Cincinnati. Phil Bernstein, manager for Champion Genaro, says he is willing to let Genaro meet the Toledo flash.

Speedy Sparks, the Cincinnati middleweight, has been boxing out on the Pacific coast with considerable success. Sparks is a dangerous southpaw and stands a good chance to whip any boxer of his weight in the country, if he can land on him.

Alex Novecky, the Cincinnati lightweight, who is considered one of the most aggressive battlers in the ring today, boxed a ten-round "no contest" bout with K. O. Jeakle at Indianapolis October 30. It was called "no contest" by Referee Mike Mitchell when Jeakle deliberately pushed Novecky through the ropes. During the last four rounds of the bout Novecky chased Jeakle all over the ring.

Joe Downey all but knocked out Bearcat Clemons at Columbus November 8, winning the decision of the referee after ten rounds.

Jim Mullen, the Chicago and St. Louis promoter, has matched Anthony Downey, of Cincinnati, to box Joe O'Hara at St. Louis December 11.

Tom Jones, who is now in California, is anxious to secure the services of several Ohio boxers for the four-round bouts out on the coast. He is particularly interested in wanting Anthony Downey and Alex Novecky to make the trip west. Jones says these boys would make a big hit out West.

IOWA-NEBRASKA BOXING NOTES

By DON FAIR

The Nebraska Boxing Commission has turned Bill Brennan's end of the purse for his fight with Billy Miske over to the Associated Charities Fund. Brennan made a miserable showing with the St. Paul heavy and after he had been counted out in the fourth round the commission held up his money. If Brennan was not in condition to box he should not have been permitted to enter the ring and the boxing powers are at fault in not detecting his condition until he had boxed four rounds and taken the count.

Tommy Gibbons, St. Paul heavyweight, who played the World Theatre the week that Brennan and Miske boxed, was an interested spectator and received a big ovation from the crowd.

Buddy McDonald and Teddy Gartin featured the last Des Moines show. They boxed eight rounds of the prettiest battling shown in the West for many a moon. The result which was a draw was well received and the two boys have been rematched for another show.

Big Munn, Sioux City heavyweight, who fought his first professional bout last month with the veteran, Jack Clifford, took the count in the second round. Munn not satisfied with his debut is training hard and will try it all over again in December with some heavy not yet selected. The big boy is under the management of Gene Melady, Omaha sportsman who formerly handled Earl Caddock, world's champion heavyweight wrestler.

Guy Buckles, former Omaha middleweight who was one of the best of them a decade ago, is now located in Michigan where he is in the employ of the Buick Automobile Company.

Ace Hudkins, Lincoln feather, continues on his winning streak and is training faithfully for his winter campaign. Hudkins will go east this spring if he continues to improve as he has in the past six months. His latest victim was Bud Chambers, Omaha lightweight, via the decision route.

Billy Rolfe, Omaha welter, is not only a classy little mitt artist but a gentleman and a scholar as well. Billy when not training for a bout spends his time in the employ of an Omaha automobile firm where he has made exceptional progress as a salesman and trouble shooter. Rolfe is under the management of Jack Lewis, Omaha fight impresario.

Tiny Herman took a flying trip to Casper, Wyoming, last month where he smashed the championship aspirations of the Wyoming town's idol, Harvey Perkins. Perkins is a tough customer for any of the heavies and any one who beats him must step and step hard the entire distance. We take Tiny's victory as a reversal of form from that in which he boxed Renault and look for great things from him during the indoor season.

Royal Kaufman, star tackle on the Jefferson High School football squad, is training diligently for a ring career after he completes his high school studies. Kaufman is a member of Denny Ryan's boxing class at the Omaha Athletic Club and is one of the stars of Denny's group of mitt slingers. Kaufman's home is in Council Bluffs.

Otto Wallace, Milwaukee lightweight, may accept the boxing instructor's position at Ames College if suitable arrangements are made with the school's athletic board. Many of the larger Middlewest universities and colleges are majoring boxing in their sport and athletic programs.

The 168th Regiment Armory at Council Bluffs may be utilized for boxing shows in the Iowa city during the winter. While the soldier boys have made no definite arrangements as yet, it is thought that they will stage their first show some time in December or January. The Armory is centrally located and in reach of both Omaha and Council Bluffs fans. The right show, properly conducted, would draw good houses.

The Elks Club at Atlantic, Iowa, who ran shows last winter may get under way in the near future. Wright Hedges is the very able matchmaker for the Brother Bills. All receipts are turned over to charity by the Elks, who run the shows.

Morrie Schlaiffer, Omaha's fighting welter, turned in two wins for his score column during November. The Hebrew socker stopped Harry Summers in a round and won a decision over Tillie Kid Herman in Chicago.

J. J. Highland, who formerly managed Tiger Johnny Kline and several other good boys, has taken over the management of Teddy Gartin, the climbing Nebraska welter, and will devote all of his time to looking after Gartin. Gartin is very fortunate in joining Highland as J. J. is known as a worker and hustler. On the other hand, Highland has secured the best looking welter prospect in this part of the country.

The Business Men's Gymnasium in Omaha is packed daily with fans as the boys take their workouts. The worst of the lot to the best of the lot may be seen here each afternoon. Plenty of comedy and plenty of the real thing.

A group of Iowa sportsmen are banding themselves together for the purpose of legalizing boxing in the Hawkeye state. While many clubs are running throughout the community the sport is not legal and the clubs are run privately. The plan is to get a bill before the Legislature. The bill would be similar to the one now in force in Nebraska and other nearby states.

Roscoe Hall, Phil Longo and Harold Plude, Des Moines boxers, have enjoyed a very busy month and all are lined up for a number of lucrative matches during the winter.

Artie Mayne, Iowa referee, dropped in the other morning and informed us to look for him when the birds come north next spring. Artie drove to Florida and will spend the winter months in the sunshine.

The next Omaha show will no doubt bring Midget Smith, of New York, against some tough bantam capable of giving the Gotham socker a fight. Tim Droney, Joe Kennedy's lightweight, may also appear on the same card should the present plans of promoters go through. Smith, with Burman, Mandell, Curry, Brown, Moore or Bud Hamilton, would draw well as Omaha fans have never yet watched the Midget step. The last three Nebraska bouts have been heavyweight affairs and fans are anxious to see some of the little fellows in action again.

CHICAGO BOXING NEWS

By ART WINCH

Charlie White, Chicago lightweight, has received an offer from England for three fights, one with the lightweight champion of England. White wants to box Pal Moran again before sailing to England, as he wants to show the boxing fans that he is a better fighter than Moran. White asserts that the fluke knockout that Moran holds over him is one of those things that will happen to any one.

White is receiving more offers now throughout the country than he ever did. It shows that he is a great box office attraction as the people know whenever he is to appear they will see plenty of action. White knocked out more men than any other lightweight in the country. Last year White knocked out Ritchie Mitchell twice; Bobby Barrett and Sid Marks, all in New York. White has had 178 fights and out of that he has scored 69 knockouts.

White is one of the greatest fighters ever turned out from Chicago. He has boxed and beaten more champions than any other fighter in the world, all in no decision bouts. White is not a champion today because he never had a chance at the championship, because the championship was never at stake. He

has boxed Owen Moran, Johnnie Kilbane, Ad Wolgast, Abe Attell, Freddie Welsh, Willie Ritchie, Jack Britton, Ted Lewis, Matt Wells, Frankie Conley and Bennie Leonard. All except Leonard are all gone and forgotten and White is still going in top rank, a record any boxer should be proud of.

Jimmy Gory, St. Louis welterweight, has been promised a match with Micky Walker, the welterweight champion, at St. Louis at one of the later shows that Jim Mullen will stage at the Coliseum this winter. Gory has made a sensational hit around Chicago. He has boxed such boys as Joe O'Hara, Patsy Rocco, Tillie (Kid) Herman, Marty Forkins and others boys. A return match between Gory and O'Hara is in the making, and as soon as the latter's hands become right again, the match will be made. This pair boxed at Peoria, Ill., last month and what a fight they put up, which was the best bout that the fans ever witnessed there for many years.

Joey and Patsy O'Hara, the fighting brothers of Fort Dodge, Ia., who are under the management of Jack O'Keefe, have gone to their home, where they will remain until after the holidays. Joe hurt his right hand in his recent bout with Jimmy Gory at Peoria, Ill., and this will force him to lay aside the gloves for at least a month. Both brothers are great cards around Chicago, and since they hooked up with Jack O'Keefe they have made plenty of money.

Bill IIenry, South Chicago, featherweight contender, who recently came back after a lay off of several months on account of a broken hand, defeated Micky O'Dowd last month at East Chicago, Ill. Henry is a fast boxer and will make any boy look foolish. He has a left hand that only a few boys in the featherweight class possess. Bill is now ready to box such boys as Sammy Mandell, Mike Dundee or Charley Glaser, whom Henry has boxed before.

Harold Smith, Chicago, sensational bantamweight, recently took New York by storm when he gave Danny Lee a boxing lesson in Madison Square Garden. Smith injured his right knee in his bout with Lee and since that he has had to call off several good matches. Smith, with a chance to cop the New York bantamweight championship on November 27, was limping around with his leg in a cast, and stated that it would be impossible for him to meet Abe Goldstein on the date named. In fact, Harold seems to be on the shelf for an indefinite period.

Ray Jeffries, the good little West Side bantamweight, made good in his first start at Vernon last month and boxed Dick Dixon to a four-round draw. Although the referee rendered this verdict, it did not meet with the approval of the fans. Matchmaker Wadhams of the Vernon Club on the Coast immediately rematched the pair for this month. Dixon was the favorite to stop the local lad, according to clippings received, and little Jeffries upset the dope by winning three of the rounds.

Sig Hart has uncovered what appears to be one of the most promising young fighters in the heavyweight division. He is Charlie Van, a product of the West Side, American born, stands 6 feet 2 in his stocking feet, weighs 195 pounds and is 21 years of age.

In his gymnasium workouts Van is away with fair speed, has a nice position, stands erect with a natural balance and his pose is about right for a two handed fighter who wants to take advantage of his reach and use his weight to the best advantage. He is a clever user of the right and left hooks and seems to be a fast thinker. He is further advanced at his age than Jack Dempsey was when he was coming up.

BOUND VOLUMES NOW READY

Bound volumes of THE RING for the past year, in beautiful black, red or green leather, firm or flexible, ready for immediate delivery. Keep up with boxing history. Add this interesting book to your sporting library.

Price, $5.00.

Only limited number for sale.

Place your order now.

Frank Jummati, local Italian bantamweight, has received an offer from promoters at Brownsville, Texas, to box Kid Pancho there within the next few weeks. Jummati expects to close this bout and will close a few more around there, as Fort Worth, Texas, promoters also want his services.

Babe Mullany has several offers for the services of the rugged George Butch, who has battled Joe Burman, Sammy Mandell, Patsy Flanagan, Irish Johnny Curtin, with much success. George Oswego wants to use Butch against Bill Henry, of South Chicago, as the main attraction for his show this month. Butch is willing to take on Henry if he makes 126 pounds.

Jim Mullen (Tex Rickard of the West) has been made a matchmaker for the Angelica A. C., in St. Louis, and also for the Peoria Base Ball Club in Peoria, Ill. Mullen's first show in St. Louis last month drew the biggest house ever seen there. Many of the fans were turned away. The receipts were $14,234. In the main bout Mike Dundee, of Rock Island, Ill., and Harry Kabakoff, of St. Louis, met.

UPPER NEW YORK STATE
By LEN CARLSON

At Oil City, Pa., on October 11, Johnny Dutch Myers, of Canton, Ohio, now making Jamestown his headquarters, outfought Johnny Kinney, of Cincinnati, all the way in the 10 round main event. Kinney, who was seven pounds heavier, proved an easy victim for the slashing Canton battler.

In the semi-final Frankie Smith, of Jamestown, pounded out an easy victory over Tommy Fuller, of Oil City.

At Tidioute, Pa., on October 25, Johnny Dutch Myers, of Jamestown, formerly of Canton, and Bregori Schrador, the Russian Cossack, put up a lively 4 round exhibition bout. Cyclone Villa and Frankie Smith also appeared in an exhibition of four rounds.

On October 28, at the Broadway Auditorium in Buffalo, N. Y., Jimmy Slattery, Buffalo's best boxing star knocked out Johnny Vascher, of Wheeling, W. Va., in the second round of a scheduled six round bout. Although the bout was short it proved to be a hummer and furnished the fans with plenty of excitement. Vascher, after taking two counts in the first round, came back in the second and landed three straight right hand swings on Slattery's chin that brought the house down. The Buffalo boy, however, got down to business and before the end of the second stanza had the coal mining boxer down for the full count of ten.

At the Chamber of Commerce hall in Columbus, Ohio, Chief Halftown, another one of Tommy Moore's glove wielders, suffered similar defeat as Vascher did in Buffalo. The Chief, after looking like a winner over Charlie (Young) Tarzan, of Columbus, in the first six rounds of their 12 round main go, suddenly ran into a right cross that spilled him for the count of nine. Halftown, game as they make them, took three more trips to the mat in that unlucky seventh round and although he came out a bit dazed in the eighth started fighting in good form but the Columbus boxer shot another right hand blow to the Indian's jaw which forced his seconds to toss the towel in the ring, ending the match.

At Mansfield, O., on November 5, K. O. Johnny Michaels, scaling in at 126, and Johnny Horvath, tipping the beam at 127, fought ten hard slugging rounds in a no decision contest. Michaels had the Mansfield boy in bad shape in the second round and again in the ninth stanza. The Jamestown boy being the only one to ever have the Mansfield slugger dazed during his career. The bout proved interesting in every session, which was enjoyed by a good house. Tommy McGinty, premier referee from Cleveland, was the third man in the ring.

At Youngstown, O., on November 16, K. O. Johnny Michaels again proved to be superior to Dick Mette, the Youngstown featherweight, whom he defeated in ten fast rounds. Michaels dished out a nifty pasting to his opponent, having him in a bad way on numerous occasions.

At Buffalo, N. Y., on November 19, Gregori Schrador, the Russian Cossack, lost on a technical kayo to Joe Williams in two rounds, while Frankie Smith gave Joe Jaccory a tough battle, losing the verdict in four rounds.

At Marietta, O., on Tuesday night, November 27, Chief Halftown knocked out Grant Kid Clarke, of Columbus, in the fifth round of a scheduled ten round bout. Clarke held the Chief on even terms for the first three rounds, but starting with the fourth the Indian forged ahead with well directed left hand jabs, followed with a good straight right cross that dropped Clarke three times and finally for the full ten count. Halftown made a big hit with the fans in Marietta and it is a certainty that he will appear there in the near future.

At Buffalo, N. Y., on Thanksgiving night, Chief Halftown substituted for Benny Ross against Bob Holmes, colored, of New York City. The Chief, who was taking the match on but a few hours' notice was cautious, and while playing safe ran into a right cross that dropped him for a nine count. Although very groggy, Halftown weathered the storm and took a pasting in the next two rounds but came back strong beginning with the fourth and from then on hit Holmes with everything, gaining the popular judge's decision.

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES

Tommy Kid Murphy's winning streak continues to grow. His latest victim was Danny Edwards of the Pacific Coast.

Chas. De Angelo, local manager, must be given credit for the capable manner in which he handled Bud Spratley in his bout with Wildman Gould. When they first fought, Bud was made to look foolish by the clownish antics of the Wildman, but the second time, with De Angelo in his corner, the result was different. Spratley knocked the Wildman for the well known loop in the second round.

Joe Wagner, pilot of Jack Sharkey and Harry Gordon, has recently opened a bid with Kid Murphy, father of Tommy Murphy, whereby he would become the boy's manager. Jimmy Johnson and several other managers have made bids for the boy's contract.

Trenton's two lightweight stars, Mickey Moony and Danny Worey, won their recent bouts. Mickey won over Jack D'Arcy in the feature bout at the Armory

A. A. here, and Danny won over Willey Kid Lewis at the Arena in Philadelphia.

Tommy Fetz, the minute man, again stepped in the ring as a substitute and disposed of Joey Mash in two rounds here. Tommy has earned the name of minute man because he is always there to act as a sub.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES

By ROSS E. KAUFFMAN

(The North American)

Messrs. Herman Taylor and Bobby Gunnis, the promoters, now in charge of the Arena, have arranged some attractive cards for the winter season. The first of the decision bouts under the new Pennsylvania State rule started at the Arena, Dec. 10.

Patsy Wallace, Philadelphian, who has met all the best of the little fellows, has a number of bouts in view and will appear at the Arena in several important windups. He also plans several trips.

Charles (Rosey) Stoy, Lancaster's sensational bantamweight, has been coming along with a rush under the management of Emory G. Kahl. Story defeated Terry McHugh, the Allentown flash, and not very long ago beat Irish Johnny Curtin. Johnny Rose of Canada is another of Stoy's victims.

Ad Stone, Max Hoff's hard-hitting light-heavyweight, made his metropolitan debut when he met Mike Burke at the Pioneer Club in New York, Dec. 4. Stone has several offers, including a few from the Middle West.

Jimmy Fryer, the former fighter from Southwark, has given up the ring game for amateur theatricals. He is a members of the Dramatic Club of the Church of the Epiphany.

Danny Kramer is certainly proving that he is entitled to a meeting with champion Johnny Dundee. The southpaw featherweight, although conceding weight to Basil Galiano of New Orleans, gained the decision. Phil Glassman, who has Kramer in charge, believes that he has a sure-fire world's champion in Kramer.

Dick Conlon, of Altoona, one of the fastest lightweights in the state, is anxious to show his stuff before Philadelphia boxing fans. Conlon, who is under the management of Vic Conlon, met some of the best boys in the Middle West during the past summer. He beat Johnny Shauers of St. Paul in Sheboygan, Wis., Nov. 15.

George Godfrey, the heavyweight colored fighter, who is managed by Jimmy Dougherty, will clash with a number of big white and black heavies this winter. Dougherty claims that Godfrey has been promised a meeting with Jack Dempsey next summer.

Artie McCann, the young Philadelphia featherweight, who boxes under Duke Kelly, made a hit in Tampa, Fla., recently, when he defeated Joe Ritchie, the Louisville "Cave Man."

Johnny Jadick, who made a hit in amateur ranks, has decided to turn professional boxer. He is a flyweight.

Max Hoff is continually adding to his Philadelphia stable. At present it consists of Eddie (Kid) Wagner, 135 pounds; Ad Stone, 175 pounds; Bud Christiana, 135 pounds; Joe Stanley, 130 pounds; Al Gordon, 126 pounds, and Henry (Kid) Wolfe, 112 pounds.

Eddie Burke, the Scranton promoter, who recently visited Philadelphia, announced that Johnny Divany, lightweight champion of Scotland, is making his home in the coal city.

Jack Hanlon, former matchmaker at the Olympia and Arena, is now putting the cards together for the new Adelphia Arena in West Philadelphia. This is the old club that was started by Philadelphia Jack O'Brien.

Tommy Loughran, the clever South Philadelphia light-middleweight, continues to make new friends. In his recent trip to Boston, when he beat an English fighter, Loughran received a big ovation, and Manager Joe Smith has new offers to show his boy in the Hub.

Eddie (Kid) Wagner, who gained the decision over Andy Chaney in a recent bout in St. Louis, was highly praised by Western writers. They rated him in the front rank of junior lightweight contenders. Wagner made quite a name for himself when he outboxed Johnny Dundee at Shetzline Ball Park late last summer.

BOXING BITS FROM SOUTHWEST AND MEXICO

By DON CEE

The Army posts around the Southwest where boxing is the ace high sport are Kelly Field, Texas, No. 2 Flying Field and No. 1, the intermediate engine repair and supply depot, Camp Normoyle, Ft. Sam Houston, Camp Travis and Camp Bulis (all near San Antonio); then there are Ft. McIntosh, Ft. Clark, Ft. Bliss, Ringgold and a camp at Brownsville, Tex., all Mexican border cavalry posts.

There are many good boxers in Uncle's Sam's Army camps about the Southwest who have a great earning capacity as professional boxers, if they would but get a little ambition and employ a competent manager. Among the Kelly Field, Texas, boxers who are taking advantage of their talent with the padded mitt to increase their earning power are Billy Husky and Battling Billy Shield of the 42d Service Aero Squadron. Both boys are going along at a fast clip. Shield recently won three bouts within a week, and Billy Husky won two fights. He knocked out the tough Eddie Pollo of San Antonio in three rounds and all but stopped the clever, hard-hitting Billy Baker of Kelly Field in the main bout of the Nov. 26 Kelly Field boxing show.

Not in many a moon have we seen a boxer display such ability to take punishment and come back for more as did Sergt. Billy Baker, the fighting little radio sergeant of Kelly Field, Texas, at a recent Kelly Field fight show. Baker was matched against Billy Husky, another little fire-eater, and be it said right here that Baker went out to knock Husky loose from his tights, but there are two sides to every story and as it happened, Husky proved the better boy, and by using a fast stabbing left jab and short, choppy right hook, soon had his opponent imagining that it was raining boxing gloves.

The Husky one simply poured left jabs, right hooks and uppercuts into the face and body of the game little sergeant until he resembled a bucket of red paint. Baker was woozy and staggering after the second round, but did he back up? Nary a step. He kept coming in for more, never clinching and asking no quarter.

Jack Fowler, the best lightweight boxer working out of the Southwest, has just returned from a successful campaign on the Coast to his home in San Antonio. Fowler journeyed back to the Alamo City from Los Angeles to box Erbie Moak in the wind-up of a big card here at Jack Shelton's Soledad Arena, on Dec. 3.

Jack Shelton, promoting shows in his Soledad Arena at San Antonio, has been showing his patrons some real stellar attractions in the past, and if his plans go through as per schedule, he will continue to show good attractions. Shelton has brought several good boys in from middle Western and Eastern points.

NOTICE TO OUR READERS

Owing to lack of space in this issue, the notes from various sections of the country have been reduced in some cases and eliminated in others, but the usual reports from all parts will be resumed in our next issue, our anniversary number.

This issue will be an enlarged edition and will contain many interesting stories in addition to full page photos and a splendid double page pen and ink drawing of "Fight Scenes in New Amsterdam."

Don't miss this issue.

Only recently Shelton brought Johnny Rosner from New York to box Kid Pancho, the Southwest's best representative in the flyweight class. Pancho emerged winner from his fracas with Rosner, but he had to put out all he had to get the newspaper decision, as little Johnny sat the Pancho Kid down in the sixth round with a hard right hook to the chin for a seven count.

Johnny McCoy, the Cleveland skeeter, won a twelve-round decision from Lew Diamond's little bantam, Jackie Feldman, at San Antonio, Nov. 26. The two little battlers put out the best and fastest twelve rounds that have been seen around the Long Horn State in a long time.

Dummy Mehan, the fast coming lightweight of Bracketville, Texas, proved a real sensation in his fight against the reputed tough Johnny Simpson of Camp Travis. Simpson, who has been beating all comers and had earned the name of the "Oklahoma Catcher," due to his ability to absorb punishment and stay on his feet, proved a sad failure in his fight against the fast little dummy. After being hit on the whiskers for a nine count in the second round, Simpson got up, only to run into another poke on the chin that sent him sprawling through the ropes and on his back outside the ring, where he was counted out.

Practically all the Southwestern boxers of note are now moving about into different parts of the country looking for work. In the past month or so, Jack Fowler, Brooke Stephens and Frankie McFarland, all junior lightweights, took flyers out of San Antonio. Stephens went into the Middle West, where he made good, winning several bouts, while McFarland slipped over into the Southeast and won a couple of fights over good boys.

Jack Fowler hopped out to Los Angeles and was given two bouts by Dick Donnelly, matchmaker for the Lyceum A. C. Fowler won both starts, his initial appearance in the four-round game, then he jumped back to San Antonio for a twelve-round battle.

Chuck Burns, welterweight, also of San Antonio, left for Memphis, Tenn., last month, and put up two or three great fights against the best welterweights that could be gotten for him.

The writer wants to take this opportunity of advising promoters and matchmakers in various parts of the country that any time they use a boxer out of Texas, they will be assured of a fight that will please the patrons. We will cite just a few of the past and present good fighters out of Texas and you will agree with me. How about Jack Johnson, Bobby Wau, Dandy Dick Griffin, Kid Pancho, Bobby Green, Jack Fowler, Frankie McFarland and Rabbit Palmer, not to forget Chuck Burns, Brooke Ste-

phens and other recent young comers too numerous to mention, but who are certain to be heard from later.

The soldier boxing tournaments at Kelly Field, Texas, put on under the direction of Capt. Houghland, Athletic Officer, and Don Curley, the Kelly Field Civilian Boxing Director, have been proving huge successes, always drawing to large houses, and several boys have been developed into very good mitt wielders and will soon be in the big money-making class.

Major Von Kessler, in charge of the Army base hospital of Ft. Sam Houston, Texas, takes an unusual interest in the boxing game. He is generally the third man in the ring at all the Army camp boxing shows around the central part of the 8th Corps. Von Kessler is a real boxing enthusiast, who enjoys the game from every angle, and with men of his type boosting the game the sport is bound to go over big wherever it is tried out in the proper manner.

It seems the boxing game is at a standstill in the capital city of Mexico, as all the boxers in Mexico City are spreading around over the Republic and coming back to the States.

The bull fight season, just opening, has put a crimp temporarily in the glove pushing sport. We hope the Latin Americans will take to boxing as their national sort in the place of bull fighting. It may be there, but we fail to see any sportsmanship in a bull fight.

Monterey, Mexico, has been holding amateur boxing shows the past two months. A few weeks back the game was entirely stopped in that city for a time, but now there has been a commission appointed to supervise boxing and professional boxing is now allowed and drawing to packed houses.

Don Curley, now acting as boxing director of Kelly Field, Texas, has formed a combination with an influential Mexican citizen of Nuevo Laredo, Mexico, and will soon start promoting stellar boxing shows in the Mexican City, just 150 miles below San Antonio, Texas.

We have a strong tip that a triumvirate of San Antonio business men have arranged for the lease of the Matamoras, Mex., bull ring, and will soon start promoting fight shows in the border city. Boxing is a well liked sport in Matamoras and will do well there if conducted right. We will give RING readers more dope on the Mexican situation regarding boxing in the next issue.

RING readers of the Southwest are advised by the writer of this column to get their copies early, as the news agents have in the past had difficulty in judging just how many copies to order of the first shipment of each issue and are forced to telegraph for hundreds of extra copies to supply the demand, which practice leaves some of the late purchasers a week behind for their favorite boxing news of the day. The best plan is to subscribe for a year's issue, then you will be certain not to miss any and will get them on time.

TORONTO NOTES
By JACK JARVIS

Benny Gould, former Toronto newsboy, now making New York City his home town, came back to the Queen City to battle Curly Wiltshire for the Canadian featherweight crown, and succeeded in beating the latter at his own game of hit, stop and get away. Benny surprised local fandom by outboxing Curly for seven rounds out of ten, and copped Wiltshire's title, which he had only held for the brief period of five weeks.

Tommy Mitchell, former amateur champion, beat a good boy in Frankie Mack of Hartford, Conn. It was generally thought that Tommy was in for a sound lacing from the experienced Mack, but Mitchell fooled them all, and after a real struggle through eight rounds he brought home the bacon.

Howard Mayberry, of Duluth, did not have much trouble with Johnny Green of New York. Mayberry did not have much opposition, and won in the third round.

Chris Newton and Will Devanney, late of Scotland, boxed eight rounds to a draw in a battle that was replete with action and hard hitting.

Following his defeat by Benny Gould, Curly Wiltshire packed his grip for Montreal, to exchange smacks with Kid Roy, former title holder, and in the writer's opinion the best featherweight in the Dominion. Wiltshire was again on the losing end and Roy won his second victory over the Toronto boy.

Frankie Bull suffered his first reverse in two years at the hands of Charley O'Connell, Cleveland's lightweight contender. Jimmy Dann's boy has been going well lately, having defeated Tim Droney, Joe Welling, Chubby Brown and Bull all in a row. Bull gets another shot at Charlie shortly, as several promoters have been bidding for the bout. O'Connell will have to be at his best to win over lanky Frankie next time they meet.

Soldier Jones went to Pittsburg and engaged Harry Greb in a ten-round fistic duel. The Soldier surprised Greb and the crowd by knocking him down for a long count in the first round. After that, King Harry came back strong and showed "Jonesy" plenty of boxing gloves in the remaining rounds and won the popular decision.

Curly Wiltshire outboxed Bobby Garcia at Pittsburgh and won the popular decision.

Donnie (Young) Mack got the acid test here on December 5, when he bumped into Pancho Villa, flyweight champion, and was knocked out.

NEW ENGLAND GOSSIP
By COLMAN J. NEE

The bitter rivalry still existing between the various promoters in this city is responsible for the great boxing shows presented here. None of the clubs are getting rich; breaking even has been the rule, and at this stage of the game it looks like a "survival of the fittest."

The Wilson-Reed bout still has the fans talking. For real two-fisted hand-to-hand fighting, it was a bout that will not be forgotten by the New England fans. Wilson's superior boxing earned him the decision, but Johnny was never so close to a knockout as he was in the second round. Only his generalship saved him. For a real living example of the "never-say-die spirit," we take our hats off to Pal Reed.

The Ted Moore-Tommy Loughran bout was another brilliant affair. The Englishman's great gameness and willingness to trade punches gained him the solid support of the fans who were with him strong.

The Jack Britton-Frankie Schoell contest was a sad, sad affair. The boys showed no in-

AL FELDER

The smallest flyweight in captivity, who has fought the best men in his class with great success, and would like to meet Pancho Villa or Frankie Genaro for the title. Has fought Henny Catena, Sammy Bienfeld, Corporal Schwartz, Terry Miller, Bernie Bedou, Mickey Nelson, Little Jeff, and Bobby Bolin.

Under the Management of

EDDIE CLARK

168 LENOX AVENUE

NEW YORK CITY

Night Phone: University 4620 Extension 17

Day Phone: Chickering 7757

Happy New Year To All

Compliments of

JIMMY GOODRICH
Lightweight

GEORGE ERNE
Welterweight

JACK RAPPAPORT
Welterweight

BUDDY WALLACE
Lightweight

RICHARD FERGUSON
Heavyweight

EDDIE BLACK
Welterweight

BILLY BELL
Flyweight

CHARLEY ROSE

PUTNAM BLDG., 1493 Broadway
Suite 419, Lackawanna 6638
NEW YORK CITY

Compliments of the Season

TOMMY RYAN

The Great McKeesport Bantamweight

Winner over Irish Johnny Curtin, Joe Burman, Terry Martin.

In the Best Condition of His Career and Challenges Joe Lynch for the World's Bantamweight Title.

HUGH SHANNON

MANAGER

95 Saranac Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

Phone: Crescent 4250

clination to fight, and after repeated warning from the referee in the sixth round the boys mixed it up for a minute and then fell into a coma for the remainder of the bout.

Red Chapman reversed the tables on Johnny Drew in their second encounter here in a fast battle. Red's garrison finish in the last two rounds earned him the decision, which did not meet with general approval. Since then Drew has met and defeated Mickey Travers, the rugged New Haven boy at Worcester. The way the Worcester boy is improving bodes ill for the best in his class.

Johnny Sheppard, the Woburn Terrier, stopped Paddy Owens, the Fighting Harp, here recently. Owens, who has fought the best bantams, has "shot his bolt."

Nat Pincus, the ex-amateur, had some tough luck in his first bout here. Against Benny Nelson of Lowell, Pincus broke his arm in the fourth round and had to retire. He had all the better of it up to that time.

Al Sears, the East Boston boy, continues on victory's trail. His last victim was Johnny Summers of New York.

Phinney Boyle, the Lowell veteran, defeated Young Tansey of Roxbury at Lowell this month. It was Tansey's first defeat in months.

Eddie Waters, former national amateur 145-pound champ, and Tommy Marks, a classy bantamweight, are training for bouts their manager Tommy McFarland has in view for them.

Sammy Marco, from Canada, has made his debut here and won both his bouts easily. He looks and acts like the goods.

Eddie Williams, the East Boston boy who is coming all the time, defeated Harry Foley, the "North End Adonis," at Boston recently.

Joe Curry, the New Haven boy, defeated Irish Kid Williams at Lynn this month.

Eddie Polo, the Waterville, Me., flash, and Andy Martin of Boston fought a double six-round bout with honors even at Portland this month.

Frank Moodey, an Englishman with a good record, won his third straight bout at New Bedford this month. He is a middleweight.

Henry Ford, the Boston boy, after a long lay-off met and defeated Joe Clifford of New York at Providence this month. He is a good performer when right.

Joe Walcott, the same old Joe who used to drop them in the old days, dropped a fan for the count at a recent tournament here. For months he has been the target of a lot of amateur joke smiths at boxing shows. By taking the law in his own hands, Joe has quieted his tormentors. The old boy has some of the old sock left.

Porky Diggins, that aggressive Nashua boy, has been stepping along in great style in the Granite State rings. Joe St. Hillare is another New Hampshire boy who is making quite a "rep" in that state.

Red Barnett and Young Joe Grimm, two Fall River boys, are great favorites in that city. They are in training for a busy winter.

Kelley and Hayes Gym in Boston is a great rendezvous for New England boxers who come in such numbers that space for spectators is at a premium.

Tommy Nee, the pride of South Boston, took Johnny Sheppard of Woburn into camp at Lynn in a torrid contest. Sheppard, who has just returned from the West, where he had met the best in his class, has been a sensation hereabouts since his return. Frankie Daly and then Frank Zurelli and Tough Paddy Owens fell victims to his prowess. Nee, however, squelched any "champ" aspirations he may have had by feeding Sheppard a fine assortment of left jabs and hooks. The result was a genuine surprise to the wise boys. This kid is sure on his way to the top.

FISTIC NEWS FROM THE CENTRAL WEST

By HAROLD WALSH

Western fistic fans are all excited over Sammy Mandell, the clever Chicago featherweight who has been making good in the East. At the present writing Sammy is laid up with an ulcerated tooth and Eddie Long has cancelled matches with Cuddy De Marco at McKeesport and Willie Ames at Youngstown.

Jimmy Bronson, who formerly made his headquarters in Akron, Ohio, sure is stepping big now with Jeff Smith, Eddie Burnbrook, Pete and Jack Zivic and a few enterprising youngsters on their string. Jimmy writes that he will go to London with Jeff Smith in February for a 20-round bout with Roland Todd.

There is a young welterweight in Akron, Ohio, named Norm Genet, who is rated by the Ohio critics and promoters as the "find of the season." He has been boxing four years, but it is only in the past year that he has displayed real class and his record for 1923 shows twenty-three victories in twenty-four bouts. He recently surprised western fans by giving the crack Harvey Thorpe a trimming in 12 rounds at Atchison, Kansas. At the present time he is battling in Florida where he has scored five consecutive victories. He hopes to grab a bout in the Garden after the holidays against any of the New York 150-pounders.

Harry Sully, prominent Columbus boxing promoter, who stages all the big fights in Columbus at his huge open air arena, is also planning on his Spring shows. Sully only promotes big stuff and will very probably open with Norm Genet of Akron and Anthony Downey of Columbus. The match will easily draw $10,000. Sully is also managing a pair of heavyweights, Joe Downey, and the colored heavy, "Tut" Jackson.

Johnny McCoy, Cleveland bantam, who has won twoscore battles in the Southwest, will return home shortly. McCoy has cleaned up everything in sight in the South, including Jackie Feldman, Kid Pancho, Earl Puryear, Jack Collopy, Pascal Collettie, Delos Williams and others and is back ready for the best.

MONTREAL RESULTS AND NOTES

Leo "Kid" Roy, Montreal's famous left hook artist, again established himself as the best featherweight in Canada when he defeated Charley Wilshur of Toronto in the rubber match. Roy knocked out Wilshur here in two rounds, then in a return bout at Toronto Wilshur won the decision in ten rounds. The third bout Roy won by quite a margin, but the Toronto lad gave him a hard tussle.

Well, it's all over, the shouting as well, all arguments were settled when Jimmy McKimmies' big Scotchman, Archie Skinner, landed his mighty right hand on Elzear Rioux's jaw in the second round of their ten-round bout. Well, the counting of the "piastres" was sweeter music to Rioux's ears than the singing of the birdies in that fateful round. The gate amounted to about $8,000, of which Rioux and Skinner each received 30 per cent.

At Quebec, Kid Mitchell of Quebec received an unpopular decision over Harry Burnstone of England in their fifteen-round main bout. In the semi-final of ten rounds Ralph McNaughton won every round from Charlie White, giving the latter quite a boxing lesson. White weighed 121, McNaughton 118. Both boys are from Quebec.

Maxie Lewis and his bantamweight star, Ralph McNaughton of Quebec, wish all their friends a Merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

BUFFALO BOXING NEWS

By HUGH SHANNON

Tommy Ryan, local bantamweight star, is in fine condition now and open for engagements with the best at 118 pounds. Ryan is keen to meet Carl Tremaine or Frankie Genaro and believes he can easily whip either of these boys.

Ryan soundly defeated Irish Johnny Curtin, Young Montreal, Terry Martin, Joe Burman, Pal Moore and other good ones and is boxing in his best form and looks to reach the top this season.

Frankie Schoell won the official verdict over Jack Britton, former welterweight champion, in a ten-round bout at Boston Nov. 27. Schoell scored a knockdown over the foxy Britton and was clearly entitled to the decision.

The writer has contended right along that Frank Schoell is America's best welterweight. Schoell has an off-night occasionally, but when he is right he is unbeatable.

A few days after the triumph over Britton Schoell went to Scranton to box Bermondsey Billy Wells. Last season Wells and Schoell put up two corking fights but at Scranton Wells went in the ring with two bad hands and was unable to come out and fight it out. He had to cover to save himself from the snappy left hand of Schoell's and the referee did not like the fight and called the scrap no-contest. Friends of both fighters feel that an injustice was done them. They are boys of international reputation and had too much at stake to engage in any "queer" looking fights.

Oftentimes it is the fault of the matchmaker—not the boxers—that makes a bad looking fight. Two boys may be doing their level best, but if they are not properly matched up it's a cinch there's going to be a fiizzle of a bout. Generally a fighter vs. a boxer makes the ideal match. Two boxers are not so good and two fighters fail to provide a real contest.

Jack Oakes, the negro welter, is getting to be the best drawing card in this town. Oakes is a topnotch welterweight and if he minds his p's and q's he will get a lot of real jack before the season ends. Oakes is a hard puncher and a real contender for the welterweight championship.

Jimmy Goodrich went to New York and made some good fights, only to return here and lose his junior lightweight title to Teddy Meyers at the Queensberry Club on Thanksgiving Day. Meyers' left was too fast for Goodrich.

Jack Thomas of Montreal, welterweight, is in town. He is making Buffalo his headquarters and will be a busy lad all Winter. Thomas can fight and his aggressive style should make a card out of him here.

Phil O'Dowd, the Columbus bantam, is going along great. He has beaten Mog Pugh, Jimmy Russell, Johnny Russell, Howard Mayberry and other good ones, all in a row. Phil has reached the top form he had when he beat Joe Lynch, just before Lynch won the title.

Charlie Murray plans some big cards for the Queensberry Club after January 1st. Ed Tranter, the Velodrome matchmaker, is also going after big game this season.

GYMNASIUM

New York Headquarters for the Professional Boxers and Managers

Large, Open Air Running Track (six laps to 1 mile)
12 Handball Courts, Open Air and Indoor Gym.
Massage, Steam and Hot Rooms.
Electric Light Baths.

P. S. Should you be a stranger in New York, make your headquarters with the Garden Gymnasium.

Direction, M. MACLEVY

Madison Square Garden Gymnasium **Entrance 26th Street**
Telephone: Madison Square 7883-7540

New York's Famous Rendezvous for Champions, Near Champions and Novices
BIGGEST AND BEST ACCOMMODATIONS IN NEW YORK STATE

Best Wishes from

BOB LEVY

Manager of

BATTLING SIKI

Light Heavyweight Champion of Europe.
Most Colorful Boxer in the Game.

Boxers in All Classes from Flyweights to Heavyweights

Home Residence:
129 Woodbine Street
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Tel. Foxcroft 5132

Office:
138 W. 25th St.
New York City
Tel. Watkins 10499

BATTLING SIKI

Yuletide Greetings

GEORGE OSWEGO

East Chicago's popular boxing promoter.

Address
GEORGE OSWEGO
4321 Olcott Street
East Chicago, Ind.
Tel.: East Chicago 1350

The Tex Rickard of the Middle West who always strives to please his patrons.

He stages a show every week and draws big houses. East Chicago is 25 miles from Chicago and the fans motor out to his arena, as they always see great fights there. He can seat 2,500 persons.

COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON

JAMES C. MULLEN

America's Premier Boxing Promoter

Booking Talent At the Following Places:

ST. LOUIS

PEORIA

AURORA

BLUE ISLAND

GARRICK THEATRE BUILDING, ROOM 822
CHICAGO, ILL.

TELEPHONE: CENTRAL 4328

LEO P. FLYNN

Rooms 601, Gaiety Theatre Bldg.

Phone: Bryant 5144
Home Phone: Stuyvesant 5714

Manager of America's Leading Boxers

BILL BRENNAN .....200 lbs.
KID NORFOLK .....175 lbs.
PANAMA JOE GANS.....154 lbs.
BILLY SHADE .....175 lbs.
GEORGE SHADE .....160 lbs.
DAVE SHADE .....147 lbs.
PETE HARTLEY .....135 lbs.
CLONIE TATE .....135 lbs.

ED. LARKIN

2802 CLAFLIN AVE.
THE BRONX

Day Phone—Chickering 4600
Night Phone—Kingsbridge 1407

FRANKIE FASANO...Bantamweight
LEROY POWELL .....Flyweight

FRANK RAPPOLD

641 Walnut Street
Cincinnati, Ohio
Phone: Canal 5239

Middle West's Famous Fight Manager

Following are names of the boys under my personal management:

SPEEDY SPARKS.....Middleweight
TONY CARCIFERRO.....Lightweight
JIMMY BROWN.....Bantamweight
WILLIE SULLIVAN.....Bantamweight
GENE LaRUE.....Flyweight
FIGHTING FERRARIS.....Featherweight

VAL FITZPATRICK

3493 Broadway, New York City

Telephone: Audubon 6500 Ext. B.
Audubon 4280

Managing

SID "KID" FLAKE, contender for junior lightweight championship. Recognized title holder in the Southwest. Texas Experts have dubbed him **"THE GALVESTON FLASH."** Ready to meet the world's best boys at 130 pounds.

CHARLEY COOK

	Lbs.
FLOYD JOHNSON	Heavy, 195
TOMMY ROBSON	Middle, 160
JACK TILYOU	Welter, 142
GEORGE LAVIGNE	Light, 135
JIMMY CARROLL	Light, 135
JOHNNY CONEY	Feather, 128
EDDIE JAMES	Feather, 126
GEORGIE MARKS	Bantam, 115

Residence: 195 West End Ave.

Office Telephone: Bryant 5878
Night Telephone: Columbus 0959

BILLY HENDERSON

Manager

39 COURT ST., ROOM B
BOSTON, MASS.

Office Phone: Main 6124

Home Phone: Brookline 7819-M

EDDIE SHEVLIN
New England Welterweight Champion

JIMMY FRUZZETTI
New England Lightweight Champion

JULIUS MONTES

Donelles 89, Despacho 20, Mexico, D.F.

222 Blum St., San Antonio, Tex.

MANAGER OF

Tommy White, Lightweight and Junior Welterweight Champion Republic of Mexico.

Mercy Montes, Lightweight.

Sam Ricco, Lightweight.

Babe Castro, Lightweight and Junior Welterweight.

Exclusive Representative for the Bull Ring Arena Compania de Espectaculos S. A., Mexico City.

PHIL. GLASSMAN

Representing America's Foremost Fistic Stars

LEW TENDLER .....135 lbs.
JOE TIPLITZ .....135 lbs.
RAY MITCHELL .....135 lbs.
DANNY KRAMER .....124 lbs.
BENNY BASS .....122 lbs.
DAVE ADELMAN .....110 lbs.

13th and MARKET STREETS
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Telephone: Locust 4004
Residence Phone: Sherwood 1960

P. S. I do not manage Harry Brown.

JIMMY BRONSON

301 Gaiety Theatre Bldg.

Telephone: Bryant 9814

DIRECTING

BOB MARTIN—A. E. F. and Inter-Allied Heavyweight Champion.
EDDIE BURNBROOK—United States Army Welterweight Champion.
JACK ZIVIC—Former World's Amateur Lightweight Champion.
JOE RYAN—1922 National Amateur Light and Welterweight Champion.
IRVING JAMPOL—Former A. A. U. Featherweight Champion.
PETE ZIVIC—Former World's Amateur Bantamweight Champion.
Fighters who Fight from Gong to Gong.

HENRY OLSON

201 EAST 30th STREET
NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

Phones: Lexington 5539 and Lexington 5555

Manager of

FRANKIE OLSON, Crack Junior Lightweight

No Stalling—Action and Plenty of It

LEW DIAMOND

76 NEWARK AVENUE
JERSEY CITY, N. J.

Telephone: Montgomery 5529

JOHNNY BUFF—Former Bantamweight Champion of the World; Former Flyweight Champion of America.

JOHNNY DRUMMIE
Junior Lightweight

JABEZ WHITE, Albany Bantam
JIMMY O'HAGEN, Albany Midwgt.
RAY NEWMAN, 175 lbs.

Secretary, JOS. KANE
215 First St., Jersey City, N. J.

JIMMY DUNN

2433 WEST 25TH STREET
CLEVELAND, OHIO

Managing the greatest galaxy of boxing stars in America, including

BRYAN DOWNEY
Western Middleweight

CARL TREMAINE, coming Bantam Champion.
CHARLEY O'CONNELL, 132-135 lbs.
JOHNNY KARR.....147 lbs.
AL CORBETT.....120 lbs.
MARTIN BURKE.....Heavyweight
Also other stars in every division.

HUGH SHANNON

95 SARANAC AVENUE
BUFFALO, N. Y.

Telephone: Crescent 4250

MANAGING

Tommy Ryan .....118 lbs.
Phil O'Dowd .....118 lbs.
Ted Joyce .....124 lbs.
Tommy Phillips .....133 lbs.
Jack Oakes (Colored).....147 lbs.
Dixie Kid (Colored).....160 lbs.
Joe Burke .....200 lbs.

JACK JONES

1547 BROADWAY, Room 609
NEW YORK CITY

Office Telephone: Bryant 6288
Home Telephone: Astoria 3579

AL NORTON, Welterweight, who recently boxed Dave Shade a twelve-round draw.

SHAMUS O'BRIEN, Lightweight, Irish Champion, 135 lbs.

JERRY WALSH, 118 lbs.

J. Lanahan, 145 lbs., most promising Welter in captivity.

TOMMY MOORE

Eagle Temple Bath Parlors
Phone 1776-J

Residence: 118 Lincoln Street
Phone 590-J

JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

Managing

WALLY HINCKLE 147-158
K. O. JOHNNY MICHAELS..122-124
CHIEF HALFTOWN 158-160
JACK VASCHER 154-158
JACK PRY 142-145
CLIFF BECKER 147-150
AUGIE CARLSON (Amateur) 160-170
And Others

JOHNNY DUNDEE

130-Pound
AMERICAN CHAMPION

375 Riverside Drive
New York City, N. Y.

Telephone Academy 6437

Ridgeway Avenue
West Orange, N. J.

Telephone Orange 147

World's Featherweight Champion

TOMMY McGINTY

2531 LORAIN AVE.
CLEVELAND, OHIO

Manager of

JOHNNY KLESCH....Middleweight
JACK WOLFE.....Bantamweight
DANNY FRUSH.....Featherweight
VINCENT POKORNI..Welterweight
JIMMY KATZ.....Lightweight
RITCHIE COLBERT, Junior Lightweight

Telephone Lincoln 913—Central 1498

LEW BARNETT and GEORGE SIEGER

1493 Broadway, New York City
Suite 321

Phones: Bryant 1599, Watkins 2463

MANAGERS OF

CORPORAL IZZY SCHWARTZ, 112 lbs.
MOE GINSBERG.....126 lbs.
CHARLEY PICKER.....147 lbs.

SAM WALLACH

92 WILLIAM STREET
NEW YORK CITY

Phone:
Office: John 5297
Residence: Fordham 1106

Manager of

EARL BAIRD
Contender for Featherweight Title

EARL FRANCE—Lightweight

SID BERT—Lightweight

J. L. (Ike) DORGAN

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN
NEW YORK CITY

Managing

CHARLIE WHITE, of Chicago, Lightweight, 135 pounds. Leading contender for Benny Leonard's title.

FAY KEISER, Middleweight, 160 pounds.

JACK STARK, 124 pounds. Ex-N. Y. State Amateur Champion.

CHARLIE McKENNA, Light-Heavyweight.

Max (Boo Boo) Hoff

Estey Building
17th and Walnut Sts.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Day Phone: Spruce 5583
Night Phone: Granite 1514

Representng:

AD STONE .....Light heavyweight
JOE JACKSON.....Welterweight
BUD CHRISTIANO.....Lightweight
EDDIE (KID) WAGNER...Featherweight
JOE STANLEY.....128 lbs.
AL GORDON.....126 lbs.
KID WOLFE.....Flyweight

FRANKIE GENARO
American Flyweight Champion
CLONIE TAIT
Lightweight Champion of Canada
CHARLEY BEECHER
Featherweight
JIMMY MARS
Featherweight
FREDDIE SANTA MARIE
Featherweight
HARRY LONDON
Bantamweight
MIKE MORAN
Pittsburg Bantam

DIRECTION OF

PHIL BERNSTEIN

Res.: 2664 Grand Concourse
New York City
Phone 0491 Tremont

BOB URICHO

Office: Rand Hotel Bldg.
CINCINNATI, OHIO

Phone, Day and Night: Main 2340

GENE LaRUE, Canadian Flyweight Champion .....112 lbs.
BILLY RAY.....116 lbs.
SAMMY SANDOW .....120 lbs.
CLIFF KUMLER .....130 lbs.
CHAS. METRIE .....138 lbs.
JOE CARSON .....142 lbs.
JACK SHEPPARD .....146 lbs.
AL THOMPSON .....156 lbs.
And Other Boys

PADDY MULLINS

217 Ocean Parkway
BROOKLYN, N. Y.
Telephone Windsor 8208

Manager of
HARRY WILLS
World's Greatest Negro Heavyweight

MIKE O'DOWD
Former Middleweight Champion
SAMMY COHEN—Flyweight
JOE PLEDGE—Middleweight

Eugene Flaherty

Manager of

JOHNNY CAMPBELL, Welterweight Champion of Panama Canal

JOE WHITE, Heavyweight Champion of the South

JACK LYNCH, Middleweight from Arizona

Conditioned in Flatherty's Gymnasium
Paddy Barry, Gym. Director

Address EUGENE FLAHERTY
151 Montgomery Avenue
Laurel Hill, L. I.
Phone Hunterspoint 0344

JOSEPH H. SMITH

1610 RITNER STREET
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Telephone Oregon 7359-J

Managing
TOMMY LOUGHRAN
of Philadelphia
Undefeated middleweight and claimant of Johnny Wilson's crown.

JOHNNY McLAUGHLIN
Welterweight

JIMMY BRIGGS—Flyweight
Johnny Donnelly, lightweight, who is after Leonard title
BUCK FLEMING—120 Lbs.

BERNARD KELLY

Manager of

TONY ROSS .....130 lbs.
CHUCK DORIS .....150 lbs.
JIMMY ROBE .....122 lbs.
JACK KELLY, former national amateur champion .....120-124 lbs.
PAUL MATHEA .....135-138 lbs.

Fighters every one of them!

2211 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

CHARLIE HARVEY

1402 BROADWAY
NEW YORK, N. Y.
Telephone Fitzroy 6870

Importer of European Champions

JOHNNIE BROWN
England, 120 lbs.

MORT SELIGMAN, Welterweight

BERMONDSEY BILLY WELLS
140-147 lbs.

LEW BARNETT
AND
GEORGE SIEGER

299 BROADWAY
NEW YORK CITY

MANAGERS OF
CORPORAL IZZY SCHWARTZ,
Flyweight Champion of U. S. Army

JOEY BAKER,
Featherweight Contender

Day Phone: Worth 2463
Night Phone: Berkshire 0364

GEO. P. MOORE

198 WEST 134th STREET
NEW YORK CITY
Telephone Morningside 2561

Manager of

DANNY EDWARDS
Colored Bantamweight Champion of the World

ANGEL BELL
Colored Featherweight Champion of the World

WILLIE WALKER
Middleweight Champion of the N. Y. State National Guard

BOBY RISDON
Flyweight

LOU BRIX

Manager of

FRANKIE JEROME, New York's sensational bantamweight. The boy with the biggest following of any New York boxer.
GEORGE DOHERTY, Bantam
BOBBY BOLIN, Flyweight
AL ROBERTS, Heavyweight
WILLIE DAVIS, Elizabeth Featherweight

Address Liggett Building
41 East 42nd St., Room 727
Phone: Vanderbilt 3509
Home phone: Melrose 8092-R

DUKE BARRY

Wilmot Hotel, Atlanta, Ga.
Telephone: 3300 Main

Directing

JIMMY FINLEY,
Welterweight champion of the South.
RED HERRING,
Lightweight champion of the South.
LARRY AVERA,
The South's cleverest junior welterweight.
FEARLESS FERNS,
Fast and clever lightweight.
BATTLING PETROZIO,
Welterweight champion Fourth Army Corps.
"IRISH BENNY" PLEDGER,
Junior lightweight. Atlanta's K. O. King.

BEN SMITH
Physical Director

A SHAWANAGA CHRISTMAS

(*Continued from page 76*)

his voice. "What's this critter's name?"

"Maje" thundered half the house.

"Maje, what?" asked poor Pat.

"Maje Murphy!" came the roaring response.

Lecroix was not yet stumped. The big Frenchman turned to me and craftily enquired.

"This Maje Murphee, she work for you?"

"Sure," I replied. "He's one of the gang."

"Then what hees job?" he asked quickly, thinking he had me trapped. "What hees job? And what hees pay? For sure no man she work here who's name ees not on the books of the Comp'ny? You show me theese Maje Murphee's name and hee's pay on the books of the Comp'ny and I fight heem. Show me an' I weel fight. Oui, I weel fight."

"MacPherson," I called to the camp clerk, "Sandy, go to the wanigan and bring me the books."

When he returned with them I thumbed down the list and finding the place showed LaChance and said: "Here, Pierre, read for your Lecroix."

"Maje Murphy," he read. "Bull Cook's Assistant. Pay. Board and lodging. Paide. X His Mark."

"All right," I fight heem," extemporized Lecroix, foxily comparing the gloves on his hands with the huge paws of the b'ar. "I fight heem. A box fight wit' the gloves as agreed. It ees a bet. Where ees the gloves?"

In answer, the big pillows Barbeche first had made, were brought out and strapped on the bear's huge paws. Lecroix then insisted the bear be muzzled. And much to the dismay of Old Maje, the b'ar was. There was no escape for Lecroix.

All hands agreed that if Le Croix could knock the b'ar off his feet in fifteen minutes, the victory, champeenship and bets would go to Lecroix.

If the b'ar stayed upright for the fifteen minutes why Old Maje would win the champeenship of the Shawanaga and we all would cash in on him.

The ring was cleared. Mike Mulroy rapped an helve on the iron elbow of a canthook in lieu of a gong an' the fight was on.

Big Lecroix, huge arms hanging like a gorilla's from his shoulders stood poised at ring center not knowin' just how to go about tacklin' a boxin' b'ar, anyway.

Old Maje, prodded up from the chair by Mike Mulroy, wagged his head around inquiringly. With the big pillows on his arms Old Maje sensed fun. Seeing Ole Nelson's familiar face peering over the ropes Maje waved his padded paws in the familiar challenge.

But, instead of receiving the usual playful box on the ears from Nelson, a cruel blow from somewhere landed on Old Maje's tender snoot. And then another and another, as Lecroix, thinking he had caught Old Maje unawares, rained blow after blow on him.

Maje put both paws up in front of his face and peered forth wonderingly. No one had hit him quite so hard as that before. Who was it? Peering forth from behind his waving paws Maje saw the giant LeCroix towering over him like Jess Willard would over Joe Walcott.

Maje didn't know Lecroix. Besides he was not partial to playing with strangers.

Once more Maje turned away from Lecroix and, spotting Mile Mulroy's well known phiz, advanced and waved a mock challenge.

Again Lecroix was upon him

EDDIE BORDEN

Presents for the Edification of the Boxing Public:

SAMMY BIENFELD, 114 Lbs.
JOHNNY VINNEY, 118 Lbs.

Address:
Care THE RING, INC.
16th and 7th Avenue
New York City

Tel. Watkins 6382

CHARLEY MESSENGER

DIRECTING

MICKEY TAYLOR, 122 Lbs.

One boxer always in condition. The most pleasing performer the East has produced in years.

COMMUNICATE

Business: HOTEL McALPIN
34TH STREET and BROADWAY
Phone: Penn 5700, Ext. No. 59, N.Y.C.

Home: 5000 BROADWAY
Phone: Wadsworth 3410

from behind. Having struck Maje with impugnity before and getting away without a single cuff from the b'ar, the Frenchman was more confident. He planted himself firmly on his feet and put his full weight behind the blows.

Once. Twice. Three times. Lecroix's big boulder like fists thudded on the jowls of Old Maje. Then Maje felt a stinging jolt in the short ribs and then another and another. The blows to the midriff drew from Maje a squeal of mingled surprise and pain.

He turned on the big Frenchman. My, thought Maje, how the strange fellow wants to play. And everyone about seems to want me to play with him, too. Well if the gang wants it, I'll oblige.

Maje waddled towards Lecroix, thrust out one pillowed paw and rapped Lecroix on the cheek. It was just a playful cuff.

There was no jar or hurt to it and Lecroix, thinking he had nothin' to fear, leaped in and raised clublike lefts and rights all over Maje. This fellow wanted to play hard, thought Maje. So Maje started in to play a little hard himself. Lightning fast and hard as Lecroix struck, Maje was too fast for him.

Old Maje cuffed sharply with one paw. Then with the other. One of the uphiolstered paws landed across Lecroix's face so heavy it flattened in his nose. The blood spurted out in a stream.

"Sacre! bellowed the infurtaited Frenchman.

Roaring a string of French oaths, Lecroix leaped in on Old Maje, crouched low to the floor. turned as if to flee, pirouted and lashed out with one heavy boot in a mighty kick.

It was the dreaded "French lick," the cruellest and most crippling move known in woods warfare.

The heavy boot landed squarely in the well filled belly of the b'ar.

It was a glove fight. Kicking had been barred and the lumberjacks, knowing the kick was foul and contrary to agreement, roared disapproval.

Old Maje seemed to sense the Frenchman was not playin' fair, too. Besides the kick hurt cruelly. One of Old Maje's ears came down and both ears twitched nervously. That was a sign the b'ar was gettin' his dander up. Lecroix should have heeded it.

But he didn't! In he plunged, trying the French lick again. He missed. Then with the b'ars face right in front of him, LeCroix, putting all the venom and anger in him into the blow, lashed out with a terrific swing.

It never landed.

Old Maje got home first.

We only saw his shoulder lurch, the blow was so quick. There was not even the flash of yellow skinned pillow. But Lecroix dropped like a riven pine.

That's funny, thought Maje. The fellow laying down like that. Why he's playin' after all. So Old Maje, good playmate that he was, promptly dropped and rolled over on his back too, waving his huge pillowed paws in the air, and opening his mouth and acted as if he was just dyin' from laffin'.

"Who wins?" called Pat Murphy sharply to Pierre LaChance who had invaded the ring and was standing over Lecroix.

"The b'ar weens," somewhat shamefacedly acknowledged La Chance. "The ba'r wins. She dam near keel mon Paul. The b'ar wins!"

Lecroix, jarred but not stunned, was pulling himself to his feet. Looking past LaChance and seeing the bear on his back with his paws in the air, Lecroix roared insanely at Pierre:

"You lie, LaChance! You lie! The b'ar shees on hees back! You lie! You do me dirt, La Chance. You t'ief!"

Snarling his rage, LeCroix tore off one glove, reached in his waistband, pulled out a long knife and leaped at Pierre LaChance, almost before any of us realized what was happening.

Wild things sometimes sense truth ahead of humans. Old Maje, ambling to his feet while Lecroix was pouring forth invectives on LaChance and reaching for his knife, smelt something was wrong. And when Lecroix, with gleaming blade leaped toward LaChance, Maje knew something was wrong.

Quick as LaCroix was, Maje was quicker.

There was a brown flash across the floor and then something happened.

None of us exactly knew just what did really happen, particularly Ole Nelson and Big Larry Reardon.

All in one mighty sweep of his mighty paw, Old Maje knocked the gleaming knife sailing into the rafters where it stuck quivering into the pine scantling, and lifted the huge 225 pound Frenchman clean over the ropes and into the crowd, bowling over both Reardon and Nelson with the sheer weight and impact of him.

It was the mightiest blow ever struck before or since in the North Woods.

You can talk about your Sullivan wallop, your Fitzsimmons's shift and your Dempsey sock. But Old Maje, the champion of the Shawanaga is the only title holder whoever knocked three 200 pounders for a goal all with the one punch. This time Lecroix was knocked silly. And Reardon and Nelson both had the wind driven out of them.

There's been many a grand fight in the North Woods. But there never was such a fight as that in the big bunkhouse of Camp No. 1 last Christmas Eve between the giant Lecroix and Old Maje, the b'ar, for the champeenship of the Shawanaga.

* * * * * *

"When you saw Old Maje, young Pat Murphy and myself leadin' the procession down on Thunder Bay when the drive came in," remarked Long Bill as he picked out another coal to relight the briar, "we was all goin' to the weddin'."

"What wedding?" I asked.

"Why sure 'twas young Pat Murphy and she that was pretty Mary O'Brien, the handsomest coleen on either side of the border," smiled Long Bill. "She's Mrs. Pat Murphy now. With the $300 Old Maje won for him off Lecroix, the hundred that was in the purse, the $500 in my own wager with LaChance—sure an' I gave poor Pat the whole of my bet, the poor lad laid up with a broken leg for two long weary months—an' a couple of hundred more the rest of the gang chipped in, why young Pat had a nest egg any good Shanty Town lad should be proud of.

"Good Father McGowan married 'em. But 'twas me who presented the weddin' gift and 'twas a fine speach I made, too."

"Who was the best man?" I inquired.

"Why, who else but Maje Murphy, the champeen of the Shawanaga?" smilingly answered Long Bill. "Didn't he prove it?"

Right to Jaw Caused Kilbane's Retirement

IT was on June 2 at the Polo Grounds that Johnny Kilbane lost his featherweight crown to Eugene Criqui through a knockout in the sixth round. Many at the ringside thought Kilbane could have arisen had he so desired, but instead Kilbane was satisfied to be counted out rather than take any chances of being floored again. Kilbane weighed 125 pounds and Criqui 123½. The fight by rounds follows:

A Tame Start

ROUND ONE—They walked into a clinch without striking a blow. Kilbane missed a right to the jaw and Criqui a left. Criqui sent a left to the mouth. They were very cautious. They walked into another clinch without landing. Kilbane hooked a left to the jaw and followed with a left jab. Criqui missed a right. Kilbane put a light left to the face. Criqui led with several lefts, which Kilbane blocked. Kilbane sent a light left to the face. It was a very tame round.

ROUND TWO—They went into a clinch and the referee warned Criqui to keep his punches above the belt. Criqui put a light left to face. Criqui rushed, missing two lefts and went into a clinch. The Frenchman again rushed into a clinch. Kilbane blocked a left to the face. Both boys were very careful. Criqui clipped Kilbane on the jaw with his right. Kilbane was talking to the Frenchman. They were clinched at the bell, and there was some booing because of the tameness of the milling.

ROUND THREE—They walked into a clinch. Criqui sent a left to the jaw and received a right to the mouth. Criqui could not reach Kilbane with his leads and the champion seemed content to back up. Criqui put his left to the kidney. Kilbane put a right to the head. Criqui missed a terrific right and landed a light left. Criqui put in another left, followed with lefts to body and jaw. Kilbane sent a hard left to the jaw. Criqui put his right to the ear and left to the face. Criqui was doing all the leading. They were sparring at the bell.

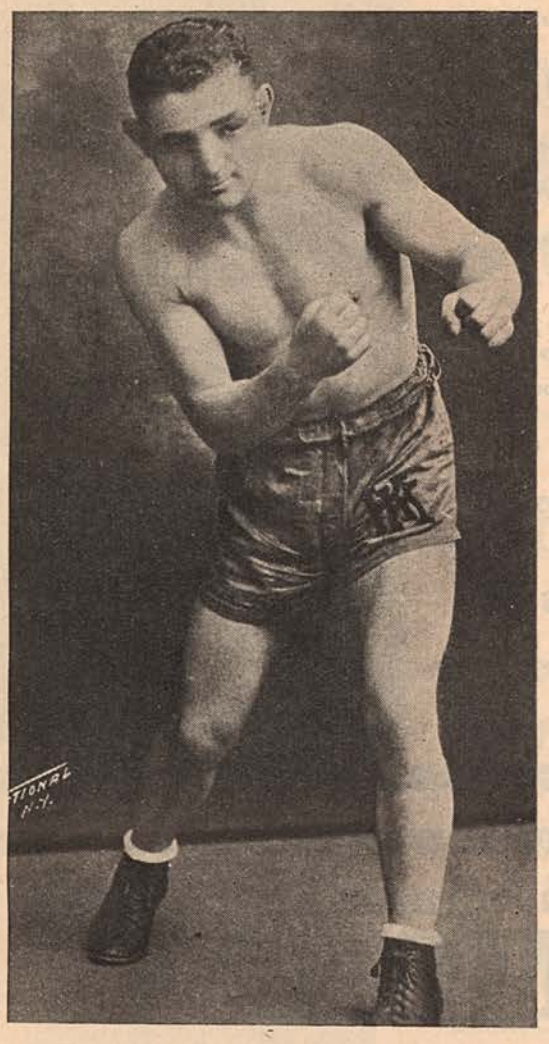
Criqui Does the Forcing

ROUND FOUR—They mixed, exchanging lefts to the face. Criqui put a left to the face. Kilbane got a right to the jaw and repeated. Criqui landed a light left. Kilbane got a hard right to the jaw. Criqui walked into a left to the mouth. Kilbane again sent a right to the jaw, following with left to the face. Criqui sent a left to the mouth.

ROUND FIVE—Kilbane hooked two rights to the ear. Kilbane missed a right to the head. Criqui was unable to land many of his leads. Criqui sent a right to the ear and took a left to the jaw. Criqui put a left to the stomach. Criqui hooked a left to the ear and took a left to the jaw. Kilbane landed a light left to the face. Criqui planted a left on the champion's ear and followed with two more lefts to the face. It was a slightly better round, but Criqui was still doing all the forcing.

ROUND SIX—Kilbane sent his left to the chin. The champion put a right to the body. They traded lefts in close. Criqui was forcing the champion around the ring, but could not land solidly. Criqui got in lefts to the face and body and a right to the body. After the round was 1 minute 54 seconds old Criqui knocked Kilbane out with a right to the jaw.

New England's Sensational Battler Extends Yuletide Greetings to His Many Friends



KID KAPLAN

the most talked of featherweight and junior lightweight boxer in New England hereafter will be personally represented by Scotty Montieth, famous handler of boxers.

Kid Kaplan will shortly make his appearance in New York City where Montieth expects to land a match for him with Johnny Dundee and Jack Bernstein.

Promoters Attention

You will make no mistake when you book this great fighter.

FOR BOOKINGS ADDRESS

SCOTTY MONTIETH

Madison Square Garden New York City

JOE O'HARA

FORT DODGE, IA.

Welterweight, who has boxed Jack Britton, Dave Shade, Cowboy Padgett and a number of lesser lights.

Under Management of

JACK O'KEEFE

820 Garrick Theatre Bldg.
Chicago, Ill.

JACK MOORE

168 EAST 90th STREET
NEW YORK CITY

Day Phone: University 5542 Night Phone: Bryant 10143

MANAGER OF:

VIC McLAUGHLIN	160 lbs.
TONY LYONS	147 "
JIMMY KANE	126 "
FRANKIE BARICK	130 "
LEW GOLDBERG	110 "

Merry Christmas! Happy New Year!

Is the Wish of

"JERSEY" JONES

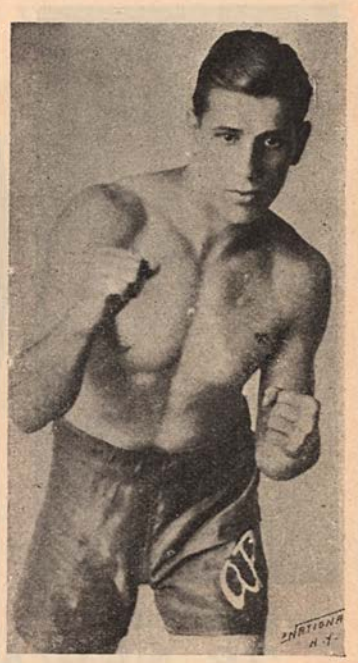
AND HIS THREE ACES

RAY PRYEL
OF PITTSBURGH
Contender for World's Lightweight Title

TONY PALMER
OF NEW YORK
Contender for World's 130-Pound Title

BUCK JOSEPHS
OF NUTLEY
Flyweight Champion of New Jersey

ADDRESS:
301 Gaiety Theatre Building
1547 Broadway
New York City
Phone: Chickering 7282

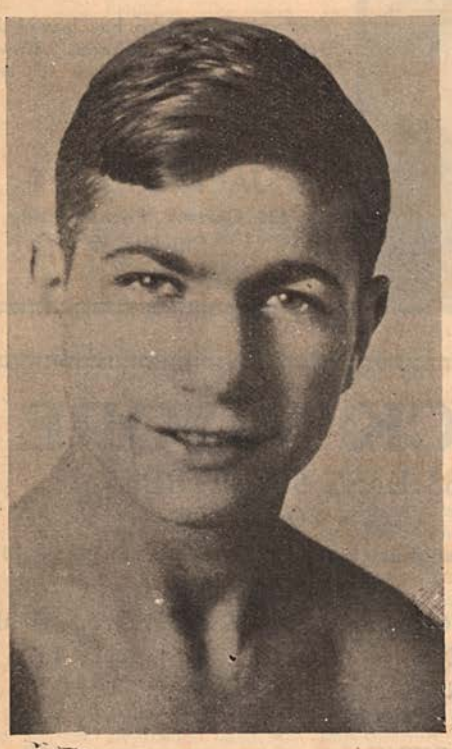


TONY PALMER
Popular New York Junior Lightweight

Watch Us Grow During the Coming Year 1924

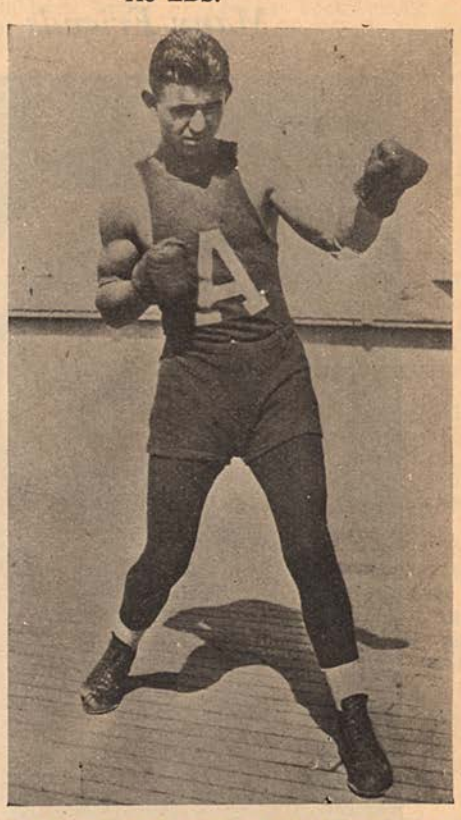
SAMMY BIENFELD

112 LBS.



JOHNNY VINNEY

118 LBS.



under management of

EDDIE BORDEN

c/o The Ring, Inc.

16th and 7th Ave.

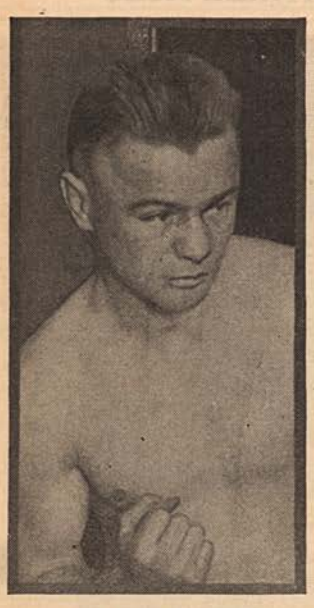
New York City

Success marked our 1923 campaign. Promoters seeking boys whose action thrills the fight fans should obtain the services of Bienfeld and Vinney.

Compliments of the Season

Compliments of the Season

LEW DIAMOND



JOHNNY BUFF

JABEZ WHITE

JACK FELDMAN

JOHNNY BUFF
Ex-Flyweight and Bantamweight Champion, 112 Lbs.

JABEZ WHITE
Who Has Fought Four Different Champions

RAY NEWMAN
175 Lbs.

JACKIE FELDMAN
112 Lbs.

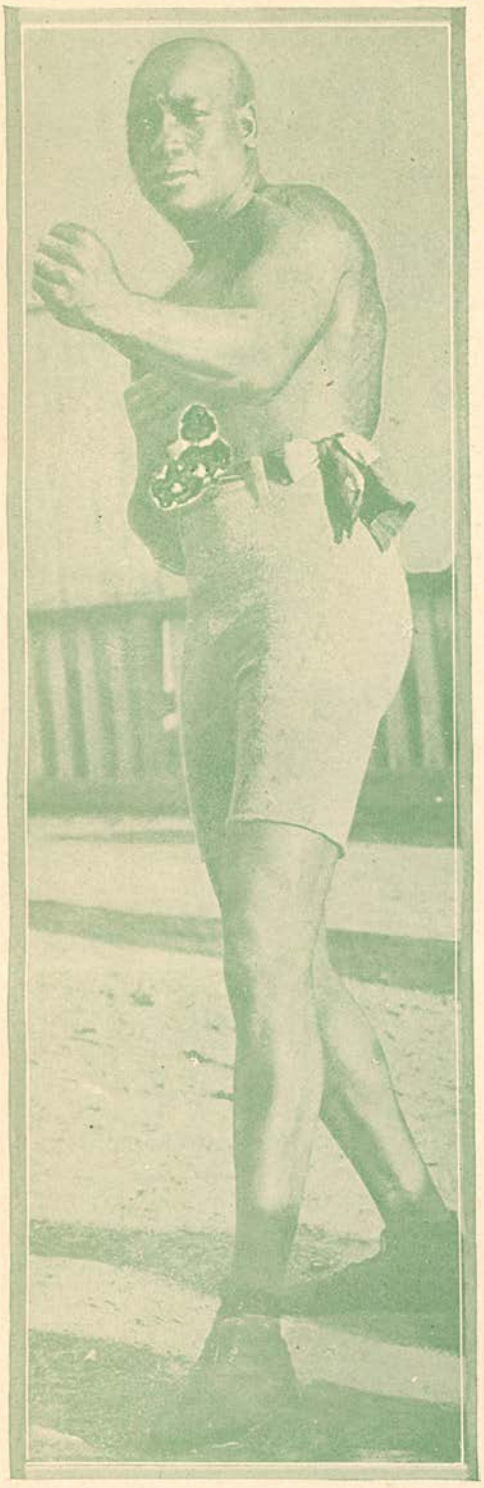
BILLY WHITE
135 Lbs.

SAMMY STEARNS
135 Lbs.

RAY SHAARA
128 Lbs.

76 NEWARK AVENUE, JERSEY CITY, N. J.

Day Phone: Montgomery 5529 Night Phone: Bergen 4585



JACK JOHNSON
as He Appeared on the Day He Fought Jim Jefferies

Former World's Heavyweight Champion, whose splendid Review at the Cafe De Luxe has no equal in this city.

Pay Jack Johnson's Review a visit once and you'll call often.

OTHERS RAVE ABOUT IT
AND YOU'LL DO LIKEWISE

NEWEST IN TOWN

CAFE DE LUXE

640 LENOX AVENUE

COR. 142nd STREET

Featuring

Jack Johnson's Orchestra and Review

Largest and Finest in Town

For Reservations
Phone Bradhurst 1687

DANCING and DINING

Budd Levy in New Venture

Jack Johnson, the former world's champion heavyweight boxer, has a real "live wire" associated with him in his new Jack Johnson Cafe de Luxe, Lenox avenue and 142d street, which opened to the public recently. The "live wire" is Budd Levy, proprietor of Budd's chain of billiard and bowling alleys in Manhattan and the Bronx.

It was Budd Levy who organized and sponsored the Budd's Stars, the crack bowling team, two of whom, Barney and Christie Spinella, won the doubles and singles in the American Bowling Congress tournament at Toledo, Ohio, in 1922.

Budd is vice-president of the $50,000 company that is conducting the new cafe, and that he is enterprising and popular is attested to by the great gathering of bowlers and sporting men—a thousand or more—who attended the opening of the cafe and were treated to the finest Review, barring none, in this city. Johnson has gathered a splendid company for his Review.

"Lil Arthur" Johnson is no dead one himself at the cafe or bowling alley business, having had much experience in Chicago and in Madrid, Spain. Johnson likes the bowling game immensely.

There is a floor space of 10,000 square feet in the cafe, and the beautiful decorations, a la Parisienne, cost $10,000. There are 20 performers, including two Jazz Bands. B. (Budd) Levy is President and Louis De Mar Secretary.

Success is assured this organization.

America's Foremost Sports Writers

ROBERT EDGREN — GRANTLAND RICE — "BUGS" BAER — W. O. McGEEHAN

Contribute Special Feature Articles to

ROBERT RIPLEY, *Editor*

of Boxing's Greatest Authoritative Book

EVERLAST BOXING RECORD

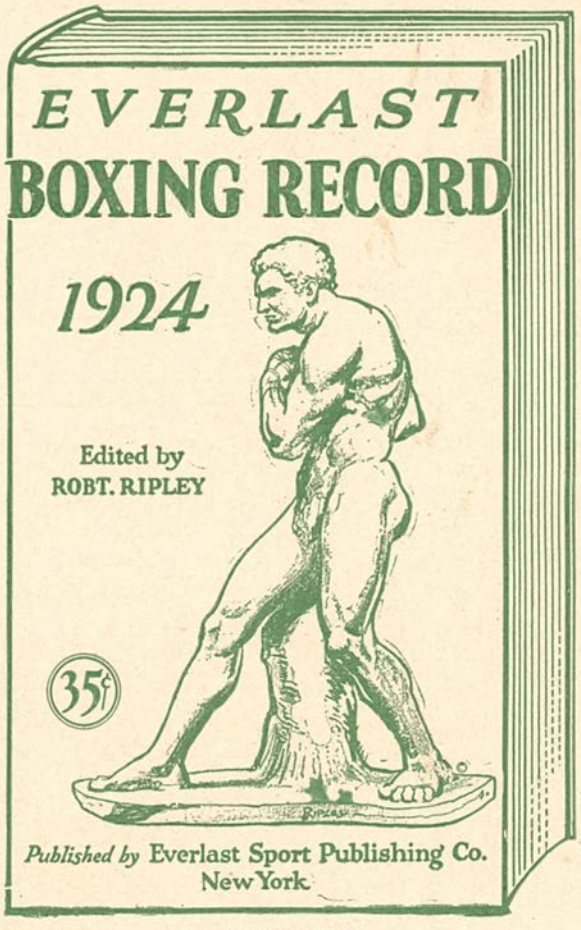
"It is—
the most concise and interesting boxing guide we have ever seen."
—N. Y. Telegram

one of the best volumes on boxing records ever issued."
—N. Y. Herald

the most complete publication ever devoted to the sport of the ring."
—The Jersey Review

one of the best directories of the kind ever put out."
—N. Y. Morn. Telegraph

a classy little volume in which is contained every possible ounce of pugilistic information on the map."
—North Side News



(NEW COVER)

Special Articles
Contributed by
ROBERT EDGREN
GRANTLAND RICE
"BUGS" BEAR
W. O. McGEEHAN
JACK DEMPSEY
BENNY LEONARD

to America's foremost sport cartoonist and writer

ROBERT RIPLEY
Editor-in-Chief

A Boxing encyclopedia containing volumes of compact facts and interesting details.

Records up to Dec. 31, 1923, of over one hundred and seventy-five boxers of national and international fame.

A directory of over six hundred promoters and managers, Championship fights of 1923, and other interesting reading on fistic matters.

Off the Press Jan. 15, 1924

.....192

EVERLAST SPORTS PUBLISHING CO.
275 Bowery, New York City.

Enclosed please find $..... in payment for ..... copies of the 1924 Everlast Boxing Record.

Name.....

Street and Number.....

City.....State.....

ORDER YOUR COPY NOW

From your Newsdealer or direct

ON ALL NEWSSTANDS **35c**

(By Mail 40c)